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THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL.

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IN a former paper an attempt was made to illustrate and elucidate the relationship of spirit to matter, by drawing a parallel with that of thought to language; and having followed out the analogy in some detail, and having given what seemed a weighty and sufficient reason for regarding the life which is manifested in Nature as spiritual and not merely a "mode of the Unknowable," we left the subject at the moment of coming face to face with the awful and all-important question: If the "principle which within us and without us is necessarily manifesting itself" be divine, what does the contradiction of evil mean? Supposing even (and as was then said this is a large supposition—too large to be admitted), that it could adequately be accounted for by that struggle for expres-

sion which was compared to the struggle of thought for utterance, *still why should such a struggle be?* There cannot be a doubt that this problem weighs heavily on the hearts and minds of the present generation, more heavily perhaps than in the case of any that have preceded it, though in all ages there have been those whom the contemplation of it has driven to the bitter conclusion: "Either God is not all good, or He is not all wise, or He is not all powerful, or there is no God at all." This last is the form of negation to which preference seems to be given in our own day, and the writer has no hesitation in agreeing that if it be accepted, any attempt toward forwarding a solution of the problem of evil must be hopeless. It is equally hopeless, however, if we exclude from consider-

ation the data with which science now so abundantly provides us regarding the development of the "material" universe, and more especially of its organic division. Accepting the facts of science, and of the Christian Revelation, modern discoveries may do much toward convincing us that we are not forced to make a choice between the four alternatives named above, but that even though Reason cannot yet do more than try her wings in a region which so far transcends that of her ordinary flights, she may yet perceive that the goal toward which she is struggling is identical with the starting-point of faith; that not *despite* but *because of* the existence, the all-goodness, the all-power and the all-wisdom of God, the problem of evil has been formulated and will be solved.

The great advantage which science affords to those who attempt, either from the side of philosophy or religion, to approach the deeper questions of existence, is in supplying correct and carefully verified facts by which theory may be tested, and this is an advantage peculiar to modern times. The ancient philosophers were compelled to construct a universe *a priori*, evolving its laws from their own minds, and the marvellous insight which they showed, and the remarkable manner in which their conjectures sometimes closely approximated to later discovered truth, give proof of the very real correspondence between the intelligible world and the intelligence that desires to apprehend it. But these great thinkers had no objective data upon which to go; their reasoning was purely deductive and continually open to the objection of Kant: "It is indeed a very common fate of human reason first of all to finish its speculative edifice as soon as possible, and then only to inquire whether the foundation be sure,"* to build, in fact, a veritable castle in the air, instead of a solid brick and stone edifice. In our own age we are confronted by a different danger; it is not from a dearth of facts we suffer, but from unwillingness or incapacity to use the facts we have. Meta-

physic has fallen into such disrepute (though signs of a reaction are not wanting) that it is almost taken for granted a metaphysician must be one "who speculates without data," a proceeding which the nineteenth century rightly looks upon with supreme contempt. But with the data which are now forthcoming, no philosopher need be at a loss for solid material, and some have already shown that they are abundantly willing to accept the inductive basis which science provides, and to prove their appreciation of it by endeavoring to raise a superstructure worthy of the foundation, one in which a wider, clearer view shall be obtained from the upper stories than from the basement, a result which Science herself should be the first to recognize and appreciate.

The great fundamental cosmic process with which we are brought face to face in every branch of natural science is evolution; and evolution points pre-eminently to a self-determining principle in nature. It is this, no doubt, more than its supposed incompatibility with the Scriptural account of the origin of the universe and of man, which has caused so much unfounded alarm among religious persons. "Now, origins as well as causes are reduced to resident forces and natural law; now, nature is sufficient of itself, not only for sustentation but for creation. Thus science has seemed to push God farther and farther away from us, until now, if this view be true, evolution finishes the matter by pushing Him quite out of the universe and dispensing with Him altogether."* But this, as the same writer subsequently points out, is a very superficial way of regarding the matter, and as misleading as superficial conclusions usually are. What the knowledge of this principle of evolution has really done for us is to give an intellectual insight, hitherto unattainable, into the relationship between God and nature, and this is a gift not to be despised; for the intellect is no less intrinsically human than the moral qualities, and it is the whole man which needs to know

* "Critique of Pure Reason." Introduction.

* Professor L. Conte, "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought," p. 281.

God and to be known of Him, though the intuitive perception by the religious consciousness of a great truth may precede—in this very instance has preceded—by long ages its verification by the reason. The apostles and early Christian fathers, owing to their firm grasp on the truth of the Incarnation, clearly saw the double aspect of the divine relationship to nature theologically expressed as the immanence and transcendence of God. "In Him we live and move and have our being." "In Him all things hold together." Yet, at the same time, "He is before all things," "God over all, blessed forever." And here we may remark that the teaching of the New Testament is rather to see nature in God than God in nature. All things, we are given to understand, are in God; but not until self-consciousness is attained, not till there is light as well as life is He known to be also in them—known, that is, to be not only sustaining His creation in existence, but to have communicated to it His own life. Nature in God, and God in man; this would seem to be the order of the Christian Revelation, and it is the truth of the communicated life which the great facts of evolution at once vindicate and uphold, because they teach us to regard the universe as a mighty organism, in every part of which the life of the whole is present. This is the true meaning of an organism, "a unity of organisms, organic in all its parts," animated by a life which, "though embraced in a wide circle, is still centred in itself." * None can deny that this is the kind of life which modern science teaches us to see in nature. "For myself," says Professor Huxley, "I am bound to say that the term 'Nature' covers the totality of that which is. The world of psychical phenomena appears to me to be as much a part of nature as the world of physical phenomena; and I am unable to perceive any justification for cutting the world into two halves, one natural and one supernatural." † And again, Professor Le Conte :

"What is spirit? We know things only by their phenomena; what are the phenomena of spirit? Consciousness, will, intelligence, memory, love, hate, fear, desire—surely these are some of them. But has not a dog or a monkey all these? Pressed with this difficulty, some have indeed felt compelled to accord immortal spirit to higher animals. But we cannot stop here. If to these, then also to all animals, for we have here only a sliding-scale without break. Can we stop now and make it co-extensive with sentience? No; for the lowest animals and lowest plants merge into one another so completely that no one can draw the line between them with certainty. We must extend it to plants also. Shall we stop here and make immortal spirit co-extensive with life? We cannot, for life force is certainly correlated with, transmutable into, derivable from physical and chemical forces. We must extend it into dead nature also. Therefore everything is immortal or none." *

Thus inorganic, organic, and super-organic phenomena are all manifestations of a single developing life, whether we choose to call that life natural or spiritual. But, as has been pointed out in previous essays, if this be the case, the only standpoint from which we can get anything like a satisfactory and comprehensive survey of this life is the highest known manifestation of it, and that is man. Anthropomorphism becomes a necessity forced upon us by Science herself. We had no right, while the "material" universe and man were considered as two separate entities, to interpret the one by the other. Now we are compelled to do so, or to leave any attempt at interpretation alone, and this the mind of man cannot consent to. "In that which is in any sense self-determined, the intelligence recognizes its counterpart," † and so recognizing, feels that it carries within itself the key to all the problems with which it is vexed, nor will it rest until they are solved. Hitherto, however, the modern tendency, despite the teaching of evolu-

* "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought," p. 293. Professor Le Conte explains afterward that such immortality is valueless to a human being, and is in fact, regarded from man's point of view, not immortality at all. It is *persistence of personality* which alone constitutes immortality to a human being, and this of course is impossible below the human stage because personality has not even been attained.

† "Hegel," by Prof. E. Caird, p. 191.

* "Hegel," by Professor E. Caird, p. 179.

† "Essays on Controverted Questions," p. 35 note.

tion, has been toward a solution which endeavors to explain away self-determination, and to place all nature—man, of course, included—under necessity. We are so accustomed “to regard objects as determined, not by themselves, but by other objects, that to modern science this mode of viewing them seems the only natural one, and instead of finding its own freedom in the world, the mind rather begins to consider itself, like all other objects, as subjected to the law of external necessity.” But such reasoning is based upon a total misapprehension of what evolution involves—viz., a union of freedom and necessity. In it these are opposed only as two sides of one truth are opposed. The truth is self-determination, the opposite sides are freedom and necessity. That which is determined must be determined according to some law; that which is externally determined according to an external law, then we have necessity only; that which is internally or self-determined according to an internal law, then we have freedom and necessity both—a law of liberty. A theory of the universe as subject to external necessity regards it as a manufacture; a theory of the universe as subject to internal necessity regards it as an organism, *free to develop*. That is what freedom means, not an exhibition of irresponsible caprice, but a manifestation of law, inexorable because it is not imposed upon the life from without, but is developed from within as the expression of that life’s essential nature. Regarding the universe in this way,—and it is the only way in which we can regard it if it is an organic whole, we are compelled to allow that there is a “certain independence” in its life. It has not been made; it has been made to make itself, and the outcome of this process, the epitome in which we are to study it, is man, man in whom lies the knowledge of good and evil.

A very high scientific authority*—one, too, to whom the spread of popular knowledge on the subject of organic evolution is largely due,—has recently

laid down the from him somewhat astounding proposition, that at a certain stage of development—viz., the ethical, man and the universe part company, that “the cosmos has no sort of relation to moral ends,” and that man’s future progress depends on the courage and capacity with which he combats the cosmic process. He further says that “if the cosmos is the effect of an immanent, omnipotent and infinitely beneficent cause, the existence in it of real evil, still less of necessarily inherent evil, is plainly inadmissible.” With regard to the “necessarily inherent evil,” we may at once concede the point. With regard to real evil that is only rendered inadmissible if we regard nature as the “totality of that which is,” thus making God and nature convertible terms, but scientific considerations point to no such conclusion. The facts of evolution, as science knows them, are, superficially, equally compatible with the Spinozean doctrine, which in calling nature “the totality of that which is,” Professor Huxley appears inclined to adopt, or with the Christian faith; but if the latter is able to supply a clew to the meaning of those facts while the former is not, it is to the Christian faith that intellectual adherence must be given, and that on precisely the same grounds that adherence is given to the undulatory instead of to the emissive theory of light, or to “the origin of species” through the operation of natural causes, instead of by special creation. It is possible that there may be some—perhaps even many—educated persons who would say that they did not know in the former of these two cases which theory to regard as true; a few might even assert that the knowledge was unattainable. Such agnostics would not be regarded as very reliable guides by physicists; and agnostics in religious matters who take for granted that the unknown to them is to all the unknowable, because they will not be at the pains to make the necessary investigations themselves, and are unable or unwilling to give credence to those who do, place themselves on the same level with the agnostics in scientific matters who do not know for the simple reason that they do not care to know.

* Professor Huxley in his Romanes Lecture, “Evolution and Ethics,” 1893.

The problem of evil cannot perhaps be better presented from the scientific point of view than in the following words of Professor Huxley :

"The propounders of what are called the 'ethics of evolution,' when the 'evolution of ethics' would usually better express the object of their speculations, adduce a number of more or less interesting facts, and more or less sound arguments, in favor of the origin of the moral sentiments, in the same way as other natural phenomena, by a process of evolution. I have little doubt, for my own part, that they are on the right track; but as the immoral sentiments have no less been evolved, there is, so far, as much natural sanction for the one as for the other. The thief and the murderer follow Nature just as much as the philanthropist. Cosmic evolution may teach us how the good and the evil tendencies of man may have come about; but in itself, it is incompetent to furnish any better reason why what we call good is preferable to what we call evil than we had before."*

It is just where "cosmic evolution" shows itself to be incompetent that the Christian religion steps forward and declares its competency. Let us then see whether it is indeed equal to the formidable task it has undertaken. In the first place, a few preliminary statements must be made.

1. The position laid down by Professor Huxley that the "cosmic process" has no sort of relation to moral ends, cannot be accepted. The moral qualities are an outcome of the "cosmic process;" the fact that, however devoid of "reason" it may be, we have an unconquerable conviction that "what we call good is preferable to what we call evil," would seem to indicate that the "thief and the murderer" do not "follow Nature just as much as the philanthropist." Moreover, the "cosmic process," of which super-organic evolution is necessarily a part, tends finally to eliminate the evil. Whether conscious or unconscious this is certainly "a moral end."†

* "Evolution and Ethics," p. 31.

† In Note 19 in the Appendix to his *Romanes Lecture*, Professor Huxley seems himself to feel the need of some qualification to the very unqualified statements quoted above. He there says: "Of course, strictly speaking, social life and the ethical process, in virtue of which it advances toward perfection, are part and parcel of the general process of evolution, just as the gregarious habit of innumerable plants and animals, which has been of immense advantage to them, is so. . . . Among

2. A provisional definition must be given of the meaning of "good" and "evil." For this we may turn to Mr. Spencer: "Under all circumstances we call that good which is fitted to the purpose for which it was intended, we call that perfect which is perfectly so fitted."* Evil, of course, is the converse of this.

3. We must be allowed to assume the truth of the Christian Revelation for the purpose of testing its competency to deal with the problem of evil. This is only following scientific precedent. To quote one instance out of many, the theory of "caloric" was not rejected until the appeal to experiment decided against it. It was not rejected first and the experiments made afterward.

4. Since ethical man is the outcome of the cosmic process, and since he is its highest outcome, we shall find the problem of evil most distinctly stated in him. Consequently we shall study it in him, and in him endeavor to read its meaning for that which is below him.

According to the definition given above (2), What is man's "good"? The Christian Revelation supplies no uncertain answer to this question. Human nature has received the stamp of sonship to God; for human life to be "good," therefore, it must be fitted to enter into conscious union with the Divine life; to attain perfection that union must embrace the whole nature of man. His environment is God, and at all points he must respond to that environment, or his life is less good than it is capable of being. Conscious union with God is the "purpose for which" man "was intended;" it is

birds and mammals societies are formed, of which the bond seems in many cases to be purely psychological—i.e., it appears to depend upon the liking of the individuals for one another's company. The tendency of individuals to over self-assertion is kept down by fighting. Even in these rudimentary forms of society love and fear come into play, and enforce a greater or less renunciation of self-will. To this extent the general cosmic process begins to be checked by a rudimentary ethical process, which is, strictly speaking, part of the former, just as the 'governor' in a steam engine is part of the mechanism of the engine." This qualification is so thoroughgoing that it amounts to a contradiction.

* "Data of Ethics," § 8, p. 21.

consequently the supreme need of his nature. The practical recognition of this fact makes the Bible the Book of Books, and Christianity the Faith of Faiths. To become one with God, not by submergence in the infinite gulf of the Divine Being, but by conscious, uninterrupted communion with the Divine Self, this is the goal of man as represented in Christianity, the end for which he came into existence, and this is his good. Such a conception of good leads to a corresponding conception of evil. It is that which unfits man to respond to the divine environment, to lead a life of conscious sonship to the Divine Father. *It is separation from God.* And the separation of man from God involves separation from his fellows, for it means that he has become self-centred instead of God-centred; confined within the narrow compass of his own individuality he is unable to receive, unable to contribute, his share of the common life. Such isolation is death wherever it occurs, for it is not from man only that the debt to the environment is due, but from every individualized existence which has drawn from the common store the material which it has annexed and transmuted into new powers of organic development. Every natural process impresses this fact upon us. The rivers whose waters were originally drawn from the ocean ultimately return to it again, not as formless vapor, but as separate and mighty streams, each having contributed to the wealth and fertility of the countries through which it has flowed. The plants which obtain from soil and air the materials for their self-development, and store the solar energy to which they owe their existence, give it forth again ages afterward as light and heat for man, or in dying minister to the animal life which without them could not be. Animals whose higher vitality makes a proportionately larger demand upon the environment, unconsciously modify and enrich the surroundings which are the conditions of their existence, so that throughout the whole range of nature we find a union of giving and receiving, which presents the law of sacrifice under the aspect of restitution. Nor is it otherwise when we

reach the human stage. Man who has received the supreme gift of self-conscious life, is least of all able to sustain and develop that life in isolation. In order to his self-realization, he makes imperious demands upon the external world; all that is must contribute to form the raw material transmuted by his self-conscious preception into the experience which feeds his sensuous, intellectual, and ethical life. He levies almost boundless contributions, and contracts equally boundless obligations, most of all toward his fellows. To them he consciously turns for help, for sympathy, for affection, for the satisfaction and exercise of all that part of his nature which marks him out as man, and to those on whom he is thus dependent he owes an equal service. In order either to realize himself, or to contribute to the self-realization of others, however, he must be open on all sides to the Divine Life which is the parent of his own. The self which he has received from it he must render to it again, not through annihilation of everything that makes it a self, but by laying it with all its conscious powers on the altar of voluntary service. Thus the inter-union of giving exhibited throughout the cosmos reaches in man the height of willing sacrifice and mutual intelligent love. This is the law of his life, and to disobey it is, in so far as the disobedience goes, to perish to God and man alike.

We must next remark that the knowledge of good and evil is divinely claimed. Whatever interpretation we may put upon the opening chapters of Genesis, however freely we may concede that in scientific insight they do not go beyond the time in which they were written, still as Christians we believe, and we must bear in mind, that they were intended by the all-wise Father to convey to His human children real and eternal spiritual truths. The existence of evil was to press and has pressed, throughout the whole era of human life on earth, as a sore and heavy burden; it was to be a problem whose apparent hopelessness would drive many of the noblest hearts and intellects to despair. Such being the case, we should expect to find in the treatment of evil in the inspired rec-

ords, some clear unmistakable guidance as to the way in which this dread, this tremendous problem was to be regarded and stated, and this in the very first pages of the Bible we do find: "Behold, the man has become as one of us to know good and evil." *

Whatever these words may mean, and their deep import can hardly fail to strike any serious student of Scripture, they must at least mean this, that the abyss of evil has been sounded by the Divine Omniscience, that by the knowledge of evil,—as knowledge merely,—man is not separated from his God; nay, as these words imply, and as the whole teaching of the Bible, and specially of the New Testament makes us dare to hope and to believe, by this knowledge a closer union between the Divine and the human is rendered possible. The manner of the divine knowledge we cannot venture to conjecture. The manner of the human knowledge can be but one *experience*, for save by experience it is not possible for man to know anything. In other words, for man to know what evil—*i.e.*, separation from God means, he must undergo that separation. The necessity for that knowledge seems at any rate not altogether beyond our comprehension, and to it we will presently return; but it is advisable first to notice that this conception of evil is incompatible with regarding it as a lower form of good. Even partial want of correspondence with the environment can never be otherwise than inimical to life. In so far as it exists there is death and not life; were it complete, death would have conquered life. It never has been complete in the case of man; he has been always more or less conscious of his deficiency, always striving, however blindly and imperfectly, to remedy it, "seeking after God if haply he might find Him." That such a separation should have been possible at all is due to "the cer-

tain independence of life," pointed to, as we have already observed, by the principle of evolution. The relationship of man to God is expressed as sonship; the whole course of evolution has tended to the actualization of this sonship, making that which was in the beginning a mere "promise and potency" an accomplished fact. If man is a son, the whole universe partakes in his sonship. Now the life of a son though impossible without the life of the Father is yet not synonymous with it. So much the human relationship may teach us; and since it has been chosen to express the Divine, our wisdom is to accept the light thus unmistakably given. The life which is in man—and in the universe—is of divine origin because communicated by God; it is free or self-determining (consequently not under compulsion by God) because it is *derived*, not *shared*, and in this power of self-determination the possibility of evil—*i.e.*, of separation lies. The son can rebel against his father because he is a son and not an instrument or member, a mere temporary and partial manifestation of "the totality of that which is." It may be added also that the possibility of separation from God depends on His personal Being. If we are to regard the Divine Principle as "the restless fiery energy operating according to law, out of which all things emerge and into which they return in the endless successive cycles of the great year; which creates and destroys worlds as a wanton child builds up and anon levels sand-castles on the sea-shore," * we cannot of course conceive of separation from it, for it is not only *in* all things, it *is* all things. Personal beings can be separated, can hate instead of loving one another even though they share a common life, because in each one that life is individualized, in each the self-determining principle exists, and differentiates itself from itself as manifested in other individuals and in the whole. It is thus that human beings are distinct and yet share in a common nature. When we regard their relationship to God instead of to one another, we may still—following the

* It is not of course intended, as the context will abundantly show, to make this solitary passage bear the whole weight of proof of the divine knowledge of good and evil. The proof lies in all revelation taking this word in its widest sense, and remembering (as is pointed out later) that holiness is incompatible with ignorance of evil.

* "Evolution and Ethics," p. 23.

Christian Revelation—to some extent apply the same reasoning, because of the Fatherhood which is the substance of that revelation, the true community of nature which the Incarnation implies.* If we could shake ourselves free from preconceived notions of what ought to be, and listen to the divine teaching as to what is, accepting the simple and obvious meaning of these names "Father" and "Son," they would be a revelation in themselves by which even the darkest problems would be seen capable of solution, however partially that solution can as yet be worked out. And if they seem to confer upon man too high a dignity, or, to our limited apprehension, derogate too much from the supreme majesty of God, we must remember that He Himself selected these names to express the relationship between man and Himself, and that they must therefore more accurately represent its true nature than any terms we can invent.

It may appear at first that thus throwing the possibility, and consequently the ultimate reason of evil, upon the fact of man's sonship to God, makes the problem even more terrible than before. The whole teaching of Revelation, the whole inward consciousness of ethical man, make manifest the truth that evil is utterly antagonistic to the divine nature, is hateful to and abhorred by Him, in whom is no darkness of separation, but the clear and unsullied light of perfect unity and union. Why then should sonship entail that which threatens to obscure—nay, destroy it? In other words, why should God have permitted separation from Himself in a universe which derives its life from His,—in a being the end of whose existence is full and conscious union with the Father of his spirit? There can be but one answer to this question. The separation was allowed in order that the realization of the Divine Life in the universe might be complete, that the union of man with God might be perfect, the result of intelligent love, aspiration, and obedience, not of inability to

choose. The knowledge of good and evil, we have said, is a divine knowledge. We assert this every time that we assert the holiness of God, for holiness is not compatible with ignorance of evil; the latter state is one of innocence, beautiful, indeed, but with a purity which appeals to us by its weakness, not by its strength; whose safety lies in being unaware of, not in overcoming evil. For man to be united to God, it is not sufficient that he should be innocent, he must be holy; hence his education through the experience of evil. And if the question be still pressed: Why could no other education have sufficed? It must be answered, no other was possible.

"The possible only is possible of accomplishment even to the Almighty. And one of the impossibilities is having made man free [i.e., self-determining] to compel him to act as if he were necessitated [i.e., under external law]. To suspend the will when it inclined to sin, were to prevent sin by the destruction of freedom. And sin were in that case not prevented, for the will that had meant to do evil [i.e., to separate itself from the will of God, 'to substitute self for God as the law and end of being'] were an evil will, and could never be restored to being without being restored to evil. Evil once intended may be vanquished by being allowed; but were it hindered by an act of annihilation, then the victory would rest with the evil which had compelled the Creator to retrace His steps. And, to carry the prevention backward another stage, if the possibility of evil had hindered the creative action of God, then He would have been as it were overcome by its very shadow. Into this discussion, then, omnipotence cannot enter. . . . But if 'permit' in its physical sense is irrelevant, in its ethical it has here no place. God did not 'permit' sin to be [save 'by creating a being capable of sinning, and only thus could He create a being capable of obeying']; it is in its essence the transgression of His law, and so His only attitude to it is one of opposition."*

But of what law is it the transgression? Of nothing less than the law of God's own Being, of that perfection of moral nature which He reveals to us as His. We forget often that law is the expression as well as the rule of the life which is conformed to it. God is not *under* law, but His whole universe tells us that law is divine, pertaining, that is, to His nature, a condition of His existence. Man, in so far as he

* "Since, then, the children are sharers in flesh and blood, He Himself likewise partook of the same."—Hebrews ii. 14 (R. V.).

* "The Place of Christ in Modern Theology," Fairbairn, p. 456.

separates himself from God is lawless, and so at variance with "the principle which within him and without him is necessarily realizing itself." Yet it is by this principle he lives, so that, in opposing himself to God, he opposes himself to himself.* But that which enables man to oppose himself to God, is the personal—i.e., the self-determining life which is his, and which is what it has been agreed to call spiritual.† The often-insisted-upon opposition between spirit and matter, to which some have referred the existence of evil, is therefore seen to be resolved into an opposition of spirit to itself. This may appear clearer by referring to the analogy of thought and language. Thought cannot be opposed to, though it may be inadequately rendered by the language which is its expression; but thought can be in contradiction with, or opposed to itself. This is entirely conceivable—nay, it is a matter of experience. In like manner spirit cannot be opposed to, though it may be imperfectly expressed by matter which is its manifestation, but it can, because of the variety of manifestation entailed by the personal element, be opposed to itself. In the fact that the opposition is to itself, however, lies the hope—nay, the assurance—of ultimate reconciliation and unity. "No absolute defeat of the spirit—no defeat that does not contain the elements of a greater triumph,—can possibly take place in a world which is itself nothing but the realization of spirit."‡ Nor must we, in thus recognizing the fact of the opposition of spirit to itself, fall into the error of supposing that the divine nature is opposed to itself. The life of the universe is *derived from*, not *shared with* God. God is not nature, but the Source of nature; He is not mankind, but the Father of mankind, so that

men have the distinctiveness, the individuality, the freedom of sons.

Though the subject so far transcends the limits within which it must be here confined, the Christian Revelation has nevertheless been shown competent to do that which "cosmic evolution" of itself cannot do—viz., "furnish a reason why what we call good is preferable to what we call evil," and that without denying the reality testified to by "the universal experience of mankind" of "pain and sorrow and wrong;" for if man's "good" be union with God, and if for its realization man must be holy because God is holy, then the "moral sentiments" have produced credentials which the immoral never can, and the separation from God of which the latter are a sign is seen to be theoretically as well as practically the source of all that we call "evil." There remains, however, the supreme form of the question asked sometimes in assumed indifference, often in the agony of despair: Is life under such conditions worth having? Will the issue justify the long travails which are its antecedent? Since "the immense multitude of sentient beings which (it is said) cannot profit by man's discipline" suffer with him, since to man himself the partial and temporary separation from God is fraught with anguish so intense, can any subsequent bliss be a sufficient compensation, not to some individuals only, but to the whole race, the whole universe, or would it for man and nature alike have been better not to be? It is hardly now,—in the present stage of transition and imperfection,—when the outlook is still so dim and the pain so keen, that this question can be adequately answered. There are some—thank God there are many,—who in the midst of the conflict are so assured of the certainty and the worth of victory, that they can unhesitatingly reply in the affirmative. All Christians who are true to their faith are among these. Others, again, are driven to despair and defiance by what appear the hideous ironies and relentless cruelties of uncontrollable conditions. To all such it may be said: We cannot judge of the goal till the goal is reached. "We must not think of Creation

* "I find then the law, that, to me who would do good, evil is present. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see a different law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity under the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me out of this body of death?"—Rom. vii. 21 (R. V.).

† See Essay in this Review, September, 1894, on "Spirit and Matter."

‡ "Hegel," Professor E. Caird, p. 141.

as completed ; it is only in process," and part of the process is the experience of evil, not because God created evil,—He could not create separation from Himself,—but because the ideal of His universe is sonship, and because the perfect union of sonship could not have been attained without the freedom to choose between that and separation. And what applies to man, applies in lower measure to lower nature. His hope is its hope, for their lot is cast in together and they cannot be divided. In the meanwhile, during the time of discipline and education, the very depth of the anguish which separation from God entails, is some measure of the joy which full and perfect union with Him must mean. The capacity for happiness is gauged to a great extent by the capacity for pain, and this being so, the one unanswerable reason for boundless hope may well lie in what seems at first sight unfathomable despair.

There remains yet one point which must not be left unnoticed ; for it is impossible to terminate an essay in which the supreme question of free-will has been under consideration, without reference to what is known as "universal restoration," the attainment, that is, of every individual man to the full and complete union with God which is his good. As has already been shown, such perfect union can only be the result of intelligent love, aspiration, and obedience, of free and conscious self-surrender in fact. For this reason it has seemed to many deep thinkers, among others to Frederick Denison Maurice, that to look upon universal restoration as a certainty is impossible, because self-surrender cannot be forced. Were God to compel the surrender of man's will, that will

would have ceased to be free, and, therefore, it would seem we have no alternative but to regard persistence in evil—*i.e.*, in separation from God as a possibility. The only adequate answer to this difficulty would appear to lie in the following consideration. The life of man—as of the universe—is in its origin divine. That very principle of self-determination, through which the possibility of evil has arisen, is a proof of it. But if the origin be divine the goal must also be divine ; we come from God, and we return to God not by external compulsion, but by necessity of nature, that internal necessity in whose operation freedom is an element, and therefore however long in individual cases the separation may last, however terrible the experience of that separation may be, ultimately it must be perceived as that which it is, the source of all suffering, darkness and confusion ; and once so perceived, the will without compulsion turns toward the sole remedy, self-surrender and union. That such a conclusion is at variance with popular theology need not deter us from accepting it. There is much in popular theology entirely alien to the Christian Faith, not least that deification of evil which however decently veiled and draped, would nevertheless divide the universe between it and God. Such a division cannot really be, and however dim and distant may appear that "divine event to which the whole creation moves," Christians at least can have no doubt as to what it is—the attainment of the divine Ideal, "When God shall be all and in all," and the last and most erring of His sons enter into that voluntary union which is the one and perfect good.—*Contemporary Review*.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A CRITICAL STUDY.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE collected edition of Mr. Stevenson's writings, which is in process of publication in several luxurious volumes, makes what one may call the

author's formal diploma of renown ; so far as contemporary opinion can affirm, he becomes a classic. It is a verdict which I for one would never challenge ;

Mr. Stevenson belongs to that class of writers, who, with Horace at their head, have possessed, over and above their other gifts, the peculiar power of enlisting our affections. Whenever a new volume of his has appeared the pathetic preface to *Prince Otto* has never failed to run in my head :—

“ Well, we will not give in that we are beaten ; I still mean to get my health again ; I still purpose, this book or the next, to launch a masterpiece.”

That his purpose has been accomplished few would deny ; these volumes will contain not one masterpiece but several in different kinds. Yet—and the cry is loudest where Mr. Stevenson’s admirers are most devoted—we thought he might have done something more.

Partly this is the unjust but natural recoil from an over-estimate, caused by unfamiliar excellence. *Treasure Island*, if one considers it fairly, was the high-water mark of technical perfection among romances of this century. Scott never cared, as he frankly admits, to take much pains either with his style or his story, writing very rapidly and inventing as he went along. Thackeray, Mr. Stevenson’s one superior in finish and felicity of manner, never troubled much about construction. Accordingly, when it was remembered that the author of this dramatically simple narrative had shown, in essays and minor stories, consummate mastery of a singularly ornate style, it seemed that a man who thus from the very outset united all the excellences, might attain to any imaginable height. But, as Mr. Stevenson’s work developed itself, it displayed an ideal of art which has never been popular in this country. The characteristic English opinion makes art a matter of inspiration ; and the public rather resents it when Mr. Stevenson comes and tells them that an art must be learnt like any other trade, and even exposes his own procedure. In that very interesting essay, “ A College Magazine,” he has related how he learned to write by incessant practice, above all by sedulous mimicry of great models. “ I lived with words,” he says ; and the result is that formal excellence to which we have now grown accustomed, but which

dazzled our judgment at the outset. Again, upon the vexed question of the artist’s personality and its right to appear, Mr. Stevenson sides with the French rather than the English authorities. If you want to display grief, Mr. Irving would say, you must feel inclined to weep. An actor who should so far forget himself as really to grieve, M. Coquelin has said, would be apt to weep unbecomingly and produce the wrong effect ; in short, an artist must keep himself constantly in hand rather than let himself be carried away. This self-suppression Mr. Stevenson has rigidly practised ; the moralizing vein, inherent in his Scotch blood, has found an outlet only in his essays ; but in all probability the public would have loved him better if he had interspersed his narrative with passages from *Virginius Puerisque*. The public is unreasonable ; still, if I were hard pushed with a comparison between the *Master of Ballantrae* and a good Waverley novel, I should have to admit that Mr. Stevenson’s work looks like a racer in hard training. Every proportion is exact, every redundancy removed, and the result is admirable, but, if you wish to be malignant, a trifle artificial.

Perhaps Mr. Stevenson has lived a little too much with words. If you set him by the unchallenged great ones, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, he is light and thin, he lacks their weight of human experience. His work does not seem like theirs, to spring from the writer’s very existence. The novel must ultimately rest upon experience, and the nature of the experience will determine the nature of the work. He has not the intensity of the Brontës, from whose strangled lives passion shot up like water from a fountain-pipe ; he has not the serious reflective wisdom of George Eliot, nor her sense of the tragic issues that fill common life. He lacks the wide human experience, the personal contact with life, which informs the work of other great novelists. Fielding learnt more in his police-court than ever he did from books, good scholar though he was. Scott, like Mr. Stevenson, depends much upon the experience of the imagination, his antiquarian lore ; yet Scott himself declared that his official duties

were a help, not a hindrance; they made a corrective to bookishness and kept him in touch with life. Before Dickens began writing he learnt the world by the struggle to exist; and he, like Thackeray, was till his death occupied with the business side of literature, editing magazines and papers. But Mr. Stevenson probably has not even to sell his own writings; his whole and sole business in life is to write; in short, he lives completely, as few literary men have done, the artist's existence. Tennyson did the same; but then Tennyson did not write novels. Mr. Stevenson has gone about like the artist in search of picturesque grouping; interested in his fellow-men, but standing a little way off to see them better; gregarious enough, but only with his congeners; a gypsy, a vagrant, a Bohemian, and not a citizen, except in so far as the tax-collector has compelled him. Doubtless ill-health has kept him away from the active business of life; in Samoa he has shown himself willing to stir against oppression. Whatever the cause, from choice or chance, the fact remains that after all the years he has lived among us, he writes as a sojourner, an Egyptian, having no fixed foot, no strong ties, to any place or employment save his art. He is elusively cosmopolitan, the aspects of life that interest him are peculiar to no age or country. If I wished to summarize his defects in a word, I should say—*unhomeliness*.

Yet there is one reservation, and an important one, to be made. The later books, the *Ebb Tide*, the *Ballads*, the *Island Night's Entertainment*, and (to some degree) the *Wrecker*, do associate themselves with a certain place and mode of life. What Mr. Kipling has done for British India, Mr. Stevenson is doing for the Southern Seas. He is peopling a definite field in our imaginations; there at least his work takes root in life; and, if I mistake not, to future generations his name and personality will suggest these islands of the Pacific, as Smollett makes us think of a ship, Fielding of the fleet or an inn, Thackeray of London, Scott of the Border, George Eliot of the Midland Counties. Yet the life he de-

scribes there is the life of a fleeting, shifting, longshore population, a life strange to us, scenes that not one in ten thousand can hope to behold, a dialect mixed of half-a-dozen lingoes; a life, a scene, a dialect that is, far more than anything in Mr. Kipling's India, unhomey to us.

Now there are many people so oddly constituted (as I must think) that they prefer to read of experiences which are not only conceivable, but positively familiar, to themselves. One of the critical essays in *Memories and Portraits* lays great stress upon the direct appeal to interests which we inherit from a remote forefather, "probably arboreal in his habits." But in a very large section of mankind—a section for which the author of *Treasure Island* has scant respect—this remote ancestor is not merely disapproved of, but obliterated. They think Mr. Stevenson tiresome with his pirates, his beachcombers, and his catamarans; they want to hear what happens in the drawing-room or behind the counter. It is a perfectly genuine distaste, and, like all unaffected criticism, has something in it. The truth is that Mr. Stevenson's range of characters and sympathies is not nearly so wide as it seems. One cannot say he undervalues the pedestrian virtues. MacKellar, in the *Master of Ballantrae*, belongs body and soul to the prose of life; yet his creator has few more lovable or intelligible personages to show us. Mr. Utterson, in *Dr. Jekyll*, is another such, slightly but distinctly drawn; and David Balfour is the impersonation of civic courage. But it is not to be denied that the leaning in these books is all in favor of the "gyp-sily inclined;" there is little value set upon the stay-at-homes, unless they are visited with roving desires. Now, under the present conditions of life certainly, and probably under all, nine-tenths of us are stay-at-homes, and the stay-at-homes do the business of the world.

Charles Reade (whom alone among the *di minores* of the great dead I should put on an equality with Mr. Stevenson) had in this respect a wider grasp on nature. He lacks the younger writer's distinction of style; but in his

stories of common life there are things that come up before the mind as vividly as anything in *Treasure Island*. Old Maxley, the miser, in *Hard Cash*, is more truly picturesque, to my thinking, than the mad old wrecker in the *Merry Men*, despite all his accessories of scenery and weather. Maxley was a drudge, dead, dull, barren, but for the one imaginative passion—the one opening for romance—the one Mr. Stevenson will have nothing to do with drudges, creatures of routine. Whatever is not instinct or impulse says nothing to him. Mackellar, for all his method, is continually a departer from use and wont; he goes the length of attempting homicide (not, perhaps, without justification); and Mr. Stevenson delights to paint each upheaval of the man's own spirit that bursts the petrified surface. Not that, in a sense, he despises common things. He has a poet's eye for all the primitive facts of life, for all the familiar mysteries; a man has only to be in love with his wife and show it, and responsive chords sound on the instant; there is nothing so pretty, nothing so sympathetic, in the *Inland Voyage*, as the episode of Bazin the innkeeper and his wife at La Fère upon the Oise. But love is the perennial surprise, the constant irregularity, and therefore such a passage makes no exception to Mr. Stevenson's refusal of all actions in which custom is a leading factor. This refusal at once widens and restricts his range. In the quest for situations where men shall be thrown upon their inward resources, deserted by the guidance of usage, he is forced to tread continually upon the confines of the impossible, and scour the world for scenes in unknown corners of the Pacific and mysterious purlieus of great towns, where imagination is eternally expectant. It limits, too, his repertory of characters. Briefly speaking, they are adventurers, one and all; political adventurers in *Prince Otto*; seekers of sensation in the *Suicide Club*; ingot hunters and pirates in *Treasure Island*; Jacobites and fugitives from justice in *Kidnapped*; pursuers of transcendental medicines in *Dr. Jekyll*; traders in the *South Sea Tales*, speculators in the *Wrecker* (Mr. Stevenson

only recognizes commerce when it is a gamble); even Mr. David Balfour is an adventurer, too, engaging, like Socrates in the Republic, in a wild-goose chase after justice. David's later adventures lead him into love-making; but, speaking generally, these people are plunged in too turbulent pursuits for ladies to step upon the scene. If there is wooing, it is apt to be done in summary fashion, like the young man's inside the *Sieur de Maletroit's* door. Only a few of the earlier stories deal principally with courtship; and in them people are violently, boisterously in love; for a painting of strong but not ignoble passion, whipped to fury by exciting circumstances, it would be hard to better the *Pavilion on the Links*. These are not the "anæmic and tailorish persons," the common run of civilized humanity, in connection with whom (see *Virginibus Puerisque*) it is ridiculous to talk of love as a masterful divinity.

In the later books, singularly enough, love plays a larger part. Henry Durie's silent devotion to his wife is finely drawn in the *Master of Ballantrae*; in *Catriona* we have, for the first time from Mr. Stevenson, what is ordinarily described as a love story. It is not, heaven knows, that he ever posed as a woman-hater or contemned the interest of sex; few men have written more eloquently and suggestively of love; but his choice of subjects forbade its appearance. Even in these latter stories, where love is the motive, the pivot of the action, and where women are drawn with detail, he falls back upon the simplest and most primitive types. Uma, in the *Beach of Falesà*, is a delightful and most womanly savage; *Catriona*, the lady of the hillside, is a sort of Scotch Uma. True, in *Prince Otto*, Mr. Stevenson imitates the author of *Harry Richmond*, and sketches brilliant ladies; but they are of a type whose very essence is superficiality; feminine rather than womanly. Miss Grant, who is charming, and Alison Durie, are really his only full-length portraits of civilized women; and Uma is worth the pair of them. Always one is met by the feeling that the world of these books is peopled by a floating population, among whom

women are few and not prominent. Life's peaceful employments, woman's native sphere, Mr. Stevenson passes over. Except the distracted house of Durrisdeer, I do not recall that he has drawn one home; and I think the sense of limitation in his achievement which forces itself on his admirers is due to this gypsy strain which estranges him perceptibly from so large a province in human nature.

Detraction itself can hardly say more against him; and how many people are under a personal obligation to Mr. Stevenson for having taken the trouble to be born? It must be a hard reader to please who cannot find his account somewhere in so versatile an author.

To begin with, he has written the best books of travel in the language, if one looks to literary interest, and not to geographical curiosity. Who shall decide between *An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*? Not I; though if anything could turn the scale of such impartial delight, it would be the donkey. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* is their only parallel (doubtless, too, their original); but Sterne has his faults of taste, from which Mr. Stevenson is of all men the freest. *The Silverado Squatters*, less interesting than either of those I named, is even a greater technical triumph; being a book of description, almost unrelieved by incident, which yet is thoroughly readable. *Across the Plains*, though published recently, recounts an experience apparently earlier than the squatting. In the forthcoming edition these essays are to be rearranged, and it will be interesting to see how their author groups this pair. The second book is probably a diary, rehandled in later years; at all events, it contains at least one passage, a defence of the Chinese, which it would be impossible to overpraise, and which appears maturer in thought and style than anything in the earlier book. But, look as you please and where you please, it is hard to trace any immaturity in Mr. Stevenson's style; at the most, one is conscious in his earlier work of a looser texture in the words and a gentler utterance. Certainly, the matter has grown sterner in this admirable series of essays, which alone

would give their author permanent rank in literature. Here, for instance, is a characteristic passage from *Virginibus Puerisque*, which appeared before *Treasure Island*:—

"The blind bow-boy who smiles upon us from the end of terraces in old Dutch gardens, laughingly hails his bird-bolts among a fleeting generation. But for as fast as ever he shoots, the game dissolves and disappears into eternity from under his falling arrows; this one is gone ere he is struck; the other has but time to make one gesture and give one passionate cry, and they are all the things of a moment. When the generation is gone, when the play is over, when the thirty years' panorama has been withdrawn in tatters from the stage of the world, we may ask what has become of these great, weighty, and undying loves, and the sweethearts who despised mortal conditions in a fine credulity; and they can only show us a few songs in a bygone taste, a few actions worth remembering, and a few children who have retained some happy stamp from the disposition of their parents."

Set beside this harmonious and softened moralizing a passage from the essay called "Pulvis et Umbra," in *Across the Plains*:—

"—We look for some reward of our endeavors and are disappointed; not success, not happiness, not even peace of conscience, crowns our ineffectual efforts to do well. Our frailties are invincible, our virtues barren; the battle goes sore against us to the going down of the sun. The canting moralist tells us of right and wrong; and we look abroad, even on the face of our small earth, and find them change with every climate, and no country where some action is not honored for a virtue and none where it is not branded for a vice; and we look in our experience and find no vital congruity in the wisest rules, but at the best a municipal fitness. It is not strange if we are tempted to despair of good. We ask too much. Our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us till they are all emasculate and sentimentalized, and only please and weaken. Truth is of a rougher strain. In the harsh face of life, faith can read a bracing gospel. The human race is a thing more ancient than the Ten Commandments; and the bones and revolutions of the Kosmos, in whose joints we are but moss and fungus, more ancient still."

The process has taken place, which is described with singular charm in the essay "Crabbed Age and Youth;" time has done its inevitable work of modifying beliefs and aspirations, yet, though the tone changes, the philosophy remains fundamentally the same. Mr. Stevenson preaches optimism—a courageous but not a sanguine optimism.

In *Virginibus Puerisque* the romance of life chiefly is called in question—love, marriage, ambition, honor. Analyze them a little, says he, and what silly businesses they seem; how overloaded with sounding epithets. Marriage, for instance—the “raw boy and green girl” linking their joint inexperience. Yet after all, how well marriages turn out, and how real love is to the lover. That is the keynote. Why look at a thing from the standpoint of the sun when you have got to live on earth? Seventy years is a moment in time; one day may seem eternity to the creature. Dolls are stuffed with sawdust—it does not do to forget that—but they make excellent playthings. “Fools all in our youth” is the refrain of *Virginibus Puerisque*, but the conclusion of the matter is, “for God’s sake give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself.” “Pulvis et Umbra Sumus” (the second essay I quoted from) sits in judgment, not upon life’s illusions but upon life itself. In a tremendous rhetorical statement it displays the appalling disproportion between ephemeral humanity and the Cosmos; and the more frightful contrast between human ideals, inseparable from humanity, and lustful, murderous, predatory man, man with all his aspirations eternally foredoomed to failure, yet at his lowest cherishing a spark of magnanimity, some self-erected code of honor. Failure, that is the note of it all; failure and aspiration, the ebb and flow of human existence. Of a future life these essays have nothing to say, save to recognize as a fact in man’s higher life his craving for protracted existence. What they preach—and they do literally preach—relates to this life, and the spirit in which a man should go about his business. That is the important thing; we can do so infinitely little, that it matters incomparably more what we are than what we accomplish. “Gentleness, cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect virtues.”

Certain phrases in the earlier book, which gave offence to austere moralists, really pointed to the same orthodox conclusion. “To be a good artist in life, and to deserve well of your neigh-

bor,” is a high enough ideal, if you mean by an artist what Mr. Stevenson does; that is, a man who goes about his work pleasantly, because he likes it, and does it for the work’s sake, not to get rich; and who always sets his standard a little way above what his utmost efforts can attain to. That is the connecting point between his didactic philosophy of art and his theory of morals. You have no business, he says, to cry out because you are not a saint; aim at being a little better than you are. So you will progress, always failing, but nevertheless advancing; aim at the inaccessible and you will collapse. Just as it is bad morals for a man to neglect his wife and family because he thinks to bring about a great reform, so it is bad art for the artist to attempt a great work before he has accomplished what is easier. Mr. Stevenson preaches in art the gospel of technical thoroughness, a lesson familiar enough in France, but necessary in England. Like all masters of technical skill he has the desire to impart what is communicable in his own cunning—to found a school. And he has done it; one has only to look round and see that. He has done for English fiction what Tennyson did for English verse; he has raised the standard of contemporary workmanship; but, unlike Tennyson, he has done it by precept no less than by example. Admirable critic as he is, he is most instructive when he writes concerning his own work and methods. Those who wish to profit by his teaching need not complain for lack of guidance. Shortly after publication of *Treasure Island*, there appeared an essay on “Style,” of the most minutely technical character, which I hope to see reprinted in the new edition. Most writers confine their care to the mere avoidance of a hiatus; alliteration, simple or interlaced, is also a familiar trick of the trade. But Mr. Stevenson contends that not only the initial consonant, but also the medial and the terminal should be taken carefully into account; that labials should be interspersed with dentals, dentals modified by nasals, and so on. An example will explain the matter roughly. In *Virginibus Puerisque* occurs the follow-

ing passage (upon "Truth of Inter-course") :—

"The cruellest lies are often told in silence. A man may have sat in a room for hours and not opened his teeth, and yet come out of that room a disloyal friend or a vile calumniator."

Obviously the word "teeth" gives this sentence an affected look; and I take designedly a case where the artifice is flagrant. But the reason for writing "teeth" is plain enough: if you put instead "opened his mouth" you have an awkward recurrence of the diphthong from "hours," and the ear misses the sharp dental "t." Of course, everybody in writing recognizes conditions of this kind, but Mr. Stevenson has made them almost as peremptory as the laws of metre. No doubt by this time he can move with perfect ease in his self-imposed fetters; but the fabric of his writings is compact of exigencies of sound no less than of sense. It is, however, only in the essays that he indulges himself in such passages as this, which describes a diver's motions in the buoyant waters.

"So must have ineffectually swung, so represented their inefficiency, those light crowds which followed the Star of Hades and uttered exiguous voices in the region beyond Coeytus."

The truth is that writing of this sort comes far nearer verse than prose, with its intricate combination of medial and initial consonants, its studied harmonies of sound. Prose in its perfection is the perfection of a sentence which might imaginably occur in talk or oratory; it ought never to lose some relation to spoken speech. Even Carlyle's style was modelled (or so he said) upon the way in which his father talked. But any human being would stone a man who talked like the passage I have just quoted. It is rhythmic prose, or prose poetry, a hybrid to which hardly any one but Mr. Stevenson can reconcile readers. Yet in the same volume (*Across the Plains*) there are pages upon pages of prose which is really prose, and which has every merit except artlessness. In his own person Mr. Stevenson can never be unstudied; his mannerism has even grown upon him; when he is really simple, he is so dramatically, a more cunning trick than the other. Curiously enough, in

the interesting paper about the genesis of *Treasure Island*, which he wrote for the *Idler*, Mr. Stevenson seems to imply that the manner of *Treasure Island* is easier to support than the manner of the *Merry Men*, one of his most elaborate efforts. Perhaps he only means that it would seem so; but surely few people think it easier to be effectively simple than effectively elaborate. At all events, one thing is noticeable. In the collaborations the writers narrate in person; the story of the *Wrecker*, it is true, is told by Mr. Loudon Dodd, one of the heroes. But is not Mr. Dodd a very near relation to the distinguished writer who resides in Samoa? (Mr. Stevenson has said in the *Idler* that John Silver was drawn from a personage he esteemed; he cannot, therefore, justly resent our identifying him with this amiable Epicurean.) But in the books where Mr. Osbourne has no hand, the narrative is always dramatic, and the personage selected to narrate is always one who has no business to "parley euphuism." Hawkins, of *Treasure Island* fame, is a plain Englishman; David Balfour is a plain Scot, a casuist it is true, but homely in his talk (my objection of unhomeliness can hardly be urged against *Kidnapped* and *Catriona*). Mackellar is another moralist, but no seeker after the picturesque in diction; and in the *Beach of Falesà* a complicated story is told with extraordinary force by the hero, a half-educated trader. There is only one page where the familiar turn of the Stevensonian sentence peeps out; I will deny no one the pleasure of discovering it for himself in so agreeable a hunting-ground.

What I may call Mr. Stevenson's personal style (as opposed to the dramatic narration) has a curiously marked feature in its Latinity: evidently a consequence of straining the vocabulary to comply with his requirement of sound. Here is an instance from *Across the Plains*; it is a comparison of European and American sunrises :—

"It may be from habit, but to me the coming of day is less fresh and inspiring in the latter; it has a duskier glory, and more nearly resembles sunset; it seems to fit some *subsequent* * evening epoch of the world, as though

* Italics throughout are mine.

America were in fact and not merely in fancy farther from the orient of Aurora and the springs of day."

Here one is grateful for the strange word "subsequential;" it fills with such dignity its central place in this commanding sentence that no one would care to challenge the innovation. But when it comes to ballads, this Latin element plays wild havoc with the fitness of things:—

"Clustered the scarcely nubile, the lads and maids in a ring,"

is a clement instance. "*Arduous mountains*," "green *continuous* forests," are Latinisms hardly more admissible (above all, in a ballad) than "your fishing has sped to a wish," which is an ugly imitation from the French. This is criticism of mere details, but in truth, if I judge it rightly, Mr. Stevenson's poetry will never add anything to his reputation. In his volume of *Ballads*, the third canto of the "Song of Rahero" is a fine tale, finely told in verse; and the "slaying of Tamatea" is good reading; there is nothing else for which I am grateful. *Underwoods* is in its English verses the most imitative work of any established writer known to me. Sometimes you hear a snatch of Herrick, then the tone is Wordsworth's; Tennyson is everywhere here, as also he is in the *Ballads*; and Marvell is suggested now and then. Unless the half-familiar dialect conceals defects, the Scotch verses are better; but the prose preface of thanks to doctors is worth in manner and in matter all the poems together. About a "Child's Garden of Verse" it is less easy to speak with confidence; to many people it appeals strongly; others, perhaps, it strikes chiefly as a *tour de force*; but in any case its truth and originality can hardly be denied.

There is another branch of Mr. Stevenson's writings—to be done with this ungrateful task of fault-finding—which I cannot care for as literature; but he is not solely responsible. He has written several plays with Mr. Henley, of which two, I think, were acted. With everything in their favor, they have not succeeded on the stage; and they make, by comparison, very poor read-

ing. One striking scene with the blind pirate Pew is so good an occasion for Mr. Stevenson to be at his best in prose narrative, that I grudge it to this setting.

And it is, of course, in prose narrative that he is at his very best. For, after all, this business of criticising, which is commenting on other folks' ideas, and essay writing, which is sermonizing (the easiest form of composition), are a very different matter from sitting down, as the children say, to make something "out of your own head." Creative work takes rank immeasurably in front of what is often (oddly enough) called "pure literature;" it is as a story-teller, not as an essayist, that Mr. Stevenson will go down to posterity. The *New Arabian Nights* began the list of his published tales, and however people may differ about his other books, every one likes this; it is brimful of youth from the first page to the last. The fantastic element which has throughout characterized his work (Attwater is the latest example) ran riot in these stories. One might theorize to account for this element, had not Mr. Stevenson himself (as usual) told us all about it; that is to say, he dreams certain situations, which may or may not fully explain themselves; and the waking part of the work is merely to fill up gaps and put the whole into language. This is not altogether a new thing. Scott used to go to bed with the knot of his story unsolved, confident that things would unravel when he was dressing next morning. Doubtless his brownies, like Mr. Stevenson's, became educated, and did their work better as they were disciplined to it. But it is probably very rare for a writer to do what is really the most important part of the composition in his sleeping existence; very rare, and not healthy, one may suppose. Sometimes the finished result speaks forcibly of its origin. *Olalla* is little more than a vivid dream—but how vivid! and in the earlier books certain characters have something whimsical and inconsequent in their actions (the boy, for instance, in *Treasure Island*), which relates them to the land of visions. On the other hand, scenes and persons have that physical

vididness and totality of impression which is produced only by a remembered dream. In real life the attention is distracted by a mass of detail, and in recalling an occurrence some irrelevant circumstance is sure to reappear. But when a thing has been seen by the mind's eye alone, the mind reproduces it with more artistic selection; in short, mind more clearly recalls the impressions of mind than of sense. Few scenes that I have assisted at—few, if any—come up before my consciousness with the same vividness as the murder done upon the island, when Silver knocked the sailor down with his crutch and stabbed him. No doubt if I could draw the scene I should draw it differently from Mr. Stevenson himself; but that is neither here nor there. Mind does not picture in line, but through the medium of several senses at once. I seem to hear the man's gasp as the crutch took him between the shoulders. The pictures would disagree in detail—precisely the detail upon which mind does not insist—but Mr. Stevenson has conveyed the essence of the scene, and it is to me as if I had dreamed it myself.

The book which is most dreamlike in the bad sense, where everything seems vague, irrational, and unaccountable, is *Prince Otto*, for a long time my favorite, and not yet wholly dethroned; but which, by reason of these defects, did not succeed. The one which has most of a dream's vivid pictorial quality is undoubtedly *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. What piece of prose fiction is less likely to be forgotten? To begin with, the central idea, strange as it is, at once comes home to everybody. The double personality, which the very habit of a dream-land existence must have forced in upon Mr. Stevenson, corresponds with facts of which we are all obscurely conscious. It heightens immensely the interest of a book thus to carry an allegory on the very face of it, provided that the allegory does not interfere with the illusion, but speaks the moral with the poignancy of life itself. Further, this is the only case where Mr. Stevenson, working by himself, has used a mystery; and most skilfully it is used in the opening chap-

ters to stimulate curiosity. The book falls into three parts. First, the mystery, which is set out with wonder that rises from the mere question of an onlooker about this uncanny person Hyde, to the agonized inquiry of Jekyll's friend, who knows all but the answer to the riddle, when he batters at Jekyll's locked door, and is answered by the voice of Hyde. Then follows the explanation; and remark the skill with which a medical man is made the witness of the change. He recounts the phenomena with a practised accuracy which would have been unnatural, say, in Utterson. In the third part, when the mystery has been solved, nothing but consummate art could have saved the interest from collapsing. But Jekyll's own written statement gives the crowning emotion when it recites the drama that passed in the study behind the locked door; the appalling conflict between the two personages in the same outwardly changing breast. Other writers have approached the same idea. Gautier, for instance, has a curious story of a gentleman who gets translated into another man's body to court the other's wife; but Mr. Stevenson has everything to gain by the comparison. Remember the passage where Jekyll wakes for the first time to find that he has in sleep become Hyde, and the look of Hyde's hairy hand on the sheet.

Dr. Jekyll is almost *sui generis*; the other books meet comparison on equal terms, and well they can afford to do so. I set aside for the present those where the issue is obscured by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's share in the work; that leaves two volumes of short tales, *The Merry Men* and the *Island Night's Entertainment*, several of them equal to Mérimée's best work; what more can one say? *Markheim*, I think, has remained the distinctest in my memory; *Thravn Janet*, which has been so highly praised, I always read with admiration, but it does not haunt me. Then there are four long stories, *Kidnapped* and its sequel, *Catriona*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, and one decided failure, the *Black Arrow*. About *Kidnapped* there is a consensus of enthusiasm. Mr. Barrie, in a clever but unfair paper, in his *Edinburgh Eleven*,

calls it a boy's book. So it is—a boy's book that all men delight in; though why it should be called a boy's book more than the *Odyssey* I cannot see. The *Black Arrow*, again, is a failure, relatively speaking, that is to say, it is not so good as Dr. Conan Doyle's *White Company*. But surely to say, as Mr. Barrie does, that it ought never to have been published, is a singular pretension. Is a painter, for instance, only to sell his masterpieces? The book is a failure, not because it is ill-planned or carelessly wrought—it is better planned, I think, than *Catriona*—but because it lacks inspiration, because the characters are uninteresting. It is “a novel of adventure,” to adopt the author's own classification; and so, as he urges of another book, it needs only a limited presentment of qualities. That is very true, but one has to be made believe in people sufficiently to feel with or against them. Here they are never real, and when a touch of genuine nature comes in, the old ruined captain inconsolable for his ship and his man Tom, it makes pasteboard of the surroundings. The “novel of character,” “which appeals to our intellectual appreciation of man's foibles and mingled and inconstant motives,” Mr. Stevenson has hardly attempted on his own account, but his phrase applies well to parts of the *Wrecker*. *Kidnapped* is pure romance, and the *Master of Ballantrae* a noble example of the dramatic novel. Compare Alan Breck's fight in the round-house of the brig “Covenant” with the duel of the brothers. In the first your whole attention is claimed for the action itself; you want to see a “bonny fighter” at work. Well, here he is for you. Incidentally you learn what David's feelings are when he kills a man for the first time; but the fight is the thing. In the duel, actions are merely the outward expression of passions; it is Henry Durie's words and looks that concern you, not the sword play. The physical impression given is not less vivid—the candles guttering under the trees, a cramped space of light in the vast blackness; but the interest is in men's minds, not in their swords. These two books it were superfluous to praise further; but *Catriona*, which

stands on the debatable ground between romance and drama, has not so secure a footing. For once the author's cunning in construction has failed him. All the earlier chapters of the book are braced up with expectation of the great trial; but the climax of the book is not the climax they lead up to. David's love affair culminates charmingly after various revolutions; but the master interest of the opening, his enterprise to save James Stewart from the Campbells, is huddled away into inglorious confusion. I suspect Mr. Stevenson of a moral; he may have meant that David's matter-of-fact heroism was not the less heroic because he too was found no more than “a faithful failure.” None the less, it is true that the book snaps in sunder midway, much as the *Wrecker* does; and the latter half forms a very decided anticlimax. It is different from the first half in kind; not only that, but it is the weaker succeeding the stronger. Ladies complain that *Catriona* is a doll, not a woman; but this is to ask for incompatible excellences. As far as she is concerned, the book is romance, and she only needs to be invested with the appropriate qualities. So long as she is helpless, yet bold, childishly innocent, yet passionately loving, she is sufficiently depicted. David Balfour is the narrator; we see events with his eyes, and we must be content to see *Catriona* with them too. The weak point is that the relations between David and the Lord Advocate are eminently dramatic; and they practically fill up the first half of the book. *Catriona* is seldom on the stage; for these scenes Miss Grant is better fitted, a capital dramatic figure. She is an immense advance upon Alicia, who plays a very similar part in the *Black Arrow*. But she ships off David and *Catriona* to the Low Countries—drama ceases and the romance begins. Now to pass from drama to romance is to pass from the more complex to the simple, from the more developed to the less developed form of art. It is a mistake too, in a dramatic novel, to make a principal character the narrator, because we must get a merely partial view of the other personages. Mr. Stevenson has to get over the difficulty the best way

he can by making David intolerably judicial—the lad is eternally finding excuses for the Lord Advocate. Mac-kellar, who relates the story of the *Master of Ballantrae*, is a proper person to do so, because he has complete knowledge of the action, yet plays a subaltern part in its conduct. Thus out of the combination of two types in *Catriona*, there results a certain incongruity. Yet I have not read a novel since that I liked so well.

It remains to consider the three volumes of which Mr. Lloyd Osbourne is part author; and these books present the highly interesting problem—To determine Mr. Osbourne's share in the work. For my own part, I give it up. There is hardly a page in all three which Mr. Stevenson might not conceivably have written; there are many pages, many episodes, which one would say Mr. Stevenson must have written, were it not for the fear of an appeal to those who know. Certain passages, like the French scenes in the *Wrecker*, may, on external evidence, be ascribed to him; and a highly competent critic has pointed out in the *Speaker* that these passages constitute the book's defect. Yet is it not strange that Mr. Quiller Couch should not be able otherwise to distinguish the hands? For "Q" is not merely an admirable writer of fiction; he is the man among the younger group of novelists who has followed most implicitly Mr. Stevenson's advice to imitate good models, and of all his imitations the cleverest is *Gabriel Foot, Highwayman*, which might pass unchallenged beside *Markheim* itself. But though the fusion of parts is so complete within the covers as to defy an expert to separate them, there is no danger of our confusing one of these books with the genuine Stevenson. They do "something smack, something grow to." Nobody likes Lafitte to be laced with brandy, though it were "warranted entire," like Pinkerton's "Three Star," and that is why Mr. Osbourne has been a good deal execrated. No book of Mr. Stevenson ever left a bad taste in my mouth; no book of the collaboration has ever failed to do so. The *Wrong Box* is funny enough, but it is gruesome jesting that turns on a putrefying corpse. The

butchery on board the *Flying Scud* I have once re-read, and mean in future to skip; as for the *Ebbtide*, no one ever pretended it was agreeable reading. The very first sentence gives the note:—

"Throughout the island world of the Pacific, scattered men of many European races and from almost every grade of society carry activity and disseminate disease."

Compare with this story the *Beach of Falesà*, a sufficiently uncompromising piece of realism; yet you go away from the reading of it braced and happy. There, at all events, human nature is at flood.

The presence of Mr. Osbourne seems, in short, fatal to romance. As far as his personality disengages itself, he is a past-master in slang (I pity the foreigner who attempts these books), with a pronounced taste for shady characters. The *Wrong Box* is, of course, not to be taken seriously; it is in the key of farce, very good farce too. Complications follow one another with kaleidoscopic variety and swiftness, and if there were a Mrs. John Wood in it, it would be equal to the *Magistrate*. But a pretty set of people we are invited to know; even Michael Finsbury, the hero, is a smart lawyer, the terror of blackmailers, and a tower of strength in breach of promise, but hardly to be mistaken for a gentleman. The *Wrecker* is a work of a very different class. Not to be grateful for Pinkerton would be barbarous; and I doubt if he is chiefly Mr. Stevenson's. So long as he is a felt presence, I have no quarrel with the book. But it is a jumble, of delightful elements no doubt, "a monster olio of attractions," like the Dromedary picnics; but still a jumble. Student life in Paris is always interesting, but memory has got the better of Mr. Stevenson, and we have more of it than is necessary to develop Pinkerton and Dodd; and in a chapter about San Francisco the novel drops entirely, while Mr. Stevenson's reminiscences of the City of the Golden Gate furnish out a sublimated padding. For a man with so much of interest to tell and such a style to tell it in, the temptation must have been overwhelming; but it was a temptation to stray from his better ideals, against which

the dramatic method of his own novels guarded him. Moreover, a study of speculators has its appropriate and superb adventure in the story of the wreck; but when we stray off to follow Mr. Norris Carthew, we lose touch with Pinkerton, and Pinkerton is the soul of the book.

The *Ebbtide* is stronger work than its predecessors; had it borne any name but Mr. Stevenson's, it would have been hailed as a work of genius. As a piece of writing it shows in their extreme the merits and defects of this wonderful manner. Here are two instances from the *Wrecker* and the *Ebbtide* respectively:—

"The clouds hung low and black on the surrounding amphitheatre of mountains; rain had fallen earlier in the day, real tropic rain, a waterspout for violence."

"A French man-of-war was going out, homeward bound; she lay in the middle distance of the port, an ant-heap for activity."

Surely this is a mannerism. But here is another sentence from the *Ebbtide*:—

"It was now the fourth month completed, and still there was no change or sign of change. The moon, racing through a world of flying clouds of every size, shape, and density, some black as ink stains, some delicate as lawn, threw the marvel of her southern brightness over the same lovely and detested scene."

Is not the effect of those epithets magical in beauty and suggestion? And is not "the fourth month" a trifle affected for April? Yet need I quote the page which describes the "Farallone's" entry into the lagoon? Whichever hand wove that intricate web of words was indeed a master in the craft. Even if we take it that just there Mr. Stevenson held the pen, Mr. Osbourne, though he may not equal such a passage, yet indubitably possesses a manner not to be distinguished from that of the elder writer. But can he do this? Mackellar is the narrator:—

"I groped my way downstairs, and out at the door. From quite a far way off a sheen was visible, making points of brightness in the shrubbery; in so black a night it might have been remarked for miles; and I blamed myself bitterly for my incaution. How much more sharply when I reached the place! One of the candlesticks was overthrown, and that taper quenched. The other burned steadily by itself, and made a broad space of light upon the frosted ground. All within that cir-

cle seemed, by the force of contrast and the overcharging blackness, brighter than by day. And there was the blood-stain in the midst; and a little way farther off Mr. Henry's sword, the pommel of which was of silver; but of the body, not a trace. My heart thumped upon my ribs, the hair stirred on my scalp, as I stood there staring—so strange was the sight, so dire the fears it awakened. I looked right and left; the ground was so hard, it told no story. I stood and listened till my ears ached, but the night was hollow about me like an empty church; not even a ripple stirred upon the shore; it seemed you might have heard a pin drop in the county."

Yet, as Mr. Quiller Couch has said in the criticism before referred to, Attwater is probably Mr. Stevenson's. Attwater is a fatalist, so, you remember, was Prince Florizel; the ending is a fresh chapter from some new Arabian Nights. But after that savage realism, what frame of mind are we in to meet Prince Florizel or any of his cousins? No doubt the authors wanted a contrast; the cockney with his vitriol in this fairyland of nature. But the opposition is too glaring, and as for Mr. Attwater, my gorge rises at him. The mind looks round for some relief, some decent human nature to rest on; and the best it gets is the drunken captain with his little "Adar." He, at least, if he had died with the prayer for his children on his lips, would have died like a man; but he is spared to become a hysterical convert, holding his virtue on the absence of temptation. The other conclusion would certainly have made Attwater intolerable, and the scene brutal beyond all bounds; but I should have preferred prompt fate for Captain Davis.

However, this is to be the last of the collaborations, we are told; and we shall, many of us, look forward with no less expectation than curiosity to a single-handed venture of Mr. Osbourne. But we cannot have him turning our choicest vintage wine into a questionable blend. The truth is, we have come to look to Mr. Stevenson to redeem the tendencies of contemporary fiction; our debt to him cannot be measured by his influence on technical skill. The highest praise due to him is owed to the spirit of his work. Everywhere in it are present what he has himself called "the radical qualities of honor, humor, and pathos."

He does not talk of a moral purpose, as is the custom of most writers who sail near the wind in matters of decency. No man is freer of prudery; yet the atmosphere of his characters, whether they do wrong or right, holds no infection. And though the South Seas send us these fruits of his restored health—they never sent us more welcome merchandise—it is impossible, it

would be ungracious, to forget that this man for years, during the long uphill labor of an art that to him at least did not come instinctively, strove with the ravages of disease; and yet never in all that time did he let despondency infect his writings with an unmanly note, nor uttered for himself or for humanity the voice of despair. —*Fortnightly Review*.

RECENT SCIENCE.

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

I.

THERE is no doubt that diphtheria has lately attained an alarming frequency in Europe. To say nothing of Russia, where the last epidemics had swept away nearly all children in many villages, we find that in Prussia no less than one-sixth to one-fourth part of all children dying in the age of from one to five years succumb to diphtheria;* and the same proportion must have lately prevailed in Western Europe as well. One fully understands, therefore, the keen interest which is taken at this moment by the general public in the experiments of the French doctors Roux and Yersin, who try to cure diphtheria by means of the blood serum of animals previously vaccinated against that disease. However, the scientific importance of these experiments is even greater than their immediate utilitarian value. Serum-therapy has a direct bearing upon nearly all infectious diseases; and it touches upon some of the most burning questions relative to the fundamental problems of life; while the manner in which the researches have been conducted is such that there is hardly, in the whole domain of modern science, another branch which could better illustrate the best methods of scientific investigation applied to a most complicated subject, or better contribute to the

general promotion of scientific methods of thought.

That diphtheria, like tetanus (or lockjaw), with which it has much in common, or like anthrax, cholera, malaria, and so on, is due to an infection of the body by special bacteria is by this time an established fact. Without an infection by either the bacteria discovered by Löffler, or the poisons which they secrete, there is no diphtheria. But it is also known that the powers of different animal species, and even of different individuals, to resist infection vary a great deal, and that they can be weakened or increased by vaccination, so as even to confer full immunity. This being true of nearly all infections, the attention of bacteriologists is chiefly directed now toward finding out what is the cause of the poison-resisting powers of the organism, how they are acquired, and how to strengthen them.

Two years ago E. Metchnikoff's ingenious theory of immunity was analyzed in this Review.* According to this theory, the organism which has been successful in its struggle against infection owes its recovery to a victory which has been won by its amoeba-like white cells, or leucocytes, over the infecting microbes. As soon as poisonous bacteria are introduced into the animal body, the free white cells—i.e. the white corpuscles of the blood and the lymph, and the so-called wander-

* Professor Behring, *Die Geschichte der Diphtherie, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Immunitätslehre*, Leipzig, 1893.

* "Recent Science," *Nineteenth Century*, August, 1892.

ing cells—probably attracted by the secretions of the bacteria, gather in immense numbers at the spot of infection. There they wage a war to the intruders. If they are healthy and numerous, and if the bacteria do not multiply too rapidly, so as to overpower the leucocytes in numbers, the latter absorb the microbes, enveloping them with their protoplasm and rendering them inoffensive. In some cases the leucocytes actually digest the microbes—that is, dissolve them and absorb them—thus fully deserving the name of microbe-eaters or phagocytes; in other cases they simply keep them enveloped in their protoplasm, and, without killing them, prevent them from casting spores and multiplying; or else, as it would appear from some recent researches, they carry them away to the liver, the lungs, and partly the spleen, where the intruders gradually decay. Wonderful as these statements are, they are facts and not theories. The leucocytes really come together in their millions at the infected spots, hastening thereto from all parts of the body;* and hundreds of microscopical preparations, showing to the eye how the leucocytes envelop the microbes with their protoplasm, have been made in the laboratories; many of them have been figured in the works upon the subject.† Consequently, the reality of the absorption of the microbes by the leucocytes (the “phagocytosis”) is now generally recognized, and the importance only of this struggle between two sets of cells, as compared with other possible means of protection against infection, is now under discussion.

Other agencies, besides the leucocytes, most probably intervene, and during the last few years a great deal of attention has been given to these agencies. It has become evident that the action of bacteria is very complicated. In some cases the poisoning

bacteria must be associated with various species of other micro-organisms, inoffensive in themselves, but probably required to prepare some favorable conditions for the multiplication and the deadly action of the former. Without the aid of their associates the poisoning bacteria may have no effect, as has been proved several times with cholera and typhoid fever, and is well known for tetanus bacilli. Again, the bacteria may simply destroy some cells of the body—this is the way of the malaria parasites, which destroy the red corpuscles of our blood*—or they may attack the tissues of some special organs; or they will deprive the cells of the body of the plastic elements, or gases, necessary for their life, and, so to say, starve or suffocate them. But their effect may also be more indirect; they develop, also, what we call, for want of a better knowledge of the subject, some poisons—some living, ferment-like “toxines”—which affect the fluids of the body, and especially its blood, and, through it, the whole organism. Since Koch discovered his “tuberculin,” these poisonous products of the bacteria have been studied a great deal; and, although we are very far from a somewhat precise knowledge of their nature, we know, nevertheless, that most “toxines,” although deprived by filtration of all bacteria and bacteria spores, exert upon the animal body the same deadly effects as the bacteria themselves—they provoke the same disease.† And, finally, there is in the animal body another class of ferment-like albumoses, also very imperfectly known, which also develop out of the activity of bacteria, and

* For all concerning the malaria microbes see the excellent work of Dr. Julius Manna-berg, *Die Malaria-Parasiten, auf Grund fremder und eigener Erfahrung dargestellt*, Vienna, 1893.

† Besides the researches of Koch and his school into the properties of tuberculin, a wide number of works ought to be named under this head. Such are the studies undertaken by Roux and Widal (at the Institut Pasteur), and Wooldridge in 1888, into the poisons secreted by the diphtheria and the tetanus bacteria; the investigations of Brieger and Fränkel into the poisonous albumines (“toxalbumines”); and those of E. H. Hankin, Kanthack, and Dr. Sydney Martin into the “toxines” and the protective “anti-toxines.”

* Their disappearance from the blood immediately after infection has lately been confirmed by several explorers.

† We are glad to state that Metchnikoff's *Leçons sur la pathologie comparée de l'inflammation* has by this time been translated into English by T. A. Starling and E. H. Starling. Notwithstanding its rather technical title, the reading of this little and suggestive book can safely be recommended to non-specialists.

which seem to meet in the body the effects of the above poisons. The *British Medical Journal* has proposed for them the very good name of "defensive proteids."* These "anti-toxines," whatever their nature may be, undoubtedly develop in the blood, and especially in the serum of animals which have caught certain infectious diseases and have recovered from them; and, consequently, another—that is, a fourth—branch of research has grown up, the explorers of which want to know whether blood altogether, and especially its serum, as well as other liquids secreted by the body, and especially milk, do not possess immunity-conferring, or even curative, properties. This is the branch of bacteriology which interests us most at the present moment, especially as regards the applications of blood serum to the cure of diphtheria.†

For many years past Doctors Richet, Héricourt, and Klein, amid general indifference, have advocated the use of the watery parts of blood—the serum—as a means of protecting animals against infection, and insisted upon its curative properties. However, their opinions passed unnoticed. All that preparatory work concerning the bacterial poisons and the anti-toxines which has just been mentioned had to be done before the importance of the serum could be properly understood and demonstrated. It was therefore only at the end of 1890, when the German doctor Behring and the Japanese bacteriologist Kitasato published the results of their elaborated researches, that the whole matter was put on a firm scientific basis.‡ Modern serum-

therapy, as acknowledged over and over again by Roux and all other explorers, dates from these memoirs.

The development of Behring's ideas is extremely interesting, and it admirably illustrates the present aspects of bacteriological research. Rats, as is known, are resistant to several infective diseases, including anthrax. While mice, rabbits, guinea-pigs, sheep, and horned cattle rapidly succumb to an infection of anthrax bacteria, rats do not catch the disease. This was known years ago, and it had also been remarked, in laboratory experiments, that while anthrax bacteria thrive in the serum of the last-named animals they rapidly degenerate in the serum of rats.* It was natural, therefore, to suppose that the same takes place in the living organisms, and that the resistance of rats and the susceptibility of mice, rabbits, and so on, are due to the different bacteria-killing properties possessed by the serum in these different species. But experiment, directed this way, refused to support the hypothesis. Animals whose blood showed no bactericide properties in the laboratory were found to be immune against certain diseases; while, on the other hand, animals whose blood destroyed the bacteria in a glass bottle were not always immune. Some experiments were in favor of the hypothesis, but others were dead against it, and there remained nothing but to submit to the verdict, however undesired it was.†

These negative results were arrived at at a time when Roux and Yersin, who studied diphtheria, and Kitasato, who worked on tetanus, had succeeded in obtaining, out of the secretions of the respective bacteria, such powerful poisons that it became possible to provoke both diseases by injecting the

* See E. H. Hankin's "Report on the Conflict between the Organism and the Microbe" in *British Medical Journal*, July 12, 1890; also his review of Behring and Kitasato's work in *Nature*, December 11, 1890, xliii. 121. Indications of the corresponding literature are given in both papers.

† Its literature is immense. Indications relative to it will be found in the quoted works and reviews. Buchner's reports to the Hygienic Congresses at London (1891) and Budapest (this year) are excellent reviews of the whole question, the more so as Buchner is one of the chief workers in this branch.

‡ Behring and Kitasato, "Ueber das Zustandekommen der Diphtherie-Immunität und der Tetanus-Immunität bei Thieren," in

Deutsche medizinische Wochenschrift, 1890, 49, p. 1113. Analyzed in *Nature* by Mr. Hankin, December 11, 1890, xliii. 121.

* I follow in this sketch Behring's own description of the evolution of his ideas, as given in his Introduction to his and Kitasato's memoirs, "Die Blutserumtherapie bei Diphtherie und Tetanus," in Koch und Flügge's *Zeitschrift für Hygiene und Infektionskrankheiten*, 1892, xii. 1-10.

† A long series of such experiments was made in Bouchard's laboratory; so also by Behring and Nissen.

poisons alone, after all bacteria and their spores had been carefully eliminated from the injected matter. Illness and death evidently resulted in such cases, not from some action of bacteria upon the cells of the animal, but from a general poisoning, whatever that poisoning might be. Accordingly, Behring and Kitasato, and several other bacteriologists, at once began to experiment upon such substances as might paralyze the bacterial poisons, even though they might be unable to kill the bacteria themselves. Various chemicals were tried, and for some time great hopes were entertained as to the chemical treatment. But again the results were utterly disappointing. It appeared that the effects of the chemicals are mostly quite local, and that, to be of any use, they must be applied immediately after the infection takes place. Their practical value is therefore extremely limited.*

Nevertheless an important point was won by such researches. Behring and Kitasato found, to their astonishment, that if the spread of tetanus in an animal had been stopped by any sort of chemical treatment, the blood of that animal, although it was unable to kill the *bacteria* of tetanus, paralyzed the

poisons evolved by the bacteria. The animal was rendered immune against infection; and when the two doctors attempted to cure tetanus by means of the serum of such blood, they at once obtained results which went far beyond their expectations. To quote but one instance: several mice were dying from inoculated tetanus, when an injection of the serum of an immune rabbit was tried upon one of them. Improvement became apparent at once, and it was followed by recovery, while the other mice died in a few hours. The cure for tetanus was thus found, and this was what Behring and Kitasato announced in their epoch-making memoir in December 1890.

But now that the final aim seemed to have been reached, new difficulties arose. The first successes were not always confirmed by subsequent experiments, and, in proportion as the field of research was widened, failures became more and more frequent. Then it was much more difficult to obtain a curative serum for diphtheria cases than it was for tetanus. Moreover, large quantities of serum were required for the serum cure, and they could be obtained only by conferring immunity against diphtheria on larger animals very susceptible to diphtheria—a feat which was found by no means easy to accomplish. Happily enough, the two explorers made no secret of their discoveries, so that new and easier methods of vaccination were sought for and discovered, especially by Roux and Yersin.

It would not be possible to relate here the details of these memorable researches.* Sufficient to say that gradually the following method was elaborated, and that it proved successful for big animals as well. Instead of introducing a deadly virus, and then trying to cure it by chemicals, an *attenuated* diphtheria (or tetanus) poison was used for vaccination—all bacteria and their spores having been removed by filtra-

* The limited effect of chemicals will be better illustrated by the following: Dr. Calmette, the chief of the Bacteriological Institute of Saigon, having once received from a locality infested by cobra snakes a barrel containing fourteen living specimens of the snake, utilized this opportunity for studying the means of combating the deadly poison. He experimented with all sorts of chemicals. It appeared, however, that although permanganate of potassium at once destroys the cobra poison in a glass tube, and precipitates it, it has but little effect in the animal body unless it is introduced into the wound immediately after, or simultaneously with, the inoculation of the poison. Otherwise the latter rapidly spreads through the body, and can be paralyzed no more either by the permanganate or by ammonia. Chloride of gold is but a little more efficacious. If the spreading of the poison is slackened by ligatures, and injections of chloride of gold are made all round the wound, and on the way of the poison from the wound to the central parts of the body, there are some chances of recovery; but the whole must be done very quickly, in order to prevent the spreading of the poison ("Observations expérimentales du Venin de *Naja tripudians* ou *Cobra capel*," in *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, 1892, vi. 160).

* The reading of the chief original papers, namely, by Behring and Kitasato, in the *Zeitschrift für Hygiene* (1892, xii. 1-81), and by E. Roux and L. Vaillard in the *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur* (February, 1893, vii. 64-140), can be recommended to non-specialists as well as others.

tion from the vaccinating liquid, and the morbid properties of the poison itself having been reduced by the addition of certain chemicals.* This attenuated poison was injected into a quite sound sheep (or horse) in such limited quantities as to obtain but a very feeble reaction of fever; and the injections were repeated until the animal was accustomed, so to say, to the poison, and no more fever was provoked by subsequent injections. Then stronger doses, up to three and six cubic inches of the attenuated poison, were resorted to; and when they also had no marked effect, an injection of the most virulent diphtheria poison, such as would kill outright an untrained sheep, was attempted. If it did not provoke diphtheria, the sheep or horse was considered immune, and the serum of its blood could be used to cure diphtheria in other animals.† This method was gradually perfected, and it was discovered by Roux that the serum need not be drawn each time afresh. It may be desiccated, and kept for a long time in such state without losing its properties.

The curative effects of such serum are really wonderful. A guinea-pig usually dies from inoculated diphtheria in thirty-six to forty-eight hours. But an injection of a very small quantity of serum ($\frac{1}{1000}$ th part of the weight of the patient), if it be made a quarter of an hour after the inoculation of the poison, prevents the appearance of the disease. If the treatment begins at a later period, say eight hours after the inoculation, ten times more serum is required. Even twenty-four hours after the infection takes place the animal can be saved by an injection of serum attaining $\frac{1}{100}$ th part of the animal's weight. Its blood is renewed; it acquires new forces, and it destroys the poisons of diphtheria which were rapidly bringing the disease to a fatal end.‡ With tetanus, injections of

serum are effective even in a more advanced stage.

Moreover, as shown by Kitasato and his colleagues,* the same method is applicable to Asiatic cholera, erysipelas, hog-cholera, and anthrax. Immunity at least, or, more correctly, a resistance to poisoning, is easily obtained for these diseases as well; and in cholera immunity is conferred so rapidly—in twenty-four hours—that the treatment has very much the characters of a real cure. A wide field is thus opened for most promising discoveries.

In how far the serum treatment may be relied upon for man is still a question to be solved by experiment, and upon which Roux, Behring, Kitasato, Ehrlich, and all the above-named explorers, as well as Tizzoni and Cattani in Italy, are now busy at work. The brilliant successes announced from time to time in the daily papers must certainly be received with caution. But in view of the undoubted, though not always infallible, successes obtained with animals, and the fair proportion of successful treatment of men, we can be hopeful. In some cases the cures have been most remarkable. Moreover, we learn from statistics which reach us as we write these lines that Roux at Paris has obtained seventy-four per cent. of cures in three hundred ascertained cases of diphtheria, already treated by the serum; and that Professor Ehrlich at Berlin has had eighty-five per cent. of recoveries in the one hundred and sixty-three cases treated by the new method. There were only two failures out of the sev-

nirung und Heilung von Versuchsthiereu bei der Diphtherie," in *Zeitschrift für Hygiene*, 1892, xii. 10-44; also Behring's *Geschichte der Diphtherie*, p. 184.

* S. Kitasato, L. Brieger, and A. Wassermann, "Ueber Immunität und Giftfestigung," in *Zeitschrift für Hygiene*, 1892, xii. 137-182. For immunity through milk, P. Ehrlich, in same volume, p. 183, where copious bibliographical indications are given. Kitasato attenuates the bacterial poisons by cultivating the bacteria in preparations obtained from the thymus gland. His researches thus join hands with the most remarkable therapeutic results obtained by Brown-Séquard and D'Arsonval, and they tread upon the ground which has been so well reviewed lately by Professor Schäfer in his presidential address before the British Association at Oxford.

* Roux prefers iodine, while the German explorers prefer iodine trichloride, or a chloride of gold and sodium. Many other chemicals, including peroxide of hydrogen, were experimented with before these three were chosen.

† Behring's *Die Geschichte der Diphtherie*, pp. 160-165.

‡ Behring and Wernicke, "Ueber Immu-

enty-two cases in which serum was injected during the first two days of the disease.* Such results are more than reassuring.

The theoretical value of these investigations is self-evident. Important points have been won, and new and broader vistas have been opened. Metchnikoff's theory of immunity has certainly not been overthrown by the new discoveries. On the contrary, the part played by the phagocytes in the struggle against infection is fully recognized even by such promoters of the serum theory as Buchner and Roux. It has been proved, moreover, that an injection of an antitoxic serum provokes a marked increase in the numbers of the leucocytes in blood,† and it appears probable‡ that the leucocytes of a vaccinated animal differ from those of other individuals of the same species in being capable of more rapidly attaining their stage of full development, when they are more active in absorbing microbes. But it also becomes more and more apparent that the phagocyte theory will require some further extension. Perhaps, if the views developed by Héricourt upon infectious disease altogether§ prevail in science, it will be found that phagocytosis and the struggle between the bacterial poisons and the anti-toxines of the serum correspond to the two different phases which, according to Héricourt, are marked in each infectious disease. But we must first learn what the toxines and the anti-toxines are. Up till now we can only say that they are living matter, and that they must be considered as ferment-like substances; but we do not know what is the reason of their action upon each other, and bacteriologists have not yet succeeded in separating them from each other in the laboratory. Perhaps the

modern researches into the structure of the cell, which prove that each cell is a world in itself,* will throw some light upon this difficult subject, and some day we may learn that the toxines and the anti-toxines belong to the category of those component self-reproducing elements of the cell which have been named *pangenes* by De Vries.

II.

The destructive earthquakes which have lately visited Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Japan have again brought to the front the long since debated question as to the probable origin of those grand trepidations of the soil. Great divergence of opinion undoubtedly prevails still among geologists; but some accord begins also to be established upon the chief points at issue, so that the main features of an earthquake theory can already be delineated.

A really scientific study of earthquakes is of relatively recent origin. It may be said that it dates from the great catastrophe at Naples in 1857, when H. R. Mallet worked out, in his classical report,† the methods of investigation of earthquakes, and when Palmieri, establishing his seismometric observatory on the slopes of Vesuvius, attracted general attention to the necessity of special instruments for measuring the movements of the soil. Each earthquake of importance has been carefully investigated since, and the spot, or the line, from which the disturbance originated, as well as the depth at which it lay below the surface, have been carefully determined in each case. In many places the tremors of the soil are now carefully measured and registered by means of special instruments; and although it was found very difficult to devise an instrument which would accurately record the movements of the soil, the chief difficulties have gradually been overcome, and the records of our seismometers and seismographs, properly interpreted, give already a good idea of the waves which spread in the soil. As to

* M. A. Ruffer, in *Nature*, November 1, 1894, li. 18.

† Roux and Vaillard recognize the fact in the above-quoted memoir, p. 91.

‡ Mademoiselle C. Everard, J. Denmoor, and J. Massart, "Sur les Modifications des Leucocytes," in *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, 1893, vii. 187-194. See also Metchnikoff's fifth memoir on immunity in the same volume.

§ *Revue Scientifique*, November 15, 1884, xxxiv. 619.

* See "Recent Science," in this Review for December 1892, p. 1013.

† *Great Neapolitan Earthquake of 1857*, 2 vols. London, 1862.

the delicacy of the modern tools used for detecting the slightest tremors, it is sufficient to say that by means of the new seismometrograph established at the Collegio Romano it was possible to observe at Rome not only the earthquakes which took place in Greece, India, and Turkestan, but also to see, on March 22 last, three distinct waves coming from three distinct shocks in Japan. They had travelled over an enormous distance—nearly one earth-quadrant—at a speed of about 2,750 yards in the second, and yet were visible in the tracings by the instrument. But the new bifilar pendulum devised this year by Mr. Horace Darwin is even still more promising; it can record and measure a tilt of the earth's surface of less than $\frac{1}{300}$ th part of a second*—that is, a change of level which would occur if a line one mile long were lifted by one-thousandth part of an inch at one of its extremities. And, finally, direct experiment is now called in to the aid of the young science, and artificial earthquakes having been provoked both by explosions of mines and by the fall of heavy masses of iron, their effects upon delicate instruments have been carefully studied. The tools of the seismologist thus attain a high degree of perfection.

In studying the distribution of earthquakes upon the surface of the globe the annals of all countries have been ransacked, and monumental catalogues have been compiled by H. R. Mallet, Alexis Perrey, and Fuchs, and, quite lately, by Orloff and Mushketoff for Russia and the adjoining lands of Asia. Special centres have also grown up for a detailed study of earthquakes, in South Italy, Greece, and Japan,† especially in Japan—the land of earthquakes and earthquake studies—where invaluable data are collected by sending out all over the country scores of thousands of post cards, which are returned every week to the Seismological

Institute, with notices of the shocks experienced at each spot.

There is also no lack of investigations relative to the distribution of earthquakes in time, their supposed periodicity, and their possible connection with the seasons of the year, the relative positions of sun and moon, the atmospheric pressure, the electric earth-currents, and so on; and if the expectations of Falb and Perrey, who have tried to predict earthquakes, have not been fulfilled, we may still hope that warnings similar to those which are issued for coal-mine explosions will some day be possible. One fact of importance appears, at any rate, with certainty from these investigations—namely, that earthquakes are decidedly more frequent during the winter months than during the summer, and that their frequency stands in some not yet fully determined connection with atmospheric pressure.* Of course this does not mean that cold seasons, or a high atmospheric pressure, or even the supposed tidal action of the sun and the moon upon the elastic earth's crust, may be considered as causes of earthquakes. They must be taken only as additional impulses aiding to break an already unstable equilibrium which originates, according to the now prevailing views, from the dislocations of the strata themselves, chiefly due to aqueous causes.

The study of earthquakes thus stands now on a firm scientific basis. As to their causes, current opinions are undergoing just now a deep modification. The theory of earthquake origin which has till lately prevailed in science, and which had for it the authority of Humboldt and Leopold Buch, is well known. Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions

* C. Davison, in *Nature*, July 12, 1894, l. 249.

† The *Transactions of the Seismological Society of Japan*, named now *The Seismological Journal of Japan* (edited by J. Milne), are full of the best information relative to earthquakes altogether.

* Sjögren, "Om jordkorpans sammanpressning under atmosfärettrycket," in *Öfversigt af Vetenskaps Akademiens Förhandlingar*, 1888, ii, 131, has lately promoted the idea that the compression of the strata by high pressure favors the outbursts of subterranean gases. R. Langenbeck holds a similar opinion (in Gerland's *Geographische Abhandlungen aus Elsass-Lothringen*, 1892, Heft i.). Günther (*Beiträge zur Geophysik*, Bd. ii, 70) has lately paid a good deal of attention to the subject, and came to approve of Sjögren's idea (in *Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau*, ix, 20). For all concerning earthquakes Professor J. Milne's

were considered as effects of a common cause, the never-ceasing reaction of the hot and molten interior of the earth upon its thin solid crust. When water, percolating the rocks or running down their fissures, reaches the depths at which the temperature is so high that rocks and metals are maintained in a liquid state, steam is evolved under a formidable pressure, and, together with the gases originated from the molten mass itself, it accumulates in the subterranean cavities. Rows of volcanoes rise along gigantic trends which are opened in the earth's crust, and they act as so many safety-valves for the escape of the gases and steam; but if one of these valves be obstructed for some reason, the pressure of the gases grows, until they open a passage through the solid crust, bringing the rocks into a formidable commotion.

The theory was grand. It brought into causal connection a wide range of volcanic and seismic phenomena; it inspired research. Who does not remember the beautiful lines devoted by Humboldt in his *Cosmos* to this subject? However, even at the time these lines were written the theory was beginning to inspire serious doubts. Was not the cause too grand in comparison with its results? Would not the molten nucleus break the thin crust to atoms if it stood in such free intercourse with the atmosphere? Local hearths of chemical activity would do as well to explain volcanic action, and local disturbances in the superficial strata would perfectly well explain the greater number of earthquakes. In fact, when we know that the mere fall of the steam-hammer in Krupp's gun factory shakes the houses and their windows for several miles round;* that the explosion of a mine loaded with gunpowder or dynamite is felt many miles off; and that the mere trampling of a holiday crowd is reported to the astronomers of Greenwich by

the behavior of their levels, we feel disinclined to appeal to the molten nucleus, and we look for causes nearer at hand.

Gradually, the very existence of the molten nucleus of our planet became more and more problematic. Already the mathematical investigations of Fourier and Poisson had shown that, owing to our very imperfect knowledge of the physical aspects of the question, we are reduced to mere conjectures as regards the state of the inner parts of our globe.* Later on, the admirable investigations of Sir William Thomson, G. H. Darwin, Mellard Reade, Osmond Fisher, R. S. Woodward, and others rendered the existence of a molten nucleus surrounded by a thin solid crust less and less probable. And the geologist had to conclude that, so long as physics would not supply more reliable data for mathematical investigation, he had better leave the question as to the physical state of the inner parts of the earth unsolved, and study the dynamic processes which are going on in the superficial layers of the planet. The more so as the subsidence of strata undermined by water; the disturbances of equilibrium which result from the transport of immense masses of matter by the rivers, and the accumulation of deposits in their deltas; the side pressures so well illustrated by the folding of the strata; the chemical processes which must go on in the rocks at relatively small depths; and the forces originating in the crystallization of rocks, are agencies largely sufficient to explain both the activity of volcanoes and the most severe subterranean shocks.

Research was accordingly directed toward a study of the local causes which might have given origin to each separate earthquake. There is, of course, a number of earthquakes directly due to volcanic causes; but these, as already indicated by Humboldt, are always limited in their areas and are the minority. As to the greater number, their causes must be sought

excellent little volume of the "International Science Series," and S. Günther's *Lehrbuch der Geophysik* (2 vols. Stuttgart, 1884), will be found trustworthy guides.

* The fact had been indicated by Mohr in his *Geschichte der Erde* (Bonn, 1875), which was so much scoffed at at the time of its appearance for its pronounced Neptunist ideas.

* For a capital review of the mathematical theories of the earth, see R. S. Woodward's presidential address in *American Journal of Science*, 1889, xxxviii, 337 seq.

for in local disturbances of the rocky strata. Everywhere there are softer strata which are disintegrated by water between the rocky layers above and beneath them. One day or the other they must yield; and when they do yield, their subsidence, or the gliding of the upper strata upon a softened intermediate layer, must result in an earthquake. And when the geologist looks for a local cause of an earthquake, he finds that some such disturbance has really taken place. Such was the case in the great Naples catastrophe of 1857; such was again the case in the Irkutsk earthquake of 1861-62, when all information pointed to the delta of the Selenga, where a large area subsided, and 140 square miles of land were covered with the waters of Lake Baikal to a maximum depth of seven feet.* The great earthquake of Middle Japan in the year 1891 had again the same character. It was found that a rent was opened in the superficial strata for a length of more than forty miles, and that on one side of the rent the strata had subsided by as much as twenty feet in the places of maximum subsidence. And all indications agreed in pointing to this rent as the line from which the earthquake waves had proceeded, so as to leave no doubt as to the subsidence being the cause, and not the consequence, of the earthquake.† Moreover, in this case, as in all others, after the sudden subsidence had provoked several severe shocks, thousands of smaller shocks, proceeding from the same locality, continued to be noticed for a year or so, until a succession of smaller subsidences had brought the displaced mass to a rest. The great earthquakes which affected in April last the north-eastern region of continental Greece had the same character. A great fissure thirty-five miles long was opened, and on one side of the fissure the Plain of Atalante was lowered and slightly shifted toward the northwest;‡ and

similar, although submarine, changes of level were observed during the earthquakes which visited Zante and the Gulf of Corinth in 1873, 1886-90, and April 1893.*

For almost every great earthquake which has taken place during the last thirty years the cause was found in local dislocations and subsidences. But while our knowledge of the local causes was thus progressing, the part which belongs to earthquakes in the general life of the planet was lost sight of. Some broader generalizations, the necessity of which Humboldt insisted upon, were required, and they were given in the epoch-making work of Suess, *The Face of the Earth*.† The "local dislocation" theory is fully endorsed by Suess; but these dislocations themselves are treated as but separate instances of the activity of those "tectonic" or building forces which continually remodel the earth's surface, create the abysses of the oceans and the depressions of the continents, and lift up the highest mountains. Starting from the idea that the cooling of the globe results in a steady decrease of its diameter, and consequently in a continuous shrinking and shrivelling of its outer strata, Suess endeavored to show how this process would work in producing the leading features of the earth's surface. He described how large areas have been, and are still, sinking bodily, producing the great faults which intersect our rocky formations; how semicircular depressions arise on the borders of the highlands; and how the lateral pressures developed during the shrinking of the outer layers result in lateral pressures which fold the strata and lift them into mountain chains. The earthquakes under this broad conception of "geotectonics" appear as simple trepidations of the soil by which the shrinking of the crust and mountain-building processes are necessarily accompanied.

1894, cxix. 112, 380; analyzed in *Nature*, l. 607.

* W. G. Forster, in *Mediterranean Naturalist*, April, 1893; analyzed in *Nature*, April 27, 1893, xlvii. 620.

† Ed. Suess, *Das Anlitz der Erde*, 2 vols. Prague, 1885. This work of first importance has not yet been translated into English.

* Orloff and Mushketoff's *Catalogue*, St. Petersburg, 1893.

† B. Kotô, "On the Cause of the Great Earthquake in Middle Japan in the year 1891," in *Journal of the College of Science*, Tokyo, 1893.

‡ S. A. Papavasiliore, "On the Earthquake of Locrio of April, 1894," in *Comptes Rendus*,

Kant had already remarked that most earthquakes take place on the seaboard. Modern research fully confirms this view, and goes a step further. It maintains that by far the greatest number of earthquakes—perhaps ninety per cent., as Professor Milne says—originate beneath the sea, where the rocks, under the superincumbent hydrostatic pressure, are continuously saturated with moisture, and can the easier be displaced. In fact, in nearly every earthquake in Japan, the centre of disturbance of which could be determined, it was found to lay a short distance off the eastern coast of Nippon. The same is true of the earthquakes which have lately visited Greece, as illustrated by the breakages of submarine cables, which undoubtedly indicate that considerable changes of level have taken place at the bottom of the sea.* And the same is true, again, of the Constantinople earthquake of July last, which had its centre of disturbance in the Sea of Marmora, at a short distance from San Stefano.† In short, it may be taken as a fact that a great number of earthquakes, to say nothing of the sea-tremors, which also are numerous,‡ originate at the sea-bottom, near the sea-coast.

However, not all sea-coasts are equally liable to be visited by earthquakes. The flat lands of Subarctic Asia, which gradually merge into the shallow Arctic Ocean, are seldom disturbed. A steep slope of the sea-bottom itself, or of an elevated land toward a deep sea, is a necessary condition for both earthquakes and sustained volcanic action. The eastern coasts of the Japanese archipelago, which face the till lately unfathomed abysses of the Northern Pacific, and the abrupt slope of the Chilian coast of South America, are well-known instances in point.

The deep depressions of the bottom of the East Mediterranean, where a depth of over 2,000 fathoms is found

within twenty miles from the island of Rhodes; the western coast of Southern Greece, facing the 2,170 fathoms deep abyss of the Ionian Sea which separates it from Sicilia; the Neapolitan coast, separated by but a hundred miles from the 2,000 fathoms depth of the Tyrrhenian Sea; and so on—all these facts enable geologists to formulate another law, namely, that steep slopes, either from the land to the sea or of the sea-bottom itself, are another condition for frequent earthquakes.

But even in this form the law would not be complete, as it would not include the disturbed regions of the continents; and it is most remarkable that, when worded accordingly, it applies to continents also. In the very heart of Asia there are two regions where earthquakes are especially frequent, and both of them lie along the steep north-western border of the Great Plateau of Central Asia, where it abruptly falls from the heights of the Tian Shan to Lake Issyk-kul, and from the heights of the Khamar-daban (about 8,500 feet high) to the 750 fathoms deep Lake Baikal. A third depression of the same kind—also a hearth of earthquakes—is situated on the north-east border of the plateau of Persia and Armenia, where the 15,900 feet high Savelan rises over the deepest parts of the Caspian Sea, marked by the 500 fathoms line; while farther west we have the depression of Vienna, lodged between the north-eastern Alps and the north-western Carpathians, which has been so well described by Suess as another centre of earthquakes. Moreover, the three first-named depressions, like the so much disturbed Gulf of Tokyo, or the Bay of Arauco in South America, are semicircular depressions, carved out in the edge of the highlands; and this further confirms the above-mentioned views of Suess.

However, a further step seems to be required in the development of the hypothesis. The most severe earthquakes undoubtedly take place on the borders of high plateaus, whether these plateaus slope toward the ocean, or whether they rise over flat lowlands surrounding them. But all plateaus are fringed by border-ridges, which gently rise over their elevated surfaces

* W. G. Forster, "Earthquake Origin," in *Transactions of the Seismological Society of Japan*, Yokohama, 1890, xv. 74, 77.

† Charles Davison, in *Nature*, September 6, 1894, l. 450.

‡ See E. Rudolph's monograph of the same in Gerland's *Beiträge zur Geophysik*, Stuttgart, 1887, Bd. i. 133.

all along their edges, as well as on the edges of the separate terraces which are so frequent in the plateaus of Asia and America. This feature is too general to be merely accidental, although it has hitherto remained quite unexplained. It is therefore possible to suppose that the subsidences which take place, chiefly along the borders of the plateaus, must have a double effect—that of lowering the levels of the surrounding lowlands or plains (or of the adjoining sea-bottom), and of lifting up at the same time the tops of the inclined strata; this process, repeated for ages, resulting in the formation of the border-ridges, which are a necessary accompaniment to all plateaus of the Old and the New World. And as these border-ridges mostly are, or have been in recent geological times, the seats of intense volcanic activity, we see that earthquakes and mountain-building are thus brought again into connection. But this hypothesis, which I venture to add as a further extension of Suess's views, lands us on a new domain—the origin of mountains—which may be better treated separately on some future occasion.

III.

Great hopes have been revived again among aeronauts by the experimental flights of Dr. Lilienthal in Germany, and the partial successes obtained with their flying-machines by Messrs. Maxim and Phillips in this country, and Mr. Hargrave in Australia. For more than a half-century inventors in aeronautics have been treated as foolish dreamers, and no later than two years ago an American professor who wanted to address his students on the subject of mechanical aviation felt it necessary to seriously beg his audience not to interpret his choice of the subject as a token of declining mental faculties. But, happily enough, these dark times are over, and aeronautics is becoming a regular department of scientific research. The general revival of science which we witnessed in the early sixties has given new life to this branch of research, and we have now an excellent scientific literature devoted to the subject, several aeronautic societies (one in Great Britain) which are doing ex-

cellent work, and several reviews in the pages of which aeronautics is discussed in a scientific spirit.*

The services rendered by balloons during the last Siege of Paris are well known, and since that time steady progress has been achieved both in the mode of construction of balloons and the art of aerial navigation.†

By taking advantage of the different directions of wind at different heights, which begin to be better known, and may be ascertained by means of pilot balloons, the navigator to some extent chooses his own direction; and with the new anchors and guide-ropes, landing, which is the most dangerous part of ballooning, has been so much simplified that balloon trips are now as safe as any other kind of sport. For meteorology the balloon is a precious aid, and a good deal has been learned from the aeronauts about temperature and electricity in cloudland; while unmanned balloons, provided with self-registering instruments, as has been found by M. Hermite, can bring us down the most precious information from those highest strata of the atmosphere in which Mr. Glaisher nearly lost his life.

The idea of adding a propeller to a balloon, and thus enabling it to navigate close to, or even against, the wind, is certainly not new—Girard had already realized it in 1852—but the practical application of his idea had to contend with many technical difficulties. The deformation of the balloon, which takes place as soon as it begins to progress against the wind instead of being carried with it, had to be prevented; a light but powerful motor had to be devised under the limitation of employing no fire for it; and a number of minor obstacles had to be overcome. Accordingly, although propelled bal-

* *L'Aéronaute* is published at Paris since 1869. The *Zeitschrift für Luftschiffahrt und Physik der Atmosphäre* is a sister review to the *Zeitschrift für Meteorologie*, and is published by the German and Austrian Aeronautic Societies. A new review, *The Aëronaut*, has been started this year in America. And so on.

† For the technical part of the subject and the succession of invention, see the new book of Mr. Chanute, *Progress in Flying Machines*, New York, 1894. Also his address before the Congress of Aeronautics at Chicago.

loons are now the pets of the ministries of war in the big States, and money is freely spent upon them, the advance is still very slow. The greatest speed ever attained by the French officers Renard and Krebs with their cigar-shaped balloon, propelled by a storage-battery motor, was only fourteen miles to the hour. True, that even with this modest speed the balloon could be navigated in a feeble breeze, so as to return to its starting-point, after having described a triangular route; but in order to brave the wind a speed of fifty miles is required, and all that the French officers expect from their new balloon is a speed of twenty-five miles, which will enable it only to take tacks in a moderately fresh breeze.* Moreover, there being but little hope of discovering a gas the density of which would be still smaller than that of hydrogen, the dimensions of a propelled balloon must remain very great, in proportion to the useful weight it can carry. The new French balloon (as remarked by Mr. Chanute) will be of the size of a river steamer, and yet it will hardly carry more than four passengers; and a further increase of size would be of little avail, in proportion to the cost of the ship. Consequently, scientific research and invention are now directed more and more toward the flying-machine, which, being much heavier than an equal volume of air, will find in its very density and inertia the means of contending against the currents of air.

We have under our very eyes a most perfect flying-machine—the bird—and we have only to study, from a physical point of view, the laws of its flight, in order to find out the laws which must guide us in our schemes. This is what science has tried to do ever since the time of Leonardo da Vinci. But, owing to a want of interest in such researches in the general public, the scientist had hardly completed his work ere it was forgotten. The wonderful observations and physical reasonings and experiments of Leonardo da Vinci

had to be rediscovered a few years ago.* Even the admirable work of Borelli, who wrote on the flight of birds in 1680, and the very valuable researches of Silberschlag, published in 1783,† were little known; nay, even the work of Cayley, which dates from 1796, had fallen into oblivion. Modern science had thus to begin anew, and it began by dismissing, first, certain prejudices which had taken hold of most minds.

One of these prejudices was to believe that the warm gases contained in the cavities of the bird's body and its quills render it lighter than an equal volume of air. Every one can, however, calculate how insignificant the effect of that warm air must be;‡ and every one knows that a bird which has been wounded on the wing falls at once to the ground. This prejudice could easily be discarded; but another, as to the immense force which the bird is supposed to develop during its flight, is much more difficult to get rid of. No amount of evidence, borrowed from what every one can verify by dissecting the muscles of a bird, or by observing the ease with which it flies, could overthrow that very common error, supported by the most fallacious calculations of a French mathematician made in the early part of this century.§ It took Professor S. Langley in America nearly four years of careful experiments to show how erroneous were both those calculations and the data upon which they were based.¶ Now we can

* Amans, "La Physiologie du Vol d'après Léonard de Vinci," in *Revue Scientifique*, mai 28, 1892, xlix. 687.

† *Schriften der Berliner Gesellschaft der Naturfreunde*, Bd. ii. 1781-1784.

‡ Its effect can counteract but $\frac{1}{10000}$ th part of the weight of the bird (Marey, *Le Vol des Oiseaux*, p. 287).

§ Navier (*Mémoires de l'Institut*, ii. 1829) maintained that in order to sustain itself in the air a swallow spends a force of one-seventeenth of a horse-power. Langley found that force fifty times smaller. Even the calculations of Babinet, a supporter of aviation, were quite erroneous, as shown by Marey (*Le Vol des Oiseaux*, p. 328).

¶ "S. P. Langley, in *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge*, 1891, p. 801; and *American Journal of Science*, November, 1891. Also Lord Rayleigh's discussion of the same in *Nature*, December 3, 1891 (xlv. 108), where indications to the works of Mr. Wenham and Mr. W. Froude will be found.

* It is 215 feet long, and 40 feet in diameter. The motor, 45 horse-power, will weigh, with fuel for ten hours, 3,400 pounds.

at last take it as granted that, although the energy spent by birds in sustaining themselves in the air varies a great deal according to their shapes and manners of flight, it is less than one $\frac{1}{100}$ th to $\frac{1}{300}$ ths of one horse-power for each 2 lb. of body weight. And, as art has already succeeded in producing small prime motors whose weight does not exceed 10 lb. per horse-power, one sees at once that the problem to be solved by the flying-machine offers no mechanical impossibility, provided we learn to utilize the energy of our motor as well as the birds utilize their forces.

The next step to be made is, accordingly, to learn from the birds how best to utilize the force of a motor, and therefore to study the mechanical details of birds' flight. Science has done this well, and we have already most excellent guides for this part of the problem in the works of the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Pettigrew, Mouillard, and the fundamental work of Marey (*Le Vol des Oiseaux*), in which last all such problems have been treated with the aid of instantaneous photographs, taken at intervals of small fractions of a second, not to speak of many others, each of which contains some valuable information.* It would be impossible to describe here in a few words, and without the aid of drawings, the admirable mechanism by which the bird drives the air with its wings (rigid at the front edge and flexible at the back), compresses it, and has only to progress forward in order to sustain itself in the

air in spite of the action of gravitation. This must be read in the above-named works and seen on Marey's photographs. But what must be said is, that a continuous rotatory movement being more advantageous in a machine than a mechanism which would be an imitation of the flapping of the wings, the best form to be given to a screw-propeller which has to act in the air was indicated by such investigations. It was found already by Leonardo da Vinci, and worked out by Cayley in 1796. It has been lately studied experimentally by several physicists, meteorologists, and inventors—all experiments proving the considerable lifting powers of a screw-propeller in the air. And we have now a direct proof of these powers in Maxim's machine. His propeller, which rotates in a medium having such a small density as air has, communicates nevertheless to the heavy machine, with its motor, aeroplane, and a dozen passengers, a horizontal speed of nearly forty miles in the hour. Half the problem is thus solved, because, as shall presently be shown, a great horizontal speed is the first condition of aviation.

We all know, indeed, that most birds, before they can rise in the air, must acquire a certain horizontal speed. Many good flyers can be kept prisoners in an open small yard surrounded by walls twenty feet high; or even on a small open pond surrounded by low but grassy shores, upon which the bird cannot take the necessary run.* But once a bird has acquired this speed—and it mostly acquires it by running against the wind—it flies with a wonderful ease; its spread wings and its speed sustain it. Once in motion, the swallow and many other birds will fly any amount of time, hardly using at all their wings for flapping.

These observations, supported by a number of theoretical investigations by Wenham, Froude, Langley, and others, into the resistance of the air, naturally suggested to inventors the idea of the "aeroplane"—that is, of a thin rigid surface, inclined by very few degrees (not more than five) to the horizon,

* The chapter devoted by the Duke of Argyll, in his *Reign of Law* (first edition, 1866), to the flight of birds is a masterly work, based upon his and his father's observations, and imbued with a thorough knowledge of Nature. The same qualities will be found in the more exhaustive works of Mr. Pettigrew (*Animal Locomotion . . . with a Dissertation on Aeronautics*, London, 1873) and Mouillard (*L'Empire de l'Air : Essai d'Ornithologie appliquée à l'Aviation*, Paris, 1881); while the large work of Marey (*Physiologie de la Locomotion Le Vol des Oiseaux*, Paris, 1890, which must not be confounded with his earlier work) is an exhaustive treatise, based upon observations made with the aid of chronophotography. Some of the earlier works are already named. See also Lilienthal's *Der Vogelflug als Grundlage der Fliegekunst*, Berlin, 1889; T. d'Esterno, *Du Vol des Oiseaux*, Paris, 1864; Goupil, *La locomotion aérienne*, Charleville, 1884, etc., each of which contains valuable observations.

* Mouillard (*L'empire de l'air*) has made the experiment with *Procellaria*.

and moving horizontally, edge forward. The particles of air which strike the surface under a certain angle spend part of their energies in lifting it, and this lifting power, as foreseen by experimenters and lately supported theoretically by Lord Kelvin, is very much greater than was supposed.* A great number of experiments have already been made to measure the lifting powers of different surfaces placed under different angles of inclination and moving at different speeds, especially by Professor Langley; but if there remain some doubts as to the correctness of the result, Maxim's machine should dispel them. Those who have travelled on its platform unanimously maintain that it hardly touches the ground when it is launched at a speed of nearly forty miles, and that, were it not prevented from rising, it would do so, as soon as its speed, or the aggregate surface of its aeroplanes were slightly increased.

To be lifted in the air, and to move in it in a horizontal direction, is, however, one part only of the problem. The other is to maintain equilibrium, which is continually modified by the continually changing pressure of air upon the different parts of the aeroplane or the superposed smaller aeroplanes. The bird feels the changes of pressure on its wings, and gently alters their position, in the same way as the bicyclist feels the slight alterations of equilibrium and changes accordingly the relative positions of his two wheels. But a flying-machine must accomplish this automatically; and before this is achieved, some better acquaintance with the minute details of the art of flying will necessarily be required. This is what gives an especial interest to the flights which Otto Lilienthal has performed in Germany.† He adjusts

to his body a pair of moderate-sized concave wings, and after having taken a run down a gently sloping hill, always against the wind, he is soon lifted in the air. Floating at a certain height over the ground, against the wind, he glides down a gently sloping line without ever attempting to flap with the wings, and he lands some 100 to 300 yards (occasionally, 500 yards) from the spot where he left the ground. Of course, this is not flight properly speaking, but, as foreseen by Lord Rayleigh in 1883, it is through such experiments that we may learn the technics of flying and steering. Through them we learn also a good deal about the lifting force of the wind. Thus, during one of his experiments, Lilienthal was caught by a gust of stronger wind, and instead of being thrown backward by it, or being overturned (this last was prevented by a timely manœuvre of the feet), he was *lifted* to a higher level than the spot where he left the ground. He simply received an object-lesson in soaring.* It is known, indeed, that when a fresh breeze is blowing, many big birds, after having reached a level of from 200 to 300 feet by means of strokes of their wings, remain almost motionless in the strong breeze, and by simply changing the inclination of their wings and the direction of their gliding they gradually rise to the level of 2,000 and 3,000 feet, as they describe their great spirals. Rising in the air, without spending any muscular effort, certainly sounds like a paradox; but the best naturalists, including Audubon and Darwin, are unanimous in testifying that in such flight the birds do not flap their wings; they even do not move the feathers of their wings; and it now appears certain, after a long discussion has run through the papers on the subject and exhaustive experiments have been made, that no such movement is needed in reality. The bird, gliding against the wind, is lifted by it and rises to a higher level, in the same way as Lilienthal was thrown upward against his own will; and it takes advantage of the thus gained height for gliding down a

* *Nature*, August 30, 1894. Of course, there is a certain relation between the area of the surface and the weight it has to support. In large birds, a surface of wings $10\frac{1}{2}$ square feet easily supports a weight of 18 lbs. A concave surface, as shown by Lilienthal, supports a greater weight than a plane surface of equal area.

† See his work on the subject, his later papers in the *Zeitschrift für Luftschiffahrt* Dr. A. Dubois Reymond's account to the Berlin Academy (December 15, 1893), and the accounts given in *Nature* (vol. 1.) and the aeronautic papers.

* The diagram of this case is given in the *Zeitschrift für Luftschiffahrt*, 1893, ii. 259.

slightly inclined line and for acquiring velocity, which permits it again, after it has turned against the wind, to win in height. But still these manœuvres did not well explain how the bird could gradually rise to a higher level, and some uncertainty continued to prevail about the matter.

The key to the puzzle (foreseen by Lord Raleigh as early as 1883,* and indicated by Mouillard) was finally given this year by Professor Langley, again on the basis of physical experiments, in which the American physicist is known to excel. The explanation is in the "waves and gushes" of which every wind consists. Wind, we now learn, is not what it is usually considered to be. It is not "a mass of air in motion," but consists of small masses moving with such irregularities of speed as we never suspected before. By means of very light paper anemometers, the rotations of which were measured every second instead of every minute, Professor Langley ascertained that the velocity of wind is continually changing. It varies every second, and while the average velocity may be twenty-three miles, it will, in the course of one minute, be altered several times, from twenty-three miles to thirty-three miles, back to twenty-three, then to thirty-six, then fall to zero, and so on. So that a heavy bird which glides with a certain velocity through the air can constantly utilize the gushes of the wind to be lifted, without ever using its wings for flapping. It has, as Professor Langley shows by direct experiments upon float-

ing surfaces, merely to change the inclination of its wings in order to win in height, and then to spend part of the potential energy in acquiring velocity,* all this with the judgment which it derives from its experience of the medium it lives in. The differential energy of the gushes supplies the necessary energy for lifting the bird. These considerations explain why birds succeed with so little or no effort in rising to great heights, or in covering immense distances. They do what the boatman does when he takes advantage of a gust of wind to progress under sail. They may be said to take tacks, but in a vertical direction.

The above sketch can only convey a very faint idea of the rich body of data upon which scientific investigation bases its conclusions as to the full possibility of aerial navigation by means of a machine which is heavier than air. All the elements of the problem are being settled one after the other by experiments and calculations, and the points in which the aid of the mathematician is especially required are indicated. The data are there, and what is wanted is the creative inspiration to utilize these data. And in this direction, the machine of Mr. Maxim, the very successful models of Mr. Hargrave, worked by small steam-engines,† and the flying experiments of Lilienthal, are important steps already made. The solution thus seems to lie now within a measurable distance from our own times—unless a wind of reaction, such as has already blown twice in the past, comes to throw again into oblivion all that has been done up to this date.—*Nineteenth Century*.

* He remarked in *Nature* (xvii. 535), at the end of a long discussion which had run through the paper, that *wind is not uniform*, and he inquired "whether anything can be made of the difference of horizontal velocities which we know to exist at different levels." Leonardo da Vinci was also very near to this solution. He also explained the rising of the bird by the "waves and gushes" in the air.

* S. P. Langley, "The Inner Work of Wind," in *American Journal of Science*, 1894, 3d series, xlvii. 41.

† *Journal and Proceedings of the Royal Society of New South Wales*, 1892, xxvi. 170, and 1893, xxvii. 75.

RELIGION AND POPULAR LITERATURE.

BY REV. THOMAS HANNAN.

It is hardly necessary to make any apology for combining these two terms in a title which implies a relation. All men admit that religion is one of the greatest and most important factors in influencing human life. Some have ceased to believe in the things of which religion treats, and believe only in the material and physical. They think that they have eliminated religion wholly from their own lives. But they still admit the tremendous influence which it has had on human life in the past, and which it is exercising yet.

Religion has impressed its mark upon literature, and literature exercises an influence upon religion. This has always been recognized very clearly by those who have had novel theories and doctrines to propound. The religious thought of past ages has been colored very greatly by the literature which appealed to the great mass of the people. It is perhaps necessary to remember that that which corresponds in purpose and effect with modern popular literature, took in earlier ages a very different form.

Arius had novel doctrines to teach, and he embodied them in a book of verses called the *Thalia*. He also wrote songs for millers, sailors, and travelers. These appealed to the common people, who, though perhaps not able to read, were able to commit to memory, and were probably the more anxious to commit to memory because they could not read. To counteract these heretical hymns, Chrysostom wrote others—also an appeal by means of that which could catch the popular taste. Similarly we read that Ephraem the Syrian composed popular hymns containing orthodox doctrine, in order to oppose the Gnostic doctrines spread abroad by the same popular means.

But nowadays conditions are altered, and the method of appeal to the people has changed correspondingly. In our own country, education has extended its scope, and has not only become wider in its grasp of the people,

but deeper in its treatment of subjects. Children of fourteen years of age, who, had they lived twenty-five years earlier, would have been absolutely ignorant of letters, are now able as a rule to read any book written in everyday English. Among children there is even much less of that distaste of school which formerly existed. Compulsory education brought within restraint a wild and untamed class which hardly now exists.

What was rightly called "compulsory education" when it was introduced nearly twenty-five years ago, is now practically voluntary. I mean that practically all parents now wish to have their children educated, and almost all children take kindly to school.

But this is not all. Children in a very large proportion of elementary schools get an education considerably beyond the mere elements. They get an elementary knowledge of languages, which as a rule does them little good, and probably no harm beyond an occasional twinge of physical pain indirectly caused by an imperfect acquaintance with verbs. They are taught something of the phenomena of electricity. They can tell you about sound-waves, light-waves, and heat-waves. They know a good deal about the structure of the earth, and something about the stars that stud the heavens. Their minds, in many cases, have followed with awe the speculations of their teachers as to whether Mars is an inhabited world and the moon a world extinct. They can tell you how many bones you have in your body, the positions of the various organs, and to some extent their functions.

I do not say that *all* the children sent into the world from elementary schools know *all* these things; but I do say that all these things are taught in elementary schools, that many children know some of them, and some children know many of them.

This is a somewhat long introduction, but it is necessary. The effect

of what has just been described is obvious. The reading public has become the whole nation

The Book of Mystery, the Book of Nature, has been opened. The first pages have been read, and the contents are so full of interest that one would fain read on. The result is an intense curiosity, a seeking after knowledge, largely for its own sake. Those who have attained to considerable acquaintance with this Book of Mystery are encouraged to place it before others. They have a double gratification. They have the gratification of imparting knowledge, and also that of reaping much pecuniary profit thereby. And when the pages of the Book of Mystery become blurred and indistinct some distance from the beginning, curiosity, the thirst for knowledge, listens eagerly while the reader speculates on the interpretation of the dimly visible signs.

To all this I make no objection. I have no sympathy with the oft-repeated statement that people are becoming over-educated. The sons and daughters of the working man have it in their power to obtain as good an education as those of higher rank. That, in my opinion, is as it ought to be. It may even be said that the children of the working classes can really be certain of a *better* education, looking at the purely intellectual side; for their teachers are trained, and their schools systematized and carefully examined, which is more than can be said of the majority of higher class schools.

Deeper and wider education may cause, and probably is causing, certain difficulties. It may interfere with the existing balance of classes. But education is a good and elevating thing; in time the disturbed balance will be corrected; and then the total result of education will be a greater development of that which is good in man.

But the disturbance of the existing balance of classes is not the only disturbance which is possible. There are effects, similar effects, which modern education may produce in *all* classes; and these effects are largely intellectual.

No books, except those of a technical character, are now confined to one class. Circulating libraries exist for

all, with terms suited in some cases to the rich, and in others to the poor. Artisans read Herbert Spencer and translations of the writings of Renan. Books, however, by authors such as those only appeal to the few, and so do not come under the title of "popular literature."

Human life, human motives, human passions, are the things which interest the great reading public. "Man is a social animal"—one may, perhaps, be pardoned for a very hackneyed quotation. We like to live among each other; and it is only the man who cannot get on among his fellows, or whose fear of temptation amounts to a mania, who retires to a desert, whether it be that of Libya or of his own small life.

Even when we have made up our minds to have an evening at home, imitating the virtue of a well known statesman by "cultivating our own fireside"—I speak as a bachelor—we like, while we sit at that fireside and read a book, to feel ourselves in the company of men and women. We follow their fortunes through the pages, watching their actions and studying their motives with straining interest, commending or blaming them as they are good or bad, sympathizing with them in unmerited misfortune, and rejoicing when faith and honor and virtue meet with happiness at the end of the third volume.

Such a work ought to be a true presentation of life, if it is to enter successfully upon the struggle for existence with the many others published, and to be an example of the survival of the fittest. The characters must move as real beings, and therein lies the genius of the true word-painter of human life. We do not expect that virtue shall in all such works be shown in the enjoyment of full material happiness; for it has been observed long ago by a writer, "I myself have seen the ungodly in great power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree." But we do expect that every man who has a high ideal of life shall, whatever be his rank or profession, endeavor to speak, think, and act so as to put that ideal before others as something to be adopted. And the very atheist believes that he

ought to have a high ideal of life and conduct.

Thus, then, whatever the novelist writes, we are justified in expecting that he—and more especially *she*—should keep this maxim most sacredly. The great novelists of our language, it seems to me, have worked on such a plain. Dickens, with all his portraiture of low life; Scott, with his great variety of individuals and modes of life; and Thackeray, with all his cynicism,—these have given us works which could not lead us to mistake wrong for right, or to choose vice as the happiest and best mode of life. But all these are writers of mere romance!

The modern—or at least the very modern—novelist has discovered the scientific taste awakened by the remarkable spreading and deepening of education. He—perhaps I ought to say *she*—has discovered that the dry facts of science, though interesting, form a fare rather difficult to digest. Novelists of that class have found that when the dry facts of science are interwoven with human motives and human passions, the result takes the popular taste with greater force.

The doctrine of heredity is one which has taken possession of the novelist. It is presented as a newly-discovered principle, and has formed a rich mine from which can be drawn the raw material afterward to be worked into sensational incidents.

No doubt it is new in a scientific form. But when the nurse of many generations ago presented her charge to an admiring circle, and said, "How like his father he is," and when the subject of that remark, in later years showing faults of temper, called forth the same words from his devoted mother, I think the doctrine was at least implied. The doctrine has been triumphantly carried into the moral aspect of human life as a new discovery, in forgetfulness of the fact that the Church has taught practically the same thing stated somewhat differently.

One cannot read all novels, and so when one ventures on a criticism of the tendencies of such "popular literature," his conclusions are reliable no further than his reading has carried

him. Admitting incomplete knowledge, it seems to me that the example has been set in this country by M. Zola, and that *Doctor Pascal*, the last of his great series, shows his scheme very clearly.

The author shows an intimate knowledge of physiological facts and theories. Two examples may be mentioned.

In *Doctor Pascal* he introduces an example of "spontaneous combustion." The victim's system was so saturated with alcohol by a long life of drunkenness, that finally a glowing match set him alight, and he burned with a blue alcoholic flame until only ashes were left. "Spontaneous alcoholic combustion" may be said without punning to be an exploded theory; but it is, or was, a theory, and does well enough for a novel.

The second is an example of a curious and unexplained *fact* in physiology. It is that a child by a second husband may inherit characteristics which are not those of the father, but of the mother's first husband. "Nana," who gives title to one of Zola's series, is the character who embodies this remarkable fact.

If the insistence, on this great doctrine of heredity should teach the sanctity of human nature, the duty of purifying it from all forms of excess, and the awful responsibility of handing on to another being a nature corrupted by evil living, then I would emphatically say that Zola is a benefactor. But the work to which I have referred suggests no Power whose help will enable one to counteract inherited evil; selection of the best and the death of all others are his only principles; and humanity as an ever-living organism is to him God and immortality. The novel is the gospel of Positivism, a religion which at its brightest is little better than despair, and which, though its best apostles may make it attractive by their personal qualities, has nothing in it to brighten or better the world.

The same novelist, undoubtedly, has presented in *The Dream* a most beautiful, and in some respects a most devotional work. But its devotionism is that of superstition rather than religion, his beautiful character living in a

world of her own creation, a world of unreality, in which the supernatural is the daily expectation of her life.

Turning to fiction written in our own country, it seems to me that *The Heavenly Twins*, if not a product of this style of literature, must at all events be classed along with it. It is most distinctly a novel with a purpose. No one can say that the reformation at which this book aims is not needed. Purity of life is part of the teaching of the Church of Christ, and the most aggressive enemies of that Church cannot say that its preachers lose sight of that fact. And yet, in spite of their earnest teaching, the looseness of male morality is as it is pictured in *The Heavenly Twins*.

The complete purification of morality, which the teaching of Christ has not yet accomplished, is not likely to be brought about by a sensational novel of ephemeral fame; but such a book may be an aid to the work of the Church in that direction, by warning women against the indifference which they frequently show regarding the past lives of those whom they accept as their husbands. There are two dangers in the book. In the first place, though knowledge of evil may arm one against evil, it is open to doubt whether a pure mind may be familiarized with the corrupt details of loose morality without some loss of softness and beauty. But the second danger seems to me more serious. It lies in the distorted view of heredity which is presented, the evil possibilities being grouped prominently in the foreground, while the effect of the same principle in reproducing good qualities is hardly suggested. As in the mind of Evadne, the principal character in that book, so in the mind of the reader, if the diseased side of human nature, moral and physical, be regarded to the total exclusion of the healthy side, a morbid, fatalistic, and pessimistic state of mind will be produced, and this will lead to despair without corrective, the loss of "the power to make life endurable."

Two other books have during the last few months attained a large circulation among all classes. They are *Dodo* and *A Yellow Aster*. Notices of

them filled papers, magazines, and reviews. No one could possibly miss hearing about them, and they have been asked for at the libraries while first-class healthy fiction has been neglected. They must exercise on the reading public either a very great influence or none at all.

The first-named is supposed to picture London society as it is. It is very strange that a certain class of fiction which is written about the best society, by those who claim to know that society, should represent its members as being in almost all cases married to the wrong people. Everybody seems to be running after everybody else's wife. What is the purpose in choosing these circumstances? And is the picture true? My impression is that it is not true. Pleasure there is, doubtless, to an excessive degree, and corrupt minds in many individuals; but that is a statement which applies to all ranks. The purpose of the novelist in that case can only be to create a sensation, to go out of the beaten track of romance, and to attract by intense realism, as it is called.

Instead of such a book causing any improvement in morals, it is likely that, as it is read in grades of society further removed from that with which it deals, many may reason that if selfishness, pleasure, and laxity of life be characteristic of the society in which even the princes of the Church move, there is no call on those in humbler positions to be better.

In *A Yellow Aster* is treated the same unsavory but morbidly attractive subject as in *The Heavenly Twins*—the relations of a man with many women. The heroine in the latter will be no wife to such a man: the heroine in the former regards it as a matter of little or no consequence, and the faults of the man are cleansed by the purifying influence of love. Such is the different standpoint.

This constant recurrence of the marriage question is a remarkable feature, but very natural in all romance. A romance without a love story is like day without sunshine—dull and uninteresting. But every question which has exercised the minds of revolutionists and doctrinaires is introduced in

the popular literature of the day, and the romance is made the vehicle of all the theories of marriage. In *The Story of an African Farm*, for example, a beautiful cultured girl is made to say, "I cannot marry you, because I cannot be tied; but, if you wish, you may take me away with you, and take care of me; then when we do not love any more we can say good-by." There is an echo of this sentiment in *A Yellow Aster*, when Gwen says to her fiancé, "I wish quite intensely we were both of us in another position, in quite a low, unknown one, then we need not marry," and continues, "We might then try a preliminary experiment as to how life together goes; if it did not do, we might each go our own way and bury the past."

Of course, a novelist groups the characters and gives words to suit each, and we must not hold her responsible for teaching all that each character says. But each work as a whole gives an impression as to what theory it is intended to advance; and the sentences quoted seem to represent the theories of the writers.

In the same African story a rustic but intellectual inquirer is introduced. First he is full of an Old Testament faith. He expects to see God face to face. His hope is disappointed, and he becomes a believer in Nature alone. From this he proceeds to certain philosophical ideas. He speaks of universal life, and the absorption of the individual at death into that universal life, the universal whole. My knowledge of philosophy since I dwelt among text-books has become less clear, but I believe I am right in saying that the book is made the vehicle of Pantheism on the basis of Spinoza's teaching. The book is so beautifully written that its speculation is attractive, and probably dangerous to those who cannot perceive to what it leads.

These books have all been very widely read. They, and others like them, are appearing at a critical time. Education has become all-embracing in its scope, and it has, in its wider form, only attained depth enough to be dangerous. Old theories in religion, in physical science, in political and social life, have been displaced. A rash con-

clusion may easily be formed that all that is old is wrong, and all that is new right. It is those who possess only the beginnings of knowledge who are most easily influenced; and they are the majority of readers. Heredity, environment, the marriage bond, continuity of life, the existence of God as a being, or a principle—all these find place in the popular literature of the day.

So much has been already deciphered of the book of Mystery that there is a tendency to believe that it is all written in characters equally simple and clear, and that it needs but one method of interpretation. All the theories already mentioned are propounded to explain and improve Nature and to obtain disciples.

Religion and morality as taught by Christianity hold the field, and it is from the ranks of Christianity that converts are sought. In many cases it is not sought to detach people from their religion, but to add to it theories which are formed apart from it. It is hardly possible to say with certainty that "popular literature" is influencing life favorably or adversely. It possesses tendencies in both directions. Some novels are altogether coarse and immoral; others have a tendency pure and devotional. Of the latter class, Marie Corelli's *Barabbas* is a most striking example.

This novel deals with the events of the Crucifixion. It takes Judas and Barabbas as principal figures, and creates Judith, sister of Judas. Melchior, the wise man, is also there. It is a bold thing to work the Great Tragedy of the world into a modern novel. But, with no positive command and no universal principle against it, the authoress is entitled to ask judgment solely on the result. And the result is a work of intense dramatic interest and living force, while at the same time it is devotional and edifying.

Enough has been now said to indicate the character of modern popular literature. There are many romances which do not take up "problems," but seek only to interest and amuse. They have a certain influence, but do not stir any depths. In those which deal with religious, moral, and social

problems, almost every variety of thought is to be found. The least prominent variety is that which is called "orthodox"—the religion and morality of Christianity. Exploded forms of philosophical conjecture, speculations on the unseen, heresies which received decent burial hundreds of years ago, all find place in the modern novel. New theories on marriage are advanced, and schemes for altering everything for the good of everybody are explained.

It is at this point that I draw attention to what I pointed out earlier—the effect of the modern development of education. These theories percolate through every stratum of society. Formerly the masses of the people received orthodox teaching without question or criticism, but also without reasoning. Now reasoning is active, and sometimes questioning follows. It is impossible that religion should not be influenced; the question is—What is the nature and extent of the influence?

I believe that the nation is passing through this period very creditably. In spite of theories and manufactured religions, the Gospel and morality of Christianity hold their place, stronger, I believe, because passing under the test of criticism. This test causes some defections; but a simple, common-sense, let me say *manly*, Christianity, still appeals to the educated English mind. A highly mystical Christianity which turns speculations into certainties, which seeks to impose elaborate and mechanical regulations on every individual, and which acts on the principle that spiritual conceptions can always be translated into material forms, runs contrary to the reasoning power of the age.

The one thing which is most certain in connection with this subject is that the current of reading will not be stemmed. You may ban a book, and up goes its popularity! It was so with *Robert Elsmere*, and it was so with a recent book banned by a great circulating library. Up to the present the reading public has read, criticised, and set aside. Familiarity with wrong ideas does not imply attachment to them: it sometimes is a safeguard against them.

Of course, it would be extremely

beautiful if all that is evil and all that is coarse in human life and human nature could be destroyed. But evil and coarseness exist, and are embodied in men and women. And these embodiments of evil and coarseness prey without mercy on those of opposite natures when they can. It is the work of all good men and women to war against these enemies of goodness; but to war against them they must know their tactics. Such, in effect, is really the defence which may be offered on behalf of some extremely realistic books which have recently been written.

Not long ago, a lady, young, charming, and good, who had read one of these, said to me, with evident pain: "Is it really true to life?" I wish I could have answered: "No, it is not true; it is only the production of a coarse man's mind." But with a certain amount of experience as a town clergyman, I was compelled to say that it was a tale of what is constantly happening. Ignorance would have been comfortable; but knowledge may enable her to do good some time.

Modern realism may be a revolt from modern squeamishness—from the ultra-niceness which insists on the word "limb" being substituted for the more precise term, and which impelled a *very* nice girl to make clothes to cover the legs of a table.

There has been many a wail from pulpit and clerical meeting on the evil influences of popular literature on religion, and also on morality, which is really a part of religion. I do not believe that the total influence of modern popular literature is evil, nor that its general tendency is less elevating than that of the past. In so far as it is made up of both good and dangerous elements, it should convey certain lessons to the guardians of religion and morality. The most palpable lesson is that they should make themselves acquainted with it. That does not mean that they should read all that is published. It cannot be done.

A further lesson is this. Make that which is true and good also interesting. That which is false and evil is made interesting; why should the truth be shorn of its natural beauty and attractiveness, and proclaimed in

a dead and uninteresting manner? There are only a few *very* interesting novelists; there are also only a few *very* interesting preachers. People scoff at the very dull preachers; but they are tolerant and good-natured, for they listen to them. They treat the uninteresting novelist much more harshly: they do not read them; and lo! are not their works to be found on the old book-stalls, alongside sermons by prosy divines, under the heading, "All in this row sixpence each"?

But the interesting novelist has a larger audience than the interesting preacher; and if the teaching of the novelist requires to be counteracted, it can only be done by presenting the truth in many places as it ought to be presented. If those whose duty it is to do this will keep themselves in touch with current thought, and show both sympathy and knowledge, there is little danger of their voices being unheeded, or of religion and morality suffering.—*Westminster Review*.

THE CRIMEA IN 1854 AND 1894.

BY GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, G.C.B., V.C.

PART III.

IN the November Number of this Magazine I endeavored to describe the immediate effects of the storm of wind, rain, and sleet on the 14th November, 1854.

That storm was the beginning of misery so intense as to defy adequate description. Apologists of our often unfortunate, though sometimes "happy-go-lucky" system, have attempted to ascribe the greater part of our losses of health, and of lives, to the climate. This is inaccurate; the climate of the Crimea, though more variable, is but little more inclement than that of the North of England. Moreover, students of history now know, that given adequate food supply and sufficiency of clothing, it is exceedingly difficult to kill man or beast by either hard work, or climatic influences. Officers were able to procure extra food and clothing, and their comparative immunity from disease when the men were perishing by hundreds is another proof of this now generally accepted fact. England gave its little army, however, neither enough food, clothing, nor even medicines, as witness the following:—

Circular letter from the Purveyor General to the Medical Officers in the Crimea.

"BALAKLAVA

"3d Oct., 1854.

"There is no arrowroot, brandy, essence of beef, sago, or candles in store. Ground rice

will be substituted for arrowroot and sago, but it has not yet been procured."

On the 16th November a doctor records that he requisitioned, but in vain, for 12 lbs. of candles, and depicts in eloquent terms the horrors of a hospital marquee at night, when for want of light he was unable to attend to cholera-stricken patients.

Ten days later the Surgeon of a regiment remonstrates—

"With a large number of cases of dysentery, I can obtain no castor oil, no preparation of opium, only a small quantity of morphine, no preparation of chalk, nor anything to make up a gargle."

Another Surgeon is more fortunate in that he has medicine, but he writes:—

"Sick asking for soup and sago, but I have to give them medicine instead. Few of them would have been patients if they had had more clothing, less fatigue, less exposure, and more food."

And then another trouble came on us, for from the latter end of October, scorbutic diseases became prevalent.

The food supply of our army had been organized on a system suitable for peace and police purposes, where the potato contractor calls daily for orders, and our soldiers were supposed to buy their own dry and green groceries. The men had been getting 6d. per diem extra as field pay, and were, after the first month, paid when working in the trenches, so had money available, but until December there was no system capable of bringing to them

fresh vegetables, though we were within 48 hours of a city containing 600,000 inhabitants, who live mainly on such food. One ship indeed arrived from Varna with her decks piled up with cabbages, but the purchaser had omitted to consign them to any one, and no one being willing to accept the financial responsibility of signing for them, the cabbages were eventually thrown overboard.

A small quantity of vegetables was issued for December, but, the "Inquiry Commissioners" asserted, it ran out on paper to only 2 potatoes and 1 onion per man, and I doubt whether even this quantity reached the men's stomachs. During the winter, tinned potatoes were offered on sale to the troops, but without instructions for cooking, or indeed any possibility of preparing them owing to want of fuel, and naturally they were refused.

The issue of rice which had been granted as an extra ration, was stopped, as the quantity in store sufficed only for the sick, and for the Turks, who were at this time not only carrying loads for us, but were also digging trenches both at Inkerman, and in the Right Attack, where the strength of British troops was no longer equal to these duties.

The soldiers got an extra $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of biscuit till the 7th November, when, as the supply threatened to run short, the issue was cancelled. They could not eat $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. dry biscuit without soup, tea, or coffee, but the extra issue had been a boon, for the French, who baked throughout the winter, would always exchange bread for biscuit.

In those days our soldiers had no knowledge of cooking, being in this respect far behind the French and Turks. But even had our men been perfect cooks, they would have had but little opportunity of exercising their skill. Camp kettles were issued at Kalamita Bay when the troops landed, in the proportion of one to five men. Now the kettle would cook fresh but not salt meat for five men, as more water is required to extract the brine from salt meat than the kettle could hold, and moreover, this number, five, represented nothing then, nor does it now, in our Regimental systems. Most of the kettles had been

dropped at the Alma, or in the subsequent march, and the soldiers were reduced for all cooking purposes to the Mess tin which each man carried on his back. These were inadequate. The lid perhaps was most prized, for when the body is wet and cold there is a craving for a hot drink, and it took less time and fuel to roast the green coffee berries in the lid, than to boil the salt meat in the body of the tin. It had not occurred to any one in the Department then responsible for our Commissariat, that to make a mug of coffee out of green berries, roasting and grinding apparatus was essential, and till January, when some roasted coffee was landed, our men might be daily seen pounding, with stones or round shot, the berries in a fragment of exploded shell.

The supply of fuel became daily more difficult. When we first arrived on the Upland, the Engineers annexed and felled for siege purposes every tree within our reach. Late in November the supplies of vine and stunted oak roots on which we had depended for what cooking was accomplished, were exhausted. The Southern shores of the Black Sea were fringed with forests; but our Army's previous winter experience had been in the Peninsula, where effective soldiers found their own fuel, and Parveyors presumably bought for those in hospitals which were always established in or near towns. Thus it had not been a duty of the Commissariat to supply firewood.

On the 4th December an Army order provided for a fuel ration, but it took time to execute the order, and on the 26th December, the Surgeon of a Light Infantry battalion wrote—"Fuel for cooking hospital rations has never been supplied. Thermometer now at freezing point." But within a day or two of this report, the first supply, an issue of charcoal, was made on the 28th-29th December.

The craving for a hot drink doubtless caused pilferings of wood, wherever it was unguarded, and the Engineers complained that bits of gabions, and even pick and shovel's helms were burnt by our starving soldiers in the worst of the winter to make a tin of

coffee. About this time a General Officer, in urging on Lord Raglan the necessity of his men receiving pickaxes to grub up roots, said with some warmth, "Sir, it is felt that pickaxes are essential; we may say they are firewood itself." Lord Raglan replied, "So I learn daily from the trenches!"

Some fresh meat was issued in January and February, but the sick were always served first, and as the whole amount issued in 60 days amounted only to 14 lbs. per man, and as half the army was in hospital, the men still struggling on "at duty" got but little.

The troops in mid-winter lived on salt meat, biscuit, and rum, pork being generally preferred since it was more easily cooked, and could even be eaten raw. Some men could eat neither pork nor salt beef, their scurvy-affected mouths finding it too distasteful to be swallowed, and all would sooner have had less meat and some kind of vegetable or rice. As late as the 31st March, a Staff Surgeon reports—"I found 3 days' rations in one tent uncooked. One man had not eaten his meat (salt) for a month."

There were abundant supplies of cattle within a week's sail of the Crimea, but our Commissariat officers urged the necessity of having steamers for its transport, which were not always available, forgetful of the fact that the Duke of Wellington fed his troops for months at Torres Vedras on fresh meat brought in sailing-vessels from the North of Spain.

Toward the end of November there were no battalions in which some private soldiers were not tainted with scurvy, and although 20,000 lbs. of lime-juice, equal to 634,000 rations, was all this time at Balaklava, it was not till February, 1855, after the whole army had become so affected, that the first issue was made.

We did not understand feeding men, and animals fared still worse, except that their end came more quickly. The Artillery men were, I think, the best horsemasters in the Crimea, and some batteries were near Balaklava, but even they record that in the early winter their starving horses had eaten through spokes of several wheels, and

the body of a rocket carriage. When the army sailed from Varna to the Crimea, 2,000 horses, ponies, and mules were left behind. Some of these were brought over from time to time, but they were overworked, ill-tended, and underfed; and during the winter 1854-5 at the worst time, our Transport numbered less than 350 pack animals and 120 carts. Our destitution will be easily understood when one reflects that in 1855-6, 8,000 animals, 200 wagons, 500 carts, a railway capable of a daily output of 250 tons, and a good road constructed by 300,000 tasks of labor, were considered necessary for our wants.

More ponies could have been brought over; indeed those left idle at the base must have eaten more than their value at cost price; but there was little forage in the Crimea, and the difficulties of transporting chopped straw, which is plentiful all around the Black Sea, appeared to our people insurmountable. I cannot remember what trade there was then in chopped straw, but it is now sent in bags on board ship to Constantinople and other cities. Although some officers, accustomed to see English forage only, were not satisfied, yet the cavalry horses were fairly well fed until the local supply ran out, about the end of October.

Soon after the 26th October, General Canrobert, who had the most intense admiration for our horsemen's courage, pressed for a brigade of cavalry to be stationed near Inkerman, and, on the 2nd November, the remains of the Light brigade, 330 effective horse, were encamped between the 2nd and Light Divisions. The French were helping us in many ways, and it was no doubt difficult to refuse the request, but the result was fatal. The Commissariat could not bring up more barley, and the General in command of the brigade considered that all the horses should remain on the spot ready for the purpose for which they had been sent to Inkerman, rather than that some should carry food that all might live.

Naturally, after a month, a daily allowance, averaging 2½ lbs. of barley, with no other food, proved indeed "the last straw." On the 2nd Decem-

ber, the men led back to Kadikoi their horses, unfit to carry any weight, and in that short distance of 6 miles, 17 horses fell, and died of exhaustion.

There were frequent delays in drawing supplies at Balaklava, men and horses being detained there a long time—on the 8th of December for 8 hours. Twice the cavalry horses went down for hay, but none was obtained. There was always barley at Balaklava throughout the winter, but no carriage for it. Hay, the issue of which had always been limited to 6 lbs., ran out, as did straw, after the 14th of November, when the gale, by wrecking many vessels, deprived us of 20 days' supply of hay. Moreover a portion of the barley issued was lost for want of nosebags. From lack of system, no one knew until January that nosebags were on board a ship in Balaklava. The Captain then asked the General Officer commanding the cavalry for a party to assist in clearing them from his hold, where they had been since July. Similarly some Veterinary stores were not discovered, although urgently required, until they had been on board ship for many months. It was our custom to hire large ships for carrying out stores, and there being no organized system of stowage, the articles most urgently required were often at the lowest part of the ship's hold. The French took up smaller vessels which facilitated the separation of *Stores* from *Supplies*.

The hay question was a fertile subject of acrimonious discussion immediately after the war. The Commissary General, writing on the 13th September, the day before we landed, demanded 2,000 tons, but of this he got 260 only in the first six months. On the 13th November he asked for 800 tons monthly, but was told only 300 tons monthly could be supplied; but in this case there were 270 tons more despatched.

The inevitable conclusion to which any one will come, who has followed my story so far, must lead him to believe our Commissary General was in fault; so I may at once state that the Chelsea Committee of 1856 absolved him from blame. His nominal duties embraced all the civil administration of the army except for hospitals. He

had an insufficient staff,* mainly recruited from clerks in public offices, without any field experience. He had no subordinate establishments. He alleged that the total deficit of human edible rations throughout the winter did not exceed 26,000. This might have been so on paper, for Indents were always made out in advance, and the parties, tired of waiting for many hours, often left before they had got the proper quantity, and in fact there was absolute want. In the Light and 4th Divisions the men were often on reduced quantities, and one day none were issued. I shall show later how much better the sailors fared than the soldiers, yet during the last week in November we were for two days on half rations of meat and no biscuit, and on December 19th, during the first heavy snowstorm, we got no rations.

During a few fine days in December the Commissariat tried to establish small depôts with each division, but our Chiefs were still hoping to assault the enemy's works, and the animals were taken for siege-train purposes: it is less remarkable that we ran short of food, than that we did not absolutely starve.

It is easy to criticise the conduct of our Generals, but it should be remembered that the Government, by very decided instructions, urged on them the undertaking of a great task with inadequate means, and that the error of persevering, in hopes of success, was in itself of noble origin. It led, however, to untold sufferings, as the miscalculation of the length of the siege, induced in a great degree the delay in providing for the approaching winter.

It was, however, as unreasonable as it was unjust to attempt to fasten the whole blame on those in the Crimea for this hopeless muddle, engendered by forty years of peace, and neglect to maintain the Departments of the Army. The Government at home thought those in the Crimea must be in fault, while we thought more should have been done to help us. There are books full of recrimination, all instructive, and some of which would be amusing

* One had served in the Peninsula; two had been to the Cape of Good Hope.

if the subject were not so sad. For instance, the storm left us only thirty-seven hospital marquees; more were demanded on the 28th November, but England had none, and it was not till April, 1855, that they were made. Then, on the 2nd April, the Admiralty were asked for conveyance. This was allotted on the 23rd, but on the 8th May all the tentage had not been despatched!

It may be asked why recall all these dismal stories? I do so because I feel sure the trading pursuits of a country must always be unfavorable to military efficiency, and to the present generation our hideous sacrifice of soldiers in the Crimea is but little more known than the sufferings of our troops at Walcheren, and in the Peninsula. I believe in the advantage of telling those who elect Parliamentary Representatives what has happened, and what may happen again, unless a high standard of administrative efficiency is maintained. This cannot be attained unless the necessary Departments are maintained and practised in their duties during peace.

I mentioned in a previous number of this magazine* the remarkable improvement in our Medical Organization as shown in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5. It is exceedingly difficult to test the efficiency of Field Hospitals, and Bearer Companies in Peace Manœuvres, it being impossible to represent adequately the *make-believe* of dangerous wounds, and to conjure up that strain of anxiety which must come over conscientious doctors after a serious battle, an anxiety with which few of their combatant brethren fully sympathize. An attempt was, however, made at Aldershot this summer† to exercise a part of the Department, as far as practicable, under Field Service conditions, and the Medical Officers made the most of the opportunity.

The Ordnance Store Department has obtained some slight practice in Autumn Manœuvres, but these for twenty years have been carried out on a scale too limited to allow of their being made a test, either of the adequacy of what

stores we possess, or of how quickly we can issue them.

The formation of the Army Service Corps, and the inculcation of business principles in the minds of the young officers who join the Corps, has already effected a striking improvement in our Commissariat and Transport arrangements, but it is doubtful whether the Public, or even some of my comrades who have not seen a serious campaign, fully appreciate the importance of the duties of Supply, and the necessity for their practice in peace.

There are some apparent advantages during peace times in employing contractors. England is a trading country, and Government contracts are much prized, being "good for trade." The system is sometimes apparently cheaper than that of direct purchases, because, although officers are in theory supposed to be capable of keeping supplies up to samples, and contract conditions, yet many contractors offer at prices which cannot be remunerative if the conditions are rigidly observed; and unless there is some adequate reason to the contrary the lowest tender is necessarily accepted. However zealous and careful officers may be in checking the quantity and quality of articles, they cannot for long cope with the "trade customs" as carried out by men who have to make a living, and thus the soldier gets less value than is intended by the State.

Supply by contract failed in two great wars during the last thirty-five years, and it is unlikely we shall during war trust to such a system in future; but unless our Commissariat officers buy during peace they will not know their business in war. Direct purchases should, I think, be the rule at all large military stations.

It was not, however, the Administrative branches only which had gone back in efficiency during a long peace. Officers and men, though unsurpassed by those of any Army in any time for courage, had not been accustomed to think about war, for it was a contingency regarded as unlikely to recur during their period of service. Three years before, the great Exhibition had been opened with assurances by all our most gifted politicians, that the era of

* *Fortnightly Review* for October, page 480.

† 1894.

Universal goodwill and peace had been inaugurated with that collection of the industries of the World ; and when two years later the Duke of Wellington died, there was a general feeling that, not only was he the last of our warrior race, but that we were unlikely to require any such in future.

Some of our mistakes in the Crimea were comical. Throughout the winter the General officer commanding the cavalry spared no pains to instruct those under his command, and his requests, exhortations, and admonitions, showed they were ignorant of their most elementary duties. The Dragoons went to draw forage without any means of bringing it away. On the 2nd October the General found an advanced picquet "as unprepared for action as if they were at Hounslow barracks;" and five days after the battle of Balaklava, an order was issued animadverting on Captain —, for that "when in command of a most important post close to the enemy, solely on the trifling excuse of hearing shouting in the enemy's camp, he relinquished his post, and bringing his picquet into camp, dismissed it without reporting to the Senior Officer what he had done."

In our siege works there were four co-equal and independent forces. The Engineers planned and laid out batteries and parallels ; Artillery and Sailors mounted and fought guns ; Infantry soldiers found the labor for the works and defended them. Nevertheless, there was not for months any chief controlling Commander, and thus in the trenches we constantly played at cross purposes, for even late in the Siege when the Engineer officer in charge asked for 100 men who had been detailed in Army orders for work, he reports, "The Field officer of the trenches objected to employ a working party when I could not assure him the men would be safe!"

"Sentry go" in garrisons of Constitutional England is bad training for war purposes, where a sentinel is required, as a rule, to shoot first and inquire afterward. Our men, when on picquet, from their peace training, often allowed Russians to approach close up and reconnoitre without firing

on them, and it became necessary to issue Army Orders on the subject.

Nor were we in the Naval brigade equal in all respects to our adversaries, for at the end of January we were fooled into allowing a man, dressed in plain clothes, who had previously lunched in our camp, to walk through the 21-gun battery. He stated he was an Army doctor and spoke English with a slight Northern accent, was very intelligent, and asked many questions as to our magazines and system. He witnessed the *reventing* of a gun ; and then some of us at his request pointed him out the best way to the advanced trenches, which he wished to visit. He remained in the front Parallel for some time, asking about the Russian rifle-pits, and how he could best have a look at them. Eventually he put a foot on the banquette,* and, as he was being warned to keep down or he would get shot, he started running, and, escaping our bullets, successfully reached the Russian trenches. His plans were well matured, for he had arrived the previous day in Balaklava from the Bosphorus.

But the most startling instance of ignorance and want of military spirit was afforded by the General officer commanding a brigade. While officers and men were suffering privation in camp, he lived on board his yacht in Balaklava harbor, two miles from his brigade in October, seven and a half miles in November, and thus was not present when it advanced at daylight on the 25th October, nor for several hours on the 5th November at Inkerman. In every Army there are some men incapable of soldier-like feeling, but nothing perhaps shows more clearly how we had forgotten the lessons of the Peninsula than that such disgraceful conduct should not have been promptly suppressed.

I mentioned, in an article published in this magazine for November, how steadfastly the Turks withstood the Russians in the early morning on the 25th October. Their courage and resignation were remarkable even under sufferings beyond description. It was commonly asserted that the only food

* Step of earth.

provision made for them when they landed was 2 biscuits a man, until the already overburdened English Commissariat attempted to ration them. The Turks are naturally a proud race, and as they begged round our camps for food, and picked up our scraps, their wants must indeed have been great. As was natural, they got little or no transport assistance, and this fact led to some gruesome scenes on the Balaklava track. The mortality in their ranks was heavy, and for some reason their dead were interred in a cemetery near Balaklava, to which bodies were as a rule carried on stretchers. A sufficiency of these was not always available, and during the worst of the winter I have seen Turks carrying their dead comrades pick-a-back. The first such load I saw struck me as so strange, that I went up close, and noticed the dead man's arms were tied in front of the carrier's chest.

The Naval brigade was three days, 20th-23rd, November, shifting camp, for every article—tents, hospital marquee, and ammunition—was, from want of transport, carried by the men $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the head of a ravine, which ran between Headquarters, and the 3rd Division, where we were better sheltered and were nearer to Balaklava. Every half mile closer to the fuel supply was a gain, for although hitherto the Commissariat had helped us with carriage, we had now to depend on our backs and legs for all transport purposes. The work in battery became much lighter as the winter advanced, half gun detachments only, as a rule, going down, but at this time the night Relief left the trenches at daylight, got back to camp in an hour, rested till 9 or 10 A.M., and then marched to Balaklava for food, or for coal. This latter we carried up in haversacks, one on either side, and gave it in, at the company kitchens. After the battle of Balaklava we lost the use of the Woronzow road. The state of the track now traversed, especially on the Col de Balaklava (*i.e.*, the rise from the plain to the Upland), has been vividly portrayed by Sir E. Hamley, but even his description of its horrors falls short of the facts. On more than one

occasion during the winter my boots were sucked off my feet by the tenacious mud, churned up in the rich alluvial soil of the valley; and in January I saw 18 horses trying in vain to drag a gun on a travelling carriage, with 5 feet diameter wheels, over the hill, which, early in October, offered no difficulties to the hand power of the sailors, even with the gun on the boardship trucks.*

But all our journeys were not undertaken for our stomachs. Our Chiefs were renewing the armament of the batteries, prior to an assault in which the English were to storm the Redan and Barrack battery. This assault was unavoidably delayed till after the Russians had been strongly reinforced, and they occupied the Mamelon, while we were thinking of doing so, and thus, the assault was eventually postponed indefinitely.

We transported our own ammunition, each bluejacket carrying a cartridge, 16 lbs. in weight, for the 68 pounder guns, on either side of the body. The men at first disliked carrying these to the battery, thinking 32 lbs. of powder was a disagreeable load under fire, but the officers setting the example in picking up the bags, nothing was said, and the load was soon preferred to that of round shot, as being of easier carriage. Later in the Siege the Naval brigade furnished daily parties for carrying up hutting materials for the Army, besides 200 men to assist the Railway plate-layers.

We were not the only combatants acting as transport. The infantry at Balaklava during December and January, carried 7,000 loads of siege materials to the Engineer Parks, and 145 tons weight of biscuit to the Army Headquarters dépôt. It was not till the spring of 1855 that Croats were engaged as carriers, although we were within two days' steaming of Constantinople, where all merchandise and personal luggage is transported on the backs of men, who at that time earned from 9d. to 1s. per diem. Even had they been unwilling to come to the Crimea on any terms, and we could have been generous, the Ministers of

* Wheels of 18 inches diameter.

the Sultan, who was then our "very good friend," could doubtless have found means of persuading them if the Porte's aid had been invoked.

A man who has been practising economy all his life, and referring to a central office for authority to expend even the smallest sums, cannot change his habits in a few weeks, so I impute no blame, but merely record a fact noted in my journal, dated 1st January, 1855, which irritated us at the time :—

"We were offered last week 300 ponies, brought up to Balaklava on speculation, but the officer thinking the price too high, refused to purchase till he had got authority from a superior. This he obtained, but when he returned next day the French had bought the cargo."

A day or two after shifting our position, our senior officer had a visit from the officer commanding a French Regiment, stationed immediately above our camp, who said—"We think your sailors have somewhat indistinct ideas about ownership of animals. As yet our men have strict orders not to retaliate, but I must explain that this cannot continue, and as I have some of the most expert thieves in Paris under my command, unless your men desist, some morning when you awake, you'll find half your camp gone!" I presume this was a word in time, for we remained good friends.

During the last days of November, and the first of December, the Russians reconnoitred our position at night, and we were ordered to keep full gun detachments in the batteries. This was irksome, for the trenches were frequently inundated by the heavy rains, and we had to sit on stones or shell boxes, to keep our feet out of the water. Just before daylight on the 2nd December, the Russians, bayoneting a pair of our advanced sentries who were sound asleep, fell on a picquet, which benumbed with cold could offer but little resistance. Its relief, however, came up at the moment, and our men then charged and drove the enemy back. A few nights later, not only were the sentries killed, but several men of their reliefs (I counted seven) were bayoneted through their blankets, while lying asleep in the advanced trench.

The Russians at this time frequently sent out a dozen men, who, crawling up near our works, opened fire; this obliged our soldiers to remain on the alert, but their incessant work was daily rendering them less capable of remaining awake. As Lord Raglan wrote: "Our men are on duty five nights out of the six, a large proportion constantly under fire."

In the second week of December, I went to sleep in the 21-gun battery about 8 P.M., when it was freezing, and I was more anxious to get out of the wind than into a dry spot. The wind dropped and it rained about 2 A.M., when, although I felt I was getting wet, I was too tired to rise. When I tried to do so just before daylight, I could not move, the water having frozen around me, for with the coming day the temperature had fallen. My comrades carried me back, and putting hot bottles to my feet and around my body, with loving care and attention saved me from frost-bite. Numbers of our sentries were thus affected, and six weeks later some of the Naval Brigade officers went round every morning before daylight, to bring in soldiers who from the intense cold had become incapable of movement. Our Commodore records in his diary that he watched, later in the siege, a soldier staggering out of the trenches toward camp, till he fell. Captain Lushington hurried to him, but he was already dead, having struggled on till his heart ceased to act.

Few men till late in December had more than one shirt, which they had worn incessantly day and night for weeks. During the last week of October, when the days were pleasantly warm, our soldiers tried to wash their only shirt, and every afternoon in the trenches the covering parties might be seen sitting naked, and picking vermin of all kinds from their garments. Now, their hair and bodies swarmed with lice: they had but one pair of lace boots, which when wet, they were afraid to take off, lest they should fail to get them on again. When questioned by the doctor they would often deny that they felt numbness in the feet, lest they should be ordered to take off their boots, and go to hospital.

The life of an infantry soldier belonging to a battalion in the front was thus spent:—The men were mustered, carrying greatcoat and blanket, just before dusk, and marched through a sea of mud into the trenches, which were full of deep holes from which boulders and stones had been taken; into these holes, owing to darkness, the men often fell. When the soldier reached his position, he had to sit with his back to the parapet, and his feet drawn up close to allow others to pass along the 4 feet wide trench. If he was not for picquet in the advanced trenches, he could lie down, hoping that his comrades out in the front would, by keeping awake, give sufficient warning in the event of an attack. Assuming the soldier was not on picquet and there was no alarm, and these were of frequent occurrence, he could lie down till daylight, when he marched back to camp. In the early part of the winter he was generally on duty two nights out of three, and later, every other night.

This applied, however, to those men who were required only as a guard or reserve in the trenches, and not to the condition of those who were employed from 200 to 300 yards in advance, often within conversational distance of the opposing sentries. The reliefs of the sentries could snatch a dog's sleep, four hours out of six, hoping their comrades would, by remaining on the alert, give them time to jump up ere the enemy was on them; but for the two hours each man was out near the enemy, the strain on the nervous system would have been great even to a robust well-fed man. These sentries had necessarily to stand absolutely still, silent, and watchful, and as the severity of the weather became more and more marked, numbers of men whose frames were weakened by want of adequate nutritious food were found in the morning frost-bitten and unable to move. One battalion which landed nearly 900 strong early in November was actually in the trenches six nights out of seven, and then became so reduced, not only in numbers,* but also

in the men's bodily strength, that it was unable to go on duty again.

When the soldier got back to camp, he used to lie under a worn-out tent, through which the rain beat, often in a puddle which chilled his bones. The less robust would fall asleep completely worn out, to awake shivering, and in many cases to be carried to a hospital scarcely more comfortable than the tent which they had left, and thence to a grave in two or three days. Those who were stronger, went out and collected roots of brushwood, or of vine, and roasted the green coffee ration in the tin of the canteen; then, as already described, pounding it in a fragment of shell with a stone, ere they boiled it for use. Others unequal to this laborious process, would drink their rum with a piece of biscuit and lie down in the greatcoat and blanket which they had brought, often wet through, from the trenches.

In the afternoon the soldier was sent on fatigue from five to seven miles, according to the position of his camp, usually to Balaklava, to bring up rations. On his return he had again to gather fuel to boil the salt beef or salt pork in his mess tin, which did not hold water enough to abstract the salt. A portion of it therefore only was consumed, and it was necessary from time to time to tell off men to bury the quantities thrown away. Salt pork, which was issued two days out of seven, was frequently eaten by the men in its raw state, from the difficulties of finding fuel to cook it.

Shortly before dusk the soldier either marched back to the trenches, or lay down to sleep, if he was not on picquet in front of the camp. Many men, disliking to report themselves sick, were carried back from the trenches in the morning, and died a few hours afterward; those who reported sick were taken to hospital, in many cases a bell tent; here the men lay often in mud on the ground, and in many instances their food was only salt meat and biscuit, and they were so crowded together that the medical officer could scarcely pass between the patients.

The Regimental medical officers, unable to procure medical comforts, medicine, or proper housing, were eager to

* In February, 290 all ranks.

send down their patients, even in storm and rain, to Balaklava, as the best chance of saving their lives. As we had no transport, and the French could not always lend us mule litter-transport, many were necessarily carried on cavalry horses, which, slipping up on the hill beside Balaklava, often caused the further injury or death of the patient. As I was returning from Balaklava, on more than one occasion I met a party of sick, mainly frost-bitten, riding cavalry horses, the troopers leading them and holding the men on, but the ground was covered with snow and very slippery, and on the hill above Kadikoi, I once saw every man have a fall from the horses slipping, and sometimes falling.

The small schoolhouse at Balaklava held only between 300 and 400 men, thus the great majority of the sick and wounded were necessarily laid on the beach, exposed to the elements in all weathers, awaiting their turns for embarkation in the transports. While on the steamer between Balaklava and the Bosphorus, a voyage of from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, the soldier seldom got anything but tea and biscuit, sometimes only water. Yet no man was ever heard, even in hospital, to complain, or even to allude to his sufferings, except as incidents inseparable from war time.

I have given some instances of our ignorance of war, but surely there is nothing in history grander than the enduring courage and discipline of the British soldier as shown in the winter 1854-5. There was practically no crime. It is true sentries fell asleep, but not till the men's strength was exhausted by starvation, exposure, and overwork. The Engineer officers often complained of the smallness of the task executed by working parties, but the majority of the workers were more fit for a convalescent home than for hard labor. When the men were so listless at night as to vex energetic officers who were anxious to push forward the covered ways toward the enemy's works, it needed only a sortie, and the inspiring shout of any officer whose voice they could recognize in the darkness, to send a few men headlong into a crowd of Russians. Though there was

an absolute weakness of bodily strength, yet the men's spirits never quailed, and it was a common occurrence for men to deny feeling ill, lest they should throw more duty on their comrades.

The epoch of the old soldier, as known in Long Service armies, has passed away. After 12 or 15 years in the Ranks as a private, his field service value sensibly decreases. Moreover, except in the small proportion of about one-twentieth of our forces, he declines to serve on. Therefore, he cannot be seen again, nor indeed would he be so effective for modern warfare, as the more fully instructed soldier* of to-day, when stiffened by experienced non-commissioned officers, a small proportion of old soldiers, and Reserve men; but we who saw the old soldier die without a murmur, may well be excused dilating on his virtues when we endeavor to describe what he suffered for our country, which, having given him a task far beyond his strength, failed to supply him with clothes and food.

When the soldier reached Scutari in the early months of the war, his treatment was very different from what it became later. In peace time the soldier in hospital used his own under-linen, knife, fork, and spoon, and as at first there was no supply of these articles in the field hospitals, and next to none at Scutari, the result was painful, for when dysenteric patients were admitted, their shirts, worn day and night for months, were necessarily, in many cases, cut from off the men's backs. Miss Nightingale arrived at Scutari on the 4th of November, and although, in the first instance, she acted as an adviser only of the Secretary of State for War, yet her local power increased daily; the doctors assisted her, and if our Departments were slow to act—a natural result of close inquiry into estimates—yet the irresponsible Public, when made aware, by the graphic correspondence of Mr. W. H. Russell, of the situation in the Crimea, was quick, and the distribution of the *Times* fund begun at Scutari in December. A month later, those in the Crimea were also benefited by it.

* When full-grown.

I have before me a sketch of Inkerman by Simpson, cut from an illustrated paper of February 10th, 1855. On the reverse side I read: "English Funds heavy. . . . Proposed Army increase of 35,000 men has a depressing effect. . . . The Army in the Crimea falls into the most 'heartrending' condition, but it is the Press which exposes the truth."

Much had been done at Scutari by the single Engineer officer available before Miss Nightingale arrived, but more was needed. The buildings we occupied were magnificent in appearance, but underneath were sewers and cesspools choked with filth. The wind blew sewer gas into the corridors where many of the sick were lying. The wards had no ventilation, and the patients were greatly overcrowded. The closets in the upper floor were drained by earthen piping running down through the walls, and these being misused, as is the wont of uneducated folks, were constantly choked, causing an intolerable stench. Rags, bed-clothing, and bones, were often removed from the pipes, and on one occasion the body of a newly-born baby, for the building was occupied not only as a hospital, but also as a dépôt for troops.

When the troops landed at Gallipoli in the early spring of 1854, the women and children accompanied some battalions, and although they were at once ordered back, a few managed to remain at Scutari. From the end of 1854 there was continuous improvement in the drainage and administration, and when, stricken by typhoid, I lay there several months in 1856, until my mother's nursing and a strong constitution enabled me to travel by short stages to England, the hospital was as perfect as it could be made.* The death rate in the hospitals, both Front and Base, shows clearly when our miseries culminated—

	1854-5
July.....	380
October.....	760
December.....	1,900
January.....	3,100

but from February on it steadily di-

minished, and in June, 1855, was no greater than in hospitals at home.

While the soldiers were thus dying at a rate exceeding the percentage of deaths from the Great Plague of London, in 1665, the Naval Brigade enjoyed comparatively good health, losing 10½ per centum only, of which 7 per cent. were fatal wound cases, against an average of 15 per centum in the cavalry, and 24 per centum in the battalions around Balaklava, which carried stores. The infantry in the Front, from sickness alone, lost on an average 39 per centum, but in eight battalions which were most hardly worked, the mortality amounted to over 70 per centum.

There were many causes accounting for this remarkable difference of the military and naval forces, but their relative importance may be stated in sequence as follows:—

The sailors had—

Good cooking arrangements,
More clothes,
Less work.

After the great storm, the Naval Brigade moved to a sheltered valley. The men lived in tents throughout the winter, but they were thoroughly drained, and shelters were made for drying clothes, by building up walls and covering them with hides and tarpaulins. So much importance was attached to this point that the first hut we got from England, erected about the middle of January, was converted into a drying room. The company cooks were not taken to the trenches; * good soup cauldrons were made out of empty powder cases; parties, commanded by an officer who himself always carried a load, brought charcoal or coal from Balaklava daily; our water supply was good, and close at hand, for we got some well-sinkers from the army, and thus ensured our men drinking from an uncontaminated source. Great attention was paid to the sanitation of our camp, and to ensure its perfect cleanliness the latrines were dug on the opposite side of the ravine, over which we threw a suspension bridge.

* I gathered, in August, 1894, that the Turks had reverted to their system of drainage.

* I believe, from December onward, most battalions left some cooks in camp.

We received certain necessaries from Army stores on application, irrespective of the time we had worn our garments since leaving our ships, while in the army there arose delays and misunderstandings as to whether free issues were to be made, or a subsequent charge exacted from the men.

In the morning, either coffee or cocoa, generally the latter, was prepared, as on board ship. On a slight increase of sickness—it being suspected that the men for the daylight Relief, in order to have a few minutes more in their blankets, did not give themselves time to drink their coffee or cocoa—they were paraded by companies ten minutes before we marched off, and were made to drink their ration in front of the officers. Quinine and lime juice was also always swallowed on parade, and oranges were served out according to the custom of the navy, as additional rations and not as medical comforts, which, as in the army, were issuable only on medical advice.

When the men returned from the batteries in the evening, they had hot soup made from salt meat, which had been in soak to extract the salt; and sometimes from bullocks' heads, which were bought from the butchers at the adjoining Commissariat slaughter places, when fresh meat was issued to the troops. This was in addition to our own rations, for which we drew fresh meat ten times in December. Moreover, the men, except from one or two ships, spent only three or four months on shore, being recalled when their ships went home, and replaced by fresh, healthy men, recently arrived from England.

Our men had not only more clothing, but the officers saw that every man on returning from the trenches removed his wet garments before he was allowed to lie down, and they were dried in the shanties above described, heated with a stove for the purpose. Later in the siege, when our men got their month's pay, there was at first some drunkenness at night. This, being detrimental to health, was at once checked by a tattoo parade muster taken by officers, who in those days did, and as I believe still do in the navy, much of the work performed

by non-commissioned officers in the army.

It may seem strange that the sailors knew better how to manage on shore than did soldiers, but their daily life, when at sea, quickens a man's resources of mind more than does peace service in a garrison; and, moreover, we numbered only 1,200 of all ranks, had many officers, so personal supervision was easy to carry out.

I, personally, was in the trenches nearly every second night during the winter, but most of the men had from three to four nights in bed.

During the whole of January our soldiers had as much as they could do in keeping the trenches free of mud and snow, when the hair on the men's faces was often covered in icicles. The soil varied from an impenetrable frozen hardness, which defied the spade, to a soft and sticky mud, which clung to it, but in the last week of January there was a slight improvement in the weather, and matters were then improving also at our Base.

We found Balaklava, a village of 500 inhabitants, neither cleaner nor dirtier than most Tartar locations, but from want of system, it went from bad to worse. Dead animals floated on the water—dead carcasses, human and animal, were buried all around, many so incompletely as to be washed up when a westerly wind raised the water in the harbor. There were no slaughter-houses, no latrines, and most people did what suited them best without regard to others. The harbor was crowded with shipping, with mixed cargoes, loaded in England without due consideration for us at Balaklava, and thus both human and animal food, tents, warm clothing, heavy ordnance, and siege material were frequently stowed in one big ship. In most of our ships bills of lading were sent out, but when alterations of cargo were made at intermediate ports in the Mediterranean, the changes were not always noted.

With the arrival, at the end of January, of Admiral Boxer, who took charge of the port, landing stages were built and things began to go straighter, if at first not so smoothly as at Kamiesh, where the French, utilizing their Algerian experiences, had every-

thing well arranged from the outset.

During the month of February, though the tide of our misery had slackened, there was yet much suffering. About the third week there was a heavy fall of snow, accompanied by a biting Northerly wind. Our numbers were increased by drafts, and on the 1st February our strength was 44,000, but of these 18,000 only were present, and, unfortunately, the drafts were not of the same stamp as the men they had replaced. Our army averaged seven years' service* in September, 1854, now the lads coming out were 18 years of age or under, and many had never been taught how to shoot. A general officer writing on the 8th December, mentions seeing these boys at squad drill. Moreover, many of the officers were equally inexperienced, and in May the Engineer officers complained, that "the daily expenditure of ammunition by the guards of the trenches is enormous. The men principally recruits, and the greater number of officers young lads, are perfectly ignorant of their duties, the men are not under control, and empty their pouches as soon as they can." And again, they complained that "instead of waiting quietly the approach of the enemy, they cheer and fire wildly when expecting an attack, causing confusion in which they frequently wound each other."

We were learning, however, in many ways, and later always had a general officer on duty in the trenches, who, by controlling all Services, made everything work more smoothly.

During the depth of the winter the magazines, which were kept well drained, were the only restful spots in the batteries. Although they only held, with any degree of comfort, one man, officers would often on various pretexts get inside. On one occasion the officer of a distinguished regiment, during a night of pitiless rain, offered the magazine man a ration of rum, which the bluejacket accepted, inviting the officer inside, as indeed was expected. After an hour's conversation the bluejacket, being anxious to get rid of the officer,

and having tried in vain to induce him to move, set to scratching himself, and, with much bad language, protested he was being eaten alive. The officer immediately left, and the bluejacket was enabled to lie down at full length!

I made the acquaintance of Lord Raglan at this time. Whenever I was not on trench or transport duty I was sent to Balaklava, or to Kamiesh to buy food for our mess, and at the latter place I called in Kazatch bay to see my friend Hewett,* *H.M.S. Beagle*, who had been ordered home, and stayed the night, greatly appreciating not only good food, but unlimited ablutions. When I was leaving next morning, Lieutenant Burgoyne,† *H.M.S. Swallow*, who had dined with Hewett in order to meet me, asked me to carry a letter for his father, General Sir John Burgoyne, up to headquarters, and I gladly assented, although it would take me some way round. We had served together in *H.M.S. Queen* the previous year, when he was mate of the main-top, of which I was midshipman. While at sea in a half gale of wind, we were ordered to send down our topgallant masts, and during the operation he showed a courage and power of bearing pain I have seldom seen equalled.

For the sake of my readers who are not acquainted with the mysteries of nautical terms, I may explain that a topmast is placed alongside a lower mast, and is pulled up into its position by a rope passing over a pulley in the top of the lower mast, and similarly the topgallant-mast is hoisted up by a rope running over a pulley at the top of the topmast. In the lower end of the topgallant mast is a hole corresponding with a hole in the top of the topmast; and when as the mast rises the two holes coincide, a wedge-shaped piece of iron called a fid being slipped in, takes and supports the weight of the topgallant-mast.

The man at the topmast head, whose duty it was to pull out the fid, was

* Afterward Admiral Sir W. N. W. Hewett, V.C.

† Lost, with all hands, when in command of *H.M.S. Captain*, in 1877.

* This is from memory.

afraid to put both hands on to the grummet which ran through the edge of the iron wedge, for the ship was rolling so heavily in the trough of the seas as to render it difficult for any one to retain his position aloft without holding on, and Burgoyne, using strong language at the man for his want of nerve, ran nimbly aloft, and, pushing him out of the way, put both hands on to the fid and attempted to pull it out. The wood, after several hours' rain, had swollen, enclosing the fid so tightly that it required considerable effort to move it.

During the half-hearted efforts of the man, who only exerted the force of one arm, the Marines on deck had got tired of holding the weight, and just as Burgoyne, getting the fingers of both hands inside the hole, had succeeded in moving the fid, the Marines "coming up" (*i.e.*, slacking their hold), let down the topgallant mast, weighing three-quarters of a ton, on to Burgoyne's hands, catching the tips of two fingers, which were crushed.

Burgoyne felt that his hand was jammed beyond any effort he could make to extricate it. If he had screamed or shouted, the fifty men on the topgallant fall* would have looked up, and he would have remained pinned by the tips of his fingers, but with extraordinary self-command, placing his disengaged hand to his mouth, he hailed the deck in a voice which rang clear amid the howling wind, shouting, "On deck there?"—"Ay! ay!"—"Sway again." And the Marines, *falling back* (*i.e.*, throwing all their weight on to the rope), lifted the mass from off my friend's fingers, who managed to withdraw his hand, but, fainting immediately, we had to send him down on deck slung in the bight of a rope.

Rain fell as I left Kazatch, and by the time I got to headquarters, eight miles, but which seemed to me double that distance, I was muddy to my knees and wet through. I was anxious not to be seen, for, besides my dirty state, midshipmen in those days were taught to regard their superiors with awe. Thus we saluted carefully every senior :

we stood touching our caps when addressing a post-captain, and remained bareheaded before an admiral. Having delivered the letter, I was hurrying away when I was called back, and taken in to see Lord Raglan, who was sitting at the luncheon-table with a French general, to whom I was presented, Lord Raglan making me blush by relating some incidents of the bombardment, personal to myself, which he had heard from Captain Peel, and with which I need not trouble my readers. He then desired one of his Staff to see after my comforts, and somewhat to my relief said nothing more till I was leaving the room. It exists now (1894) very much as then, for although the farm is occupied, the large room, as well as the small room next to it, in which Lord Raglan died, has not been disturbed in any way.

I spent Christmas Day in the battery, and while speaking to a sergeant who was in charge of a working party, what we thought was a shot lodged in the parapet close to us without interrupting our conversation at first, but a few seconds later it burst, and a fragment cut my cap off my head, but without hurting me.

I dined that night with Captain Peel, to whom I had been acting as aide-de-camp during the time his own aide-de-camp, who was a shipmate, had been away, sick on board H.M.S. *Diamond*. The other three guests were Captains Lushington, Burnett, and Moorsom, so I felt much honored. Peel did everything well, from duty downward; and the dinner was a triumph of art, considering the circumstances.

From the end of the year to the middle of January was perhaps the climax of our misery. Men died in great numbers still, and on the 1st January there were 12,035 men in hospital, and 11,367 at—though it cannot be truly said fit for—duty. Now, however, nearly every man got two shirts, socks, and an extra blanket, and some great-coats had been issued; by the 20th January over 6,000 sheepskin jumpers had been given out, and toward the end of January liberal issues were made. Some may remember *Punch's* pathetic picture of two starved, wan,

* Hoisting rope.

threadbare soldiers in a snowstorm. One is saying, "Jim, they say they'll give us a medal!" "Indeed! Maybe they'll give us a coat to put it on!" But the drawing, graphic as it is, scarcely conveys the intense previous suffering of our men, who died, as they lived, without making a complaint.

Though supplies of food, clothing, and comforts were now arriving, the men were too enfeebled to recover at once, and in January our Right attack, over a mile in extent, was often at the mercy of the enemy, who might have easily destroyed our guns and magazines. The usual number we could afford to send down to the trenches was about 350 all ranks, and on one night it dropped to less than 300; yet the remnants of our battalions struggled on. One battalion paraded, exclusive of officers, one sergeant and seven privates, and many companies numbered only from seven to eight files.

In the last week of February two Russian men-of-war, moored in the upper harbor, under Shell Hill, annoyed greatly our 2nd Division by throwing shell into its camp. In order to lift the shell over the intervening heights, the gun firing them was slung on deck something like a mortar. Captain Peel worked out a scheme, on which he did me the honor of asking my opinion. His idea was to take four or six boats after dark down the face of the cliff almost opposite to the steamers. We were then to launch the boats, pull out about 300 yards, and board the ships, killing or driving below the few men who we believed would be on deck after the crews had retired to rest. In case of success, we were then to tow the ships ashore, or, if necessary, higher up the harbor, immediately under the hill, on the crest of which the battle of Inkerman was fought.

When pressed for an opinion as to the probable result of our undertaking, I expressed myself as doubtful of its success, but urged that any loss of men we might incur would be compensated for by the fright we should give the Russians, and the spirit of adventure imparted to our men. The Commander-in-Chief, however, thought the oper-

ation was too hazardous, and declined to allow it.

Nevertheless, Captain Peel's scheme having become known, stimulated the thoughts of other seamen, and later in the siege, John Shephard, boatswain's mate of H.M.S. *St. Jean d'Arc*, invented and constructed a very small boat, suitable for carrying one man and a large explosive. This duck-like structure floated only three inches above the water, and in it he visited in succession several ships of our squadron anchored outside Sevastopol, without being discovered. He then conceived an idea of launching his boat in the harbor, and paddling it under one of the Russian men-of-war, to which he proposed to fix an explosive and retire before the fuse acted. On the 15th July, 1855, in the presence of the officers commanding the Naval Brigade, Shephard launched his little craft, under protection of the French sentries, in Careenage bay, and paddled Westward until he was stopped by a number of boats conveying troops from the Inner harbor to the North side. No one appears to have noticed him, but he could not venture through the constant stream of boats, and eventually retired in safety back to Careenage bay, shortly before daylight.

We lost a friend on the 14th March, Captain Craigie, Royal Engineers, who had never missed a day's work since the 7th October, when he laid out the first battery. He had just been relieved by Captain Wolseley,* 90th Light Infantry, who was lent to the Engineers for duty, and had reached the Middle Ravine, where, in the act of lighting his pipe, he was struck down by a mortar shell, greatly regretted by all of us. Lord Wolseley had no difficulty in showing me the place (August, 1894), for the covered way from the 21 gun battery into the Middle Ravine still exists. A little further South, *i.e.*, higher up the ravine, there is a cluster of trees, marking the French burying-place, opened after they relieved our 2nd Division on the extreme Right attack. The French are a practical people in war, and added a length to the grave pit every morning, so that it was

* Now Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley.

always ready for the corpses, which were stripped and buried as soon as the soldiers were dead.

On the 22nd March, the Russians attacked the French near the Mamelon early in the evening, and later got into an advanced battery, a small bugler about 16 years of age sounding the advance on our parapet until he fell, from a volley, pierced by seven bullets. The Russians, led by a Circassian Chief, were for some minutes in the battery, and the Circassian not knowing any one was in the magazine, tried to explode it, but was shot by the gunner, who had slept soundly till it was too late for him to retire with his comrades. A working party of 250 men of the 90th Light Infantry was at hand, and the Russians were driven back with loss.

Next day a flag of truce was arranged to bury the dead, and I was sent to the battery with a large piece of calico, which I handed over to the senior officer, with the order to hoist it at 12.30 P.M., and then hurried on to our most advanced trench to try and reach the Mamelon before sentries were posted. While waiting, I amused myself by shouting and throwing stones at five of our soldiers, who, not having been relieved at daylight, had remained out in front, and had made themselves as small as possible in the grass. They were so sound asleep that they never awoke until I shook them. I ran on to the front, and after picking up and sending back a wounded Russian from the Northern side of the ravine, I got on to the ridge connecting the Mamelon and Malakoff, when I was stopped by a Russian officer; not, however, before I had time to look at the fall of the ground to the North of the ridge, which was my main object, since it was there the Russians would inevitably form up their reserves to retake the Mamelon after the French had carried it by assault, which was then in contemplation. Sentries were now placed, and for two hours we chatted, some few Russian officers speaking English, and several being conversant with French.

During the cessation of hostilities, some Russian officers remarked on the excellent practice made by a 68-pounder gun in the 21-gun battery, and in-

formed us that they had one of equally heavy calibre, with which they meant the following morning to silence our gun which had done them much damage. The challenge was eagerly accepted. Soon after daylight next morning the Russian gun opened fire, and was answered, shot by shot, from our right 68-pounder, no other guns taking part in this duel. Our practice was superior to that of the foe, and after we had fired our 17th shot, the Russians "ceased firing" and dropped a mantlet over the embrasure, thus admitting that their gun was silenced.

Captain Peel, who had gone on board when the *Diamond's* detachment re-embarked, came back on the 2nd April with 200 bluejackets from his new command, H.M.S. *Leander*, and took me as his aide-de-camp, but on the 6th I nearly lost the appointment. On coming into the battery from the advance, several men shouted "Look up, sir!" and I saw a mortar shell in the air over my head, but though it fell close to me it failed to burst. I valued the appointment not only for its connecting me more closely with one I admired so much but because it gave me forage for my pony. Feeding it in the depth of winter had been a serious difficulty, and some of my methods were not such as I can now commend, although my pony had done public service throughout the siege. Elsworth* and I, in one of our earliest visits to Balaklava, had observed the stacks of barley on the wharves laid out for the ration parties, and later, we took the pony down, I carrying somewhat ostentatiously a bottle of rum, the accumulation of my ration. The sentry perceiving the rum, pony, and two men with lashings, walked to the end of his beat and looked toward the mouth of the harbor till we had balanced and lashed a sack on the saddle, when, as we departed, he returned and picked up my rum rations from between two sacks. For a week or ten days only this source failed us, and during this time the pony was fed on biscuits and loaves of bread bought in the French camp. I built a shanty for it, gave it one of my blankets, and it was never sick or sorry.

* *Fortnightly Review*, October, page 493.

On one occasion I profited by the animal's sagacity and memory of localities. I had been sent with a message, and as night closed in, losing my way, I rode close up to the Russian lines near where the Allies joined hands. I perceived my mistake but could not identify my position, so threw the reins on the pony's neck. It wheeled sharply round and carried me straight back to our camp.

At 2 A.M. on the 18th June, 1855, when I was going out with the storming party, I tied up the pony to a gun in the 21-gun battery, and never saw it again till late in July, when we met under the following extraordinary circumstances: I had been ten days on board H.M.S. *Queen*, off Sevastopol, and in Therapia hospital for nearly a month, when, as my wound showed no inclination to heal, I was sent to Constantinople, and embarked for Portsmouth. The ship sprung a leak next day, and we were transferred to another ship which was actually under weigh, when to our great disgust we were ordered by signal to anchor, and wait for two officers and two horses. These were Major Foster, 4th Dragoon Guards, with his charger, and Major Radcliffe,† 20th Regiment, and my pony, which neighed with delight on seeing me. Neither officer knew anything about the pony. I learnt later that a captain of a merchant vessel owned by my uncle, Mr. Western Wood, had visited the camp after I was wounded, and at the request of my messmates, had got the pony taken to Constantinople by a friend. It lived at my mother and sister's home, in Essex, till 1883.

Early in April, Lord Raglan, accompanied by Sir Harry Jones, walked round the Right attack, and on reaching the guns under my charge, he complained of fatigue and asked where he could sit down. Sir Harry Jones desired us to place some shell boxes near the 68-pounder as a seat for the Commander-in-Chief. Possibly neither was aware that this gun was drawing most of the desultory fire then being carried on. The Engineer-in-Chief went away to the other part of the battery, and

had scarcely left us when a shot cut through the parapet six inches above Lord Raglan's head, smothering him with stones and earth. As he stood up to shake the earth off his head, calm and unmoved as usual, he said "Quite close enough."

It rained all night of the 8th-9th April, and when we went to our guns in the morning, the water was up to the level of the platforms which were raised about a foot above the ground in the trench in which the battery was formed. The Russians apparently did not anticipate our renewing the bombardment that morning, and must have had very few gun detachments in their batteries as neither the Malakoff nor the Redan answered our fire for some time. Soon after we had opened, an Aide-de-Camp came down and ordered us to cease firing immediately, and block up the embrasures, as it was considered that the weather was too inclement. We had scarcely complied with the order when another messenger arrived, desiring us to reopen immediately. I had charge of three guns, one an 8-inch 65 cwt. gun and two long 32-pounders. With the 8-inch gun, which was manned by men who had served in the first bombardment, we soon got the range and made good practice, but the shooting of the 32-pounder guns' crews, furnished by H.M.S. *Leander*, was very wild and eventually, by verifying the laying of the No. 1, I found both were short-sighted. While I was getting the range with the centre gun, the Captain of the right-hand gun fired such erratic shots that I ordered him to "cease firing," when No. 3, the Loader, by name Michael Hardy, asked if the guns' crew might "change rounds," and that he might take the duties of No. 1. This I sanctioned, and after two rounds he got on the target a gun in the Malakoff battery, and made excellent practice.

The Russians answered our fire slowly,* but carefully, and during the first hour's work the embrasure of the 8-inch

* There was a scarcity of ammunition for a time, and Colonel Todleben was obliged on one occasion to empty infantry cartridges to provide powder for a battery.

† Now General Radcliffe, C.B.

gun which drew the greatest portion of the fire was cut down and rebuilt three times. After firing between two and three hours, the 8-inch gun, which stood in the angle of the battery, the right half of which fired at the Malakoff, while the left half fired at the Redan, became so hot that we were obliged to "cease firing," and the men released from their work crowded up on the raised platform so as to stand out of the water, which in the dug-out trench was half-way up to their knees. The other two guns remained in action.

It was important to observe exactly the first impact of each shot, which, with a steady platform for the telescope, I was able to effect, calling out "10 yards to the right," or "20 yards short," as it struck the parapet or ground! I was resting my left hand with the telescope on the 8-inch gun, and was steadying my right hand on the shoulder of Charles —, 1st class boy, while I checked the practice of the centre and right-hand gun, when a man handed round the grog for the gun's crew then out of action. The boy asked me to move my elbow while he drank his grog, so that he might not shake me, and on receiving the pannikin he stood up, and was in the act of drinking, when a shot from the Redan, coming obliquely across us, took off his head, the body falling on my feet. At this moment, Michael Hardy, having just fired his gun, was "serving the vent." This consists in stopping all current of air from the gun which, if allowed to pass up the vent, would cause any sparks remaining after the explosion to ignite the fresh cartridge. Hardy, like the rest of the gun's crew, had turned up his sleeves and trousers as high as he could get them; his sailor's shirt was open low on the neck and chest. His face,

neck, and clothes were covered with the contents of the boy's head; to lift the thumb from the vent might occasion the death of Nos. 3 and 4, the Loader, and Sponger, who were then *ramming home*; but he never flinched. Without moving his right thumb from the vent, with the left hand he wiped the boy's brains from his face and eyes as he looked round on us. Those sitting near me were speechless, startled, as indeed was I, for I had felt the wind of the shot, which passed within six inches of my face, when we were awakened to a sense of the situation by Hardy's somewhat contemptuous exhortation as he thus addressed the men: "You — fools, what the hell are you looking at? Is the man dead, take his carcase away; isn't he dead, take him to the doctor." "Jim, are you home?"—this was said to No. 3, the Loader, who was in the act of giving the final tap on ramming home the fresh charge, and on getting the answer, "Yes," without bestowing another look at us, or possibly even seeing me, Hardy gave the order to his gun's crew, "Run out, Ready."

I saw a great deal of Hardy after this episode, for always going to battery together, he carried down my blanket and tea-bottle, receiving my allowance of rum for his services. He was in many ways a remarkable man, for, having been stationed on shore for a little time in Eupatoria, he collected, doubtless by questionable means, some ponies, which he used to let out on hire to the officers of the fleet for a ride. Brave beyond description, he was an excellent sailor in all respects when kept away from drink, but any excess rendered him unmanageable. I shall relate his heroic end in the next Number of these Reminiscences.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE GREAT ASTRONOMERS.

BY SIR ROBERT BALL, F.R.S.

JOHN HERSCHEL.

THIS illustrious son of an illustrious father was born at Slough, near Windsor, on the 7th March, 1792. He was the only child of Sir William Herschel, who had married somewhat late in life.

The surroundings among which the young astronomer was reared afforded him excellent training for that career on which he was to enter, and in which he was destined to attain a fame only less brilliant than that of his father. The circumstances of his youth permitted him to enjoy one great advantage which was denied to the elder Herschel. He was able, from his childhood, to devote himself almost exclusively to intellectual pursuits.

John Herschel entered St. John's College, Cambridge, when he was seventeen years of age. His university career abundantly fulfilled his father's earnest desire that his only son should develop a capacity for the pursuit of science. After obtaining many lesser distinctions, he finally came out as Senior Wrangler in 1813. It was indeed a notable year in the mathematical annals of the University. Second on that list, in which Herschel's name was first, appeared that of the illustrious Peacock, afterward Dean of Ely, who remained throughout life one of Herschel's most intimate friends.

Almost immediately after taking his degree, Herschel gave evidence of possessing a special aptitude for original scientific investigation. He sent to the Royal Society a mathematical paper which was published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Doubtless the splendor that attached to the name he bore assisted him in procuring an early recognition of his own great powers. Certain it is that he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society at the unprecedentedly early age of twenty-one. Even after this remarkable encouragement to adopt a scientific career as the business of his life, it does not seem that John Herschel at first contemplated devoting

himself exclusively to science. He commenced to prepare for the profession of the law by entering as a student at the Middle Temple, and reading with a practising barrister.

But a lawyer John Herschel was not destined to become. Fortunately for science Herschel found its pursuit so attractive that he was led, as his father had been before him, to give up his whole life to the advancement of knowledge. By the time he was twenty-nine he had published so much mathematical work, and his researches were considered to possess so much merit, that the Royal Society awarded him the Copley Medal, which was the highest distinction in its power.

At the death of his father in 1822, John Herschel, with his tastes already formed for a scientific career, found himself in the possession of ample means. To him also passed all his father's great telescopes and apparatus. These material aids, together with a dutiful sense of filial obligation, decided him to make practical astronomy the main work of his life. He would continue to its completion that great survey of the heavens which had already been inaugurated, and indeed so largely accomplished, by his father.

The first systematic piece of practical astronomical work which John Herschel undertook was connected with the measurement of what are known as "double stars." It should be observed, that there are in the heavens a number of instances in which two stars are seen in very close association. In the case of those objects to which the expression "double stars" is generally applied, the two luminous points are so close together that even though they might each be quite bright enough to be visible to the unaided eye, yet their proximity is such that they cannot be distinguished as two separate objects without optical aid. The two stars seem fused together into one. In the telescope, however, the bodies may sometimes be discerned separately,

though they are frequently so close together that it taxes the utmost power of the instrument to indicate the division between them.

The appearance presented by a double star might arise from the circumstance that two stars which, though really separated from each other by prodigious distances, happen to lie so nearly in the same line of vision, that, from our point of view, they appear close together on the sky. No doubt, many of the so-called double stars could be accounted for on this supposition. Indeed, in the early days when but few double stars were known, and when telescopes were not powerful enough to exhibit the numerous close doubles which have since been brought to light, there seems to have been a tendency to regard all double stars as merely perspective effects. It was not at first suggested that there could be any physical connection between the components of each pair. The appearance presented was regarded as merely due to the circumstance that the line joining the two bodies happened to pass near the earth.

In the early part of his career, Sir William Herschel seems to have entertained the view then generally held by other astronomers with regard to the nature of the stellar pairs. The great observer therefore thought that the double stars could be made to afford a means of solving that problem in which so many of the observers of the skies had been engaged, namely, the determination of the stars from the earth. Herschel saw that the displacement of the earth in its annual movement round the sun would produce an apparent shift in the place of the nearer of the two stars relatively to the other, supposed to be much more remote. If this shift could be measured, then the distance of the nearer of the stars could be estimated with some degree of precision.

As has not unfrequently happened in the history of science, an effect was perceived of a very different nature from that which had been anticipated. If the apparently relative places of the two stars had been deranged merely in consequence of the motion of the earth, then the phenomenon would be an an-

nual one. After the lapse of a year the two stars would have regained their original relative positions. This was the effect for which William Herschel was looking. In certain of the so-called double stars, Herschel, no doubt, did find a movement. He detected the remarkable fact that both the apparent distance and the relative positions of the two bodies were changing. But what was his surprise to observe that these alterations were not of an annually periodic character. It became evident that in some cases one of the component stars was actually revolving round the other, in an orbit which required many years for its completion.

In consequence of this beautiful discovery, the attention of astronomers was directed to the subject of double stars with a degree of interest which these objects had never before excited. It was therefore not unnatural that John Herschel should have been attracted to this branch of astronomical work. Admiration for his father's discovery alone might have suggested that the son should strive to develop this territory newly opened up to research. But it also happened that the mathematical talents of the younger Herschel inclined his inquiries in the same direction. He saw clearly that, when sufficient observations of any particular binary star had been accumulated, it would then be within the power of the mathematician to elicit from those observations the shape and the size of the path which each of the revolving stars described around the other. Indeed, in some cases he would be able to perform the astonishing feat of determining from his calculations the weight of these distant suns, and thus be enabled to compare them with the mass of our own sun.

But this work must follow the observations, it could not precede them. The first step was therefore to observe and to measure with the utmost care, the positions and distances of those particular double stars which appear to offer the greatest promise in this special research. In 1821, Herschel and a friend of his, Mr. James South, agreed to work together with this object. South was a medical man with an ardent devotion to science, and

possessed of considerable wealth. He procured the best astronomical instruments that money could obtain, and became a most enthusiastic astronomer and a practical observer of tremendous energy. Mr. South, or rather, Sir James South, as he afterward became, filled a somewhat peculiar position in the scientific history of his time. We may hear of him again in the course of these papers.

South and John Herschel worked together for two years, in the re-observation and measurements of the double stars discovered by Sir William Herschel. In the course of this time their assiduity was rewarded by the accumulation of so great a mass of careful measurements, that when published, they formed quite a volume in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

This work must, however, be regarded as merely introductory to the main labors of John Herschel's life. His father, as we have seen, devoted the greater part of his years as an observer to what he called his "sweeps" of the heavens. The great reflecting telescope, twenty feet long, was moved slowly up and down through an arc of about two degrees, toward and from the pole, while the celestial panorama passed slowly in the course of the diurnal motion before the keenly watching eye of the astronomer. Whenever a double star traversed the field Herschel described it to his assistant, who was invariably his sister Caroline, and she noted down the particulars as she sat by his side. When a nebula appeared, then he estimated its size and its brightness, he noticed whether it had a nucleus, or whether it had stars disposed toward it in any significant manner. He also set down any other circumstance which he deemed worthy of record.

John Herschel undertook the important task of reobserving the various double stars and nebulae which had been discovered during those memorable vigils. The son, however, lacked one inestimable advantage which had been possessed by the father. John Herschel had no assistant who discharged all those duties which Caroline had so efficiently accomplished. He had, therefore, to modify the system

of sweeping previously adopted in order to enable all the work both of observing and of recording to be done by himself. This, in many ways, was a great drawback to the work of the younger astronomer. The division of labor between the observer and the scribe enables a greatly increased quantity of work to be accomplished. It is also rather disadvantageous to an observer to have to use his eye at the telescope directly after it has been employed for reading the graduations on a circle, by the light of a lamp, or for entering memoranda in a note book. Nebulae, especially, are often so excessively faint that they can only be properly observed by an eye which is in that highly sensitive condition which is obtained by long continuance in darkness.

But nevertheless John Herschel did great work during his "sweeps." He was specially particular to note all the double stars which presented themselves to his observation. Of course some little discretion must be allowed in deciding as to what degree of proximity in adjacent stars does actually bring them within the category of "double stars." Sir John set down all such objects as seemed to him likely to be of interest, and the results of his discoveries in this branch of astronomy amount to some thousands. Six or seven great memoirs in the *Transactions* of the Royal Astronomical Society have been devoted to giving an account of his labors in this department of astronomy.

One of the achievements by which Sir John Herschel is best known was his invention of a method by which the orbits of binary stars could be determined. It will be observed that when one star revolves around another in consequence of the law of gravitation the orbit described must be an ellipse. This ellipse is, however, generally speaking, not turned squarely toward us, for it is easily seen that only under highly exceptional circumstances would the plane in which the stars move happen to be directly square to the line of view. It therefore follows that what we observe is not exactly the track of one star around the other; it is rather the projection of

that track as seen on the surface of the sky. Now it is remarkable that this apparent path is still an ellipse. Herschel contrived a very ingenious and simple method by which he could discover from the observations the actual size and position of the ellipse, in which the revolution actually takes place. He showed how, from the study of the apparent orbit of the star, and from certain measurements which could easily be effected upon it, the determination of the true ellipse in which the movement is performed could be arrived at. In other words, Herschel solved in a beautiful manner the problem of finding the true orbits of double stars. The importance of this work may be inferred from the fact that it has served as the basis on which scores of other investigators have studied the fascinating subject of the movement of binary stars.

These labors, both in the discovery and measurement of the double stars, and in the discussion of the observations with the object of finding the orbits of such stars among them as are in actual revolution, received due recognition in yet another gold medal awarded by the Royal Society on the 30th November, 1833, during his absence from England. This absence was not merely an episode of interest in the career of Herschel, it was the occasion of one of the greatest scientific expeditions in the whole history of astronomy.

Herschel had, as we have seen, undertaken a revision of his father's "sweeps" for new objects in those skies which are visible from our latitudes in the northern hemisphere. He had well-nigh completed this task. Zone by zone the whole of the heavens which could be observed from Windsor had passed under his review. He had added hundreds to the list of nebulae discovered by his father. He had announced thousands of double stars. At last, however, the great survey was accomplished. The contents of the northern hemisphere, so far at least as they could be disclosed by a telescope of twenty feet focal length, had been in their main features revealed.

But Herschel felt that this mighty task had to be supplemented by an-

other of almost equal proportions, before it could be said that the twenty-foot telescope had done its work. It was only the northern half of the celestial sphere which had been fully explored. The southern half was almost virgin territory, for no other astronomer was possessed of a telescope of such power as those which the Herschels had used. It is true, of course, that as a certain margin of the southern hemisphere was visible from these latitudes, it had been more or less scrutinized by observers in northern skies. And the glimpses they had thus obtained of the celestial objects in the southern sky were such as to make an eager astronomer to long for a closer acquaintance with the celestial wonders of the south. The most glorious object in the sidereal heavens, the Great Nebula in Orion, lies indeed in that southern hemisphere to which the younger Herschel's attention now became directed. It fortunately happens, however, for votaries of astronomy, all the world over, that Nature has kindly placed her most astounding object, the Great Nebula in Orion, in such a favored position near the equator that from a considerable range of latitudes, both north and south, the wonders of the Nebula can be explored. There are grounds for thinking that the southern heavens contain noteworthy objects which, on the whole, are nearer to the solar system than are the noteworthy objects in the northern skies. The nearest star whose distance is known, Alpha Centauri, lies in the southern hemisphere, and so also does the most splendid cluster.

Influenced by the desire to explore these wonders, Sir John Herschel determined to take his great telescope to a southern station, and thus complete his survey of the sidereal heavens. The latitude of the Cape of Good Hope is such that a suitable site could be there found for his purpose. The beauty of the climate, and the purity of the skies in South Africa, promised to provide for the astronomer those clear nights which his delicate task of surveying the Nebulae would require.

On November 13, 1833, Sir John Herschel, who had by this time received the honor of knighthood from

William IV., sailed from Portsmouth for the Cape of Good Hope, taking with him his gigantic instruments. After a voyage of two months, which was considered to be a fair passage in those days, he landed in Table Bay. Upon duly reconnoitring various localities he decided to place his observatory at a place called Feldhausen, about six miles from Cape Town, near the base of the Table Mountain. A commodious residence was there available, and in it he settled with his family. A temporary building was erected to contain the equatorial, but the great twenty-foot telescope was accommodated with no more shelter than is provided by the open canopy of heaven.

As in his earlier researches at home, the attention of the great astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope was chiefly directed to the measurement of the distances and positions of the double stars, and to the close examination of the nebulae. In the delineation of the form of these latter objects Herschel found ample employment for his skilful pencil. Many of the drawings he has made of the celestial wonders in the southern sky are admirable examples of celestial portraiture.

The number of the nebulae, and of those kindred objects, the star clusters, which Herschel studied in the southern heavens, during four years of delightful labor, amount in all to one thousand seven hundred and seven. His notes on their appearance and the determinations of their positions, as well as his measurements of double stars, and much other valuable astronomical work, have been published in a splendid volume, brought out at the cost of the Duke of Northumberland. This is, indeed, a monumental work, full of most interesting and instructive reading for any one who has a taste for astronomy.

Herschel had the good fortune to be at the Cape on the occasion of the periodical return of Halley's great comet in 1835. To the study of this body he gave assiduous attention, and the records of his observations form one of the most interesting chapters in that remarkable volume to which we have just referred.

Early in 1838 Sir John Herschel re-

turned to England. He had made many friends at the Cape, who deeply sympathized with his self-imposed labors while he was resident among them. They desired to preserve the recollection of this visit, which would always, they considered, be a source of gratification in the colony. Accordingly, a number of scientific friends at the Cape raised a monument, with a suitable inscription, on the spot which had been occupied by the great twenty-foot reflector at Feldhausen.

Herschel's return to England after three years' absence was naturally an occasion for much rejoicing among the lovers of astronomy. He was entertained at a memorable banquet, and the Queen, at her coronation, made him a baronet. His famous Aunt Caroline, at that time aged eighty, was still in the enjoyment of her faculties, and was able to estimate at its true value the further lustre which was added to the name she bore. But there is reason to believe that her satisfaction was not quite unmixed with other feelings. With whatever favor she might regard her nephew, he was still not the brother to whom her life had been devoted. So jealous was this vigorous old lady of the fame of the great brother William, that she could hardly hear with patience of the achievements of any other astronomer, and this failing existed in some degree even when that other astronomer happened to be the son of her idol.

With Sir John Herschel's survey of the southern hemisphere it may be said that his career as an observing astronomer came to a close. He did not again engage in any systematic telescopic research. But it must not be inferred from this statement that he desisted from active astronomical work. It has been well observed that Sir John Herschel was perhaps the only astronomer who has ever studied with success, and advanced by original research, every department of the great science with which his name is associated. It was to some other branches of astronomy besides those concerned with looking through telescopes, that the rest of the astronomer's life was to be devoted.

To the student Sir John Herschel is

best known by the volume which he published under the title of "Outlines of Astronomy." This is, indeed, a masterly work, in which the characteristic difficulties of the subject are resolutely faced and expounded with as much simplicity as their nature will admit. As a literary effort this work is admirable, both on account of its picturesque language, and the ennobling conceptions of the universe which it unfolds. The student who desires to become acquainted with those recondite departments of astronomy, in which the effects of the disturbing action of one planet upon the motions of another planet are considered, will turn to the chapters in Herschel's famous work on the subject. There he will find this complex matter elucidated without resort to difficult mathematics. Edition after edition of this valuable work has appeared, and though the advances of modern astronomy have left the work somewhat behind the date in certain departments, yet the expositions it contains of the fundamental parts of the science still remain unrivalled.

Another great work which Sir John undertook after his return from the Cape, was a natural climax to those labors on which his father and he had been occupied for so many years. We have already explained how the work of both these observers had been mainly devoted to the study of the nebulae and the star clusters. The results of their discoveries had been announced to the world in numerous isolated memoirs. The disjointed nature of these publications made their use very inconvenient. But still it was necessary for those who desired to follow in Herschel's steps and study the marvellous objects, to have frequent recourse to the original works. To incorporate all the several observations of nebulae into one great systematic catalogue, seemed, therefore, to be an indispensable condition of progress in this branch of knowledge. No one could have been so fitted to undertake this task as Sir John Herschel. He, therefore, attacked and carried through the great undertaking. Thus at last a grand catalogue of nebulae and clusters was produced. Never before was there so majestic an inven-

tory. If we remember that each of the nebulae is an object so vast, that the whole solar system would form an inconsiderable speck by comparison, what are we to think of a collection in which these objects are enumerated in thousands? In this great catalogue we find arranged in systematic order all the nebulae and all the clusters which had been revealed by the diligence of the Herschels, father and son, in the northern hemisphere, and of the son alone in the southern hemisphere. Nor should we omit to mention that the labors of other astronomers were likewise incorporated. It was unavoidable that the descriptions given to each of the objects should be very slight. Abbreviations are used, which indicate that a nebulae is bright, or very bright, or extremely bright; or faint, or very faint, or extremely faint. These words have certainly but a relative and technical meaning in such a catalogue. The nebulae entered as extremely bright by the experienced astronomer would never be so described by one unaccustomed to the study of such delicate telescopic objects. Most of the nebulae, indeed, are so difficult to see, that they admit of but very slight description. It should be observed that Herschel's catalogue augmented the number of known nebulous objects, to more than ten times that collected into any catalogue which had ever been compiled before the days of William Herschel's observing began. But the study of these objects still advances, and the great telescopes now in use could probably show at least twice as many of these objects as are contained in the list of Herschel, of which a new and enlarged edition has since been brought out by Dr. Dreyer.

One of the best illustrations of Sir John Herschel's literary powers is to be found in the address which he delivered at the Royal Astronomical Society, on the occasion of presenting a medal to Mr. Francis Baily, in recognition of his catalogue of stars. The passage I shall here cite places in its proper aspect the true merit of the laborious duty involved in such a task as that which Mr. Baily had carried through with such success:—

"If we ask to what end magnificent

establishments are maintained by states and sovereigns, furnished with masterpieces of art, and placed under the direction of men of first-rate talent and high-minded enthusiasm, sought out for those qualities among the foremost in the ranks of science, if we demand *cui bono?* for what good a Bradley has toiled, or a Maskelyne or a Piazzzi has worn out his venerable age in watching, the answer is—not to settle mere speculative points in the doctrine of the universe; not to cater for the pride of man by refined inquiries into the remoter mysteries of nature; not to trace the path of our system through space, or its history through past and future eternities. These, indeed, are noble ends and which I am far from any thought of depreciating; the mind swells in their contemplation, and attains in their pursuit an expansion and a hardihood which fit it for the boldest enterprise. But the direct practical utility of such labors is fully worthy of their speculative grandeur. The stars are the landmarks of the universe; and, amid the endless and complicated fluctuations of our system, seem placed by its Creator as guides and records, not merely to elevate our minds by the contemplation of what is vast, but to teach us to direct our actions by reference to what is immutable in His works. It is, indeed, hardly possible to over-appreciate their value in this point of view. Every well-determined star, from the moment its place is registered, becomes to the astronomer, the geographer, the navigator, the surveyor, a point of departure which can never deceive or fail him, the same forever and in all places, of a delicacy so extreme as to be a test for every instrument yet invented by man, yet equally adapted for the most ordinary purposes; as available for regulating a town clock as for conducting a navy to

the Indies; as effective for mapping down the intricacies of a petty barony as for adjusting the boundaries of Transatlantic empires. When once its place has been thoroughly ascertained and carefully recorded, the brazen circle with which that useful work was done may moulder, the marble pillar may totter on its base, and the astronomer himself survive only in the gratitude of posterity; but the record remains, and transfuses all its own exactness into every determination which takes it for a groundwork, giving to inferior instruments—nay, even to temporary contrivances, and to the observations of a few weeks or days—all the precision attained originally at the cost of so much time, labor, and expense."

Sir John Herschel wrote many other works besides those we have mentioned. His "*Treatise on Meteorology*" is, indeed, a standard work on this subject, and numerous articles from the same pen on miscellaneous subjects have been collected and reprinted as a relaxation from his severe scientific studies. Like certain other great mathematicians Herschel was also a poet, and he published a translation of the *Iliad* into blank verse.

In his later years Sir John Herschel lived a retired life. For a brief period he had, indeed, been induced to accept the office of Master of the Mint. It was, however, evident that the routine of such an occupation was not in accordance with his tastes. He gladly resigned it, to return to the seclusion of his study in his beautiful home at Collingwood, in Kent.

His health having gradually failed, he died on the 11th May, 1871, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, leaving three sons and eight daughters.—*Good Words*.

THE NEW SECULARISM.

BY WALTER WALSH.

SECULARISM is literally this-world-ism. And though it has come to be popularly identified with a very militant form of unbelief, its essential char-

acteristic is a refusal to be drawn into any kind of speculation, believing or unbelieving. Whether exhibited merely as a secular habit of life, or as a pre-

tentious philosophy of life, it professes devotion to the facts of sense and experience as distinguished from assumptions relating to possible super-sensuous worlds. It does not deny the existence of such worlds, but regards speculation about them as a profitless expenditure of human energy unlikely to furnish helpful motives for the guidance of man's life. The part of wisdom is to understand the laws and master the forces of nature, so to utilize them for present practical and indisputable good. If George Eliot's *other-worldliness* be the extreme positive pole of churchism, *this-worldliness* is the extreme negative pole of materialism.

The old secularism is dead. Peripatetic lecturers may still, in dingy halls and before dingier audiences, galvanize the thing into some convulsive mimicry of life. But Higher Criticism and the New Theology have taken the wind out of the sails of Ingersoll and Foote, while a thousand pulpits are engaged in showing that faith and worship may exist and flourish anew on "the fairy tales of science and the long results of time."

The new secularism comes fifty years after the old, and, like it, is the child of the age. Fifty years ago the splendid audacities of physical science dazzled the eye of faith, and ever since a few men have lived who could not see heaven for the sun. To-day, however, it is the sociological question that engages the deepest attention and attracts the fondest hopes, and it is from this the new secularism springs. The likeness and the difference between the old and the new are apparent at a glance. Both concern themselves primarily with physical conditions—a planet, a human body—but the latter lends itself more freely to the world of sentiment and aspiration. To what extent the new is a development of the old is a question which would lead us too far afield. But assuredly as the older secularism claimed to be a gospel for the whole man, physically considered, it begins to find that it can only fulfil its prophecy through modern socialistic materialism. Man is not all brain, and the bald rationalism of the Hall of Science fails before the positive demands of modern humanitarianism. The age is

impatient of mere negations. It has discovered that man has a back and a belly as well as a brain; and the question how to clothe the one and fill the other has eclipsed public interest in Cain's wife and the mistakes of Moses.

The new secularism is undoubtedly an advance upon the old. It is greater in itself, and has within it vaster possibilities, if also vaster perils. The older secularism threatened at most the Church; the new threatens the State also. It links itself with the positive reform movement, and is fast making itself a power in the realm of politics. Recognizing that the human spirit cannot live by destruction of the theoretically bad, it enlists the humanitarian sentiment of the age in the construction of the supposed practical good. It tries to float the political economy of Marx upon the religious sentiment of Mazzini, and with this twofold appeal to the lower and the higher moves forward to the capture of the modern world. Significant of much is this attempt to enlist religion on the side of revolution. Such monstrous unions have ever accompanied the break up of old orders and the establishment of new. We stand on the confines of two ages, and may expect to see the birth of hybrids.

The evolution of the new secularism out of the old is very conspicuously seen in its doctrine of *environment*. All evil is the result of environment; but change that, and all is well. In the plainest possible language it is affirmed that regeneration must come from without instead of from within. The ideal individual will be developed by the ideal society, not the ideal society by the ideal individual. Here science is dragged in to buttress Socialism, and many earnest reformers have unthinkingly consented to this pernicious heresy of materialism. The equally potent influence of *heredity* is apparently not counted on. The fact that theologians have involved their doctrine of "original sin" in some contempt is allowed to conceal the significance of the other fact that a heredity of selfishness and greed has persisted through countless generations, and is not likely to be eradicated by any change of environment that even So-

cialism can bring about. And if historic religion has made too much of heredity and too little of environment, the remedy is surely not that of a shallow secularism which ignores one-half of science and nearly the whole of religion. If the new secularism will not learn the doctrine of heredity from science, it need not be blind to the plain teaching of history, that the surest way to cheat the body of its rights is to deprive the soul of its privileges, and that to seek the body's good, rather than the soul's, must terminate in ruin to both.

The helplessness of socialistic materialism—speaking of it now in its widest sense—before the great moral questions of life is clearly illustrated by its attitude toward the obstacles which withstand it in the shape of human selfishness, or fear, or even honest distrust and disbelief. Those human souls which will not, or cannot, adapt themselves to the new environment must be coerced into submission, or, in the last extremity, violently dismissed from the scene. With charming *naïveté* it announces its intention to retain the death penalty till the social state is finally established, and then to abolish it as inconsistent with an era of equality. Even those who can hardly be counted among red-cap revolutionaries take no pains to conceal their opinion that the last resort of State Socialists may be to violence, glossing over their threat by appeal to the example of the Puritans and other liberators. "Be my brother, or I will slay thee," is its ultimatum. Surely here is the most abject confession of materialism. For, the cause of Socialism in a country like ours, restrained by no repressive laws, is one that ought to make headway by its own moral influence. Any just and peaceful condition of society must be one that enlists all the moral and spiritual forces of society on its side. Its *methods* as well as its aim must be persuasively moral. If it contemplate physical force, however distantly, it puts itself thereby outside the number of moral forces, and stands revealed as a dead, brute materialism. For it plainly declares that it puts material good above mercy and truth.

A new ideal of character emerges with this social secularism. When the standard of life is removed from character to condition, and when society is made the end of character instead of character the end of society, the personal virtues necessarily recede, and the *social* qualities become conspicuous. Such personal and spiritual virtues as purity, meekness, holiness, patience, are distantly scouted or openly repudiated, while those more immediately related to social conditions—generosity, integrity, courage, good comradeship, and the like—are held up to honor. The idea of a "holy" working man is laughed at as grotesque, and the epithet "godly" would be resented as an insult. These and other attributes specially associated with Christian sainthood are set aside as the infirmities of an individualistic and introspective age. The Christian triad—Faith, Hope, Charity—is entirely suppressed; and even the pagan triad—the True, the Beautiful, the Good—is silently abandoned. In short, the purely natural qualities of mankind are to be trained on whatever side they tend toward the support of the socialistic state; and those which tend toward individual excellence, and what we may call private as distinguished from public virtues, are to be eradicated. Should they prove awkward and troublesome—is not the death-penalty to be retained for a while? This is the refuge of despair to which alone the new secularism can resort in the day of its inevitable disillusionment. Such disillusionment is precisely one which the new ideal of character is least fitted to bear.

There is, it will be seen, an entire consistency between the materialistic social state and the type of citizen who is to constitute it. For it is a state in which the need of "self-sacrifice" will be forever at an end; it is, therefore, perfectly logical to eliminate the sacrificial qualities from the human spirit. Self-sacrifice, like the death-penalty, can only belong to a preparatory individualistic age, or the period of socialistic endeavor; but when the perfect social state has come the need for it will have vanished away. Ascetic virtues will vanish with individualism.

Even now "self-sacrifice," as the distinctive summons of Christianity, leads to a shrugging of the shoulder and a taking of the other side of the street. It is, of course, difficult to see how even in the perfect secular social state children are to be born without maternal sacrifice, and friends to die without sacrificial attempts to save them. Even then, presumably, fire will burn and water drown, and there will, consequently, always be room for some to die for others. And how is mankind to face such a condition of affairs after eliminating the passive and sympathetic virtues? The truth is that the impossible state is that of an unadulterated naturalism, and the typical citizen is a thoroughbred secularist.

While entering upon the undesirable and impossible task of eliminating the private and personal virtues, the new secularism does not make clear its arrangements for eradicating such unsocial vices as envy and covetousness. To declaim against the greed of the capitalist is to provide no effective guarantee against the envy of the laborer. It is just possible that the perfect state may be desired not from a clear view and pure love of abstract justice, but from a muddy and vague feeling of envy in regard to wealth and its possessor. Promotion has silenced a good many demagogues in its day, and power has turned people's men into tyrants. The words of Philip Faulconbridge come in pat :

"Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say there is no vice but beggary."

The new secularism is more daring than the old. It has evolved into a "Church." This is the distinguishing and specific mark of the whole movement. Looking round upon the waste waters of the modern deluge for some landmark, we fix upon the "Labor Church" as the most prominent and the most expressive sign of the times. The Labor Church is far from covering the whole area of the new secularism. On the contrary, it numbers but a few hundreds of people, scattered over about a score of centres, though it claims to be a growing movement. It is not its size, but

its significance that concerns us. It is typical of much. It is the prominent and outstanding feature of a widespread materialism ; the highest and furthest and clearest-defined guide-post of the great army marching forward to possess the kingdom of this world ; the topmost wave of that vast sea of social discontent which surges forward to become the hope and the fear of a new century.

It is in entire harmony with the change from the theological motive to the sociological that, as the old secularism was based on 'disbelief,' so the new is built upon *discontent*. As the old gained its adherents by disbelief of theology, and by trading upon the defects of the Churches, so the new is sweeping multitudes into its net by criticism of political economy, and by fostering the spirit of discontent in the laboring classes. The Labor Church comes in here, and upon this shifting foundation promises to build permanent social good. This is merely to swaddle the new-born babe in its own death-warrant. For just as the old secularism has been dishied by a reverent and believing rationalism, so the new will find its occupation gone before the progress of a genuine radical reform movement. Just as the old exhausted itself in criticism and had no positive help to offer in the direction of a pure Church, so the latter, having cursed Adam Smith and the Liberal party, offers us a practical programme of the thinnest and most phantasmal character. But, not to prophesy before we understand, it admits of no manner of doubt that the Labor Church, as the highest spokesman of the new secularism, puts all the emphasis upon the *material* side of life, and practically ignores the spiritual. Without actually denying the existence of the spiritual, it gives to the spiritual a decidedly inferior place, and definitely postpones its achievement till after the achievement of the physical. All the historic Churches have put the stress upon character ; the Church of the new secularism puts the stress upon *condition*. Religion has always concerned itself chiefly with motive and ideal, with outlook and personality, with all that has been summed up in

the word "soul;" the Labor Church occupies itself chiefly with *circumstance*. The historic religions have invariably started out with God and the worship of God; the new religion of Socialism sets out from *man* and the *service of man*. Christianity has recognized the influence of historic forces and ideals, as well as the inspiration of a future immortal life; the Labor Church breaks with the past, belittles the future, and casts its vote for the *present*. Now the thing that we have here is, if it may be said without offence, a thoroughgoing secularism. It is the old foe with a new face. In view of the fact that the scientific secularism was not, in general, positively atheistic, but simply agnostic or indifferent, it does not seem uncharitable or unjust to consider the Labor Church with its "know not" or "care not" for all the things the historic Churches value most, to be little other than a sociological secularism. Secularism is really a theory of life, rather than a speculative unbelief; and secularism for the sake of unlimited bread and butter does not seem any nobler than secularism for the sake of intellectual liberty. If it be said that the historic Churches did not deny the material side of life, and that the Labor Church does not deny the spiritual side, and that therefore it is merely a question of emphasis, the reply is that in such cases the measure is everything. With certain drugs the measure makes all the difference between sudden death and life-giving sleep. And an institution which, all along the line, lays the emphasis upon things present and temporal and outward and physical, cannot be saved from the charge of secularism merely because it has not openly repudiated the higher complementary arc of life. It is already in tone and temper, and can hardly avoid becoming in good fact, merely another form of Carlyle's "grand idolatry," withstanding the true worship of the Invisible. The lower elements in such a movement are predestined to trample down the higher. This danger is quite apparent to some of the members of the Labor Church, and they are struggling with pathetic earnestness to avert it. But the secular spirit will defeat

them, nourished by a thousand secular influences, while the religious spirit is systematically starved. The diet of positive religion served up on Labor Church tables is too poor and unsatisfying to fortify the soul against the materializing tendencies of the whole socialistic movement. It would be, of course, unfair to charge upon the Labor Church every low ideal and every degenerate motive cherished by its allies. Probably it would formally repudiate some of these. But that does not alter the fact that it prefers to work, and even to "worship," with men who profess them, rather than with those who profess distinctively Christian ideals and motives. It prefers the fellowship of the Socialist *plus* Secularism, to that of the Christian *minus* Socialism. Eliminate the common factor—Socialism—from this simple equation, and we get the religious ally of the Labor Church. It may sometimes blush for the utter carnality of its ally's utterances; it may cry, "Out, damned spot," but it has no "perfumes of Arabia" to "sweeten" them. It is powerless to infuse a nobler spirit, powerless to lift the thing above temporalities, powerless to control the portentous Frankenstein it has helped to raise. The religious "principles" it confesses are too thin and ghostly—marrowless as the bones of Banquo. "It shall be even as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty; or as when a thirsty man dreameth, and behold, he drinketh; but he awaketh, and behold, he is faint, and his soul hath appetite." It is true that one who is privileged to address a Labor Church audience will not lack response to the higher elements of his message; but that is merely because his hearers have, for the most part, been trained in one or other of the historic Churches and possess therefore a developed religious sentiment. The Labor Church has still to prove that it can raise its own religious people; that it will produce religious Mazzinis and not mere revolutionary Marxes. It would not be impossible perhaps to lay hold of this movement, and lift it up to Mazzini, but on present lines and with present agencies it can but drag every

man who continues to adhere to it down to the level of Marx. Signs are not wanting even now that the political economy of the German revolutionist is more potent within its borders than the lofty spirituality of the Italian prophet.

The union between the Labor Church and the Independent Labor party is proof enough. Frankly and avowedly the Labor Church is the handmaiden of the Independent Labor party; and the Independent Labor party is socialistic in the Marxian sense. The most welcome preachers at the Labor Church are members of the Independent Labor party, and their tone and topics do not greatly differ from those adopted on political platforms, though displayed on Sundays, and in a society that calls itself a Church. Its literary organ is mainly staffed by members of the Independent Labor party, and the men whom it delights to honor by pen and portrait are Parliamentary candidates of that party. Members of the Independent Labor party are not necessarily members of the Labor Church, but every member of the Labor Church is also a member of the Independent Labor party, and the whole aim and tendency is to make the two bodies actually coterminous. The result is another curious hybrid—a grotesque version of the mediæval conjunction of the "spiritual" and the "secular" powers! Whereto this thing will grow, and what it portends, is matter for the modern democracy to see to. What it serves our present purpose to note is that the names to conjure with before a Labor Church audience, the names which evoke the wildest storms of applause, are precisely those of the representatives of the "secular" power. The political agitator, not the religious reformer, is the canonized saint and the declared apostle of the Labor Church.

Now, without prejudice to the Independent Labor party or the Labor Church regarded as political agencies, it is very difficult to see where the influence is to come from to make the Labor Church a religious body in any accepted sense of that term. It allies itself with, fosters, and even makes itself subservient to influences which

the historic religions have usually felt it necessary to control and correct. It utterly refuses to bear witness to the unseen and eternal as paramount over the seen and temporal. It rather encourages and emphasizes the physical side of human life. Instead of supplying the antidote to the lower materializing tendencies of the times, it blesses and sanctifies them, and elevates them to the dignity of a "religion." Like Philip the Bastard, it aims

"Not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth."

So far from being modified, these general conclusions are strengthened and confirmed by a closer examination of the creed and practice of the Labor Church. That Church reverses absolutely the method of historic religion. Instead of beginning with character and working out to condition, it begins with condition and endeavors to work back to character. It recognizes, indeed, the "moral" laws of God, but, apparently, not so much in the spiritual sense as in the ethical sense of *mores*, the *manners* of society. Its practical programme is an attempt to give effect to what it calls the "economic laws of God," meaning thereby the principles of the projected socialistic state. Its idea of the kingdom of God excludes the deep, pregnant warning of Jesus: "*Say not, lo, here! or lo, there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you*," and fixes exclusively upon its external sense of a visible secular state where there shall be plenty to eat and drink. The foundation article of its creed—that *the Labor movement is a religious movement*—seems to imply that, though the historic Churches have failed to make every religious man a worker, it will be easy for a Labor Church to make every worker a religious man, and appears to derive from the partial failure of the former to secure the universal obligation to labor, some strong assurance of its own success. It would, of course, be a gross injustice to ignore, in this connection, the distinction between secular and sensual. The Labor Church cares for the higher ideals of life,

for leisure and self-improvement, and art and culture, and only declares for food and wages and socialistic laws as necessary preliminaries to these. But in seeking them it reverses the order of things stated by the Founder of Christianity, and anticipates that when it has first secured all temporal *other things*—the eating, the drinking, and the clothing—the kingdom of heaven will be thrown into the bargain. Every appeal of historic Christianity is reversed by the new Church of Socialism. It speaks, not about sin, but about sociology; not of penitence, but of reform; of economics, but not of faith. It aspires to satisfy the body rather than the soul, aims at *goods* rather than goodness, and denounces ill conditions rather than vicious inclinations. Its Devil is not evil personified, but an economic spectre called Capitalism; and the Devil's wife is not Sin, as Milton thought, but Competition. No reversal could be more complete. The pendulum has swung the other way with a vengeance!

The attitude of the socialistic movement toward God may surely be illustrated on its best side by the Labor Church. Here the whole stress is laid upon *man* and the *service of man*, rather than upon God and the worship of God. It is true that the Labor Church explicitly retains the word "God" in its constitution, although it properly enough counts avowed atheists within its pale; but it also explicitly states that it allows every man to "develop his own relations to the Power that brought him into being." This is as it should be. But the curious thing is that this praiseworthy freedom as regards theology is associated with a severe dogmatism in respect to economics. The Labor Church is a Church of avowed Socialists of the thoroughgoing State order. Its uniting bond, we are told, is a social doctrine. It may be assumed, without uncharitableness, that none but one who accepted the uniting social doctrine could be perfectly at home within it. It holds that men who are actively united in the socialistic propaganda through the week should not be divided on Sundays; and it is precisely still further to consolidate and push the

propaganda that the Labor Church exists.

It is this avowed secular programme that alienates friends otherwise sympathetic; and it is this attempt to foist a new dogmatism upon the age in the name of economics that excites their active opposition. Once more we have an exact reversal of historic religion. The Churches have been fettered as respected theology, but free as respected economics. The Labor Church is free in theology and fettered in economics. Churchism has insisted upon particular views of God, and left economics an open question. Socialism leaves God an open question, and insists upon a particular view of economics. The historic Churches say that men who have been divided in their opinions and labors all the week—Socialists, Tories, Radicals, and what not—may meet together in the common worship of God on Sundays. The Labor Church says that social economics must divide men on Sundays as well as weekdays. Is there here any gain to humanity? On the contrary, this new dogmatism will be found not less, but more intolerant and intolerable than the old. Religious intolerance was accompanied by many modifying and restraining influences which the intolerance of a secular theory of life must entirely lack.

This secularizing of the idea of life is, at the lowest, a doubtful and dangerous experiment. Even assuming socialistic economics to be sound, to put ethics before religion, and conduct before worship; to weaken the union between the human deed and the divine motive; to seek to realize the Fatherhood of God through the brotherhood of man, is to reverse all tried and tested ways of promoting human virtue and happiness. It is to plant the tree with its roots in the air, or to cause the stream to flow backward in its channel.

An institution which is avowedly based on these lines may expect to be challenged as to the appropriateness of calling itself a "Church." A "Church" has invariably been supposed to begin with God and work toward man, to go from worship to service. It may be doubted that sentiment and devotion will continue to furnish adequate motive-power in that

"Church" which endeavors to work from service to worship and from man to God. A Church that does not exist primarily for the worship of God is not unlikely to prove a far weaker force for reform than the historic Churches, and to end in becoming a more bitter delusion and a meaner imposture than most critics would pronounce them to be. The secularistic character of this religion of Socialism is seen with unmistakable clearness in its absolute defiance of the past and its practical indifference to the future. The word "historic" has been frequently applied throughout this paper to existing Churches and religions to distinguish them from the Labor Church. The Labor Church has no history, it desires none. It definitely breaks with the religious past, and attempts to construct an entirely new form of religion on the basis of the modern Labor movement. It speaks scornfully of "dead issues," about which the Christian Churches have concerned themselves, and thinks a Church may be framed purely on the "living issues" of to-day. The three outward and visible signs of the historic continuity of the Churches are the ordinances, the Bible, and the historic Christ. But the Labor Church has no ordinances, not even the shadowy imitation of them practised by Mrs. Humphry Ward's Elsmere brotherhood. It has no Bible; it culls its public readings from all literature. It has no Christ; it desires to be distinctly dissociated from all that we connect with that name. Absolutely, it breaks with the past and appeals to men on the simple ground of modern life and modern necessities.

Here is one of the chief characteristics of the old secularism brought to perfection in the higher modern evolution. For it was precisely its lack of the historic sense which brought its chief bewilderments upon its head. It seemed absolutely incapable of applying the principle of development to religious beliefs. But assuredly in its socialistic form it has blossomed forth into the *ne plus ultra* of modernism. An institution which deliberately cuts itself off from the human inheritance and plants itself in the shallow soil of the present stands confessed as a mere

secular expediency. It is not for the ages, but for an age. All the greatest human needs are as old as humanity, and the effort to supply them has created the grandest and most inspiring associations of history. To wilfully renounce the gathered past in the realm of religion is to outlaw one's self from the legitimate heirship of the ages and to empty the present of its richest and most potent influences. To improve the growth of a tree by lopping off unfruitful branches is the part of the reformer, and may never have been more necessary than now; but to drain off the sap from the whole trunk is to play the part of a destroyer. In a world so old as ours no one can take an absolutely fresh start. The attempt can only be likened to an act of suicide committed in the cradle. It could only be made under the regnancy of the secular spirit.

As with the past so with the future. The question of future life and immortality is one the Labor Church simply drops out as apparently not necessary to the fulness of the Labor religion. So far as it is concerned the perspective of life is determined by the grave. Individuals are no doubt free to console themselves by whatever reminiscences of historic religious teaching linger with them; but by its absolute silence the new religion of Socialism declares that the life that now is is sufficient, and that to live for this life is the whole duty of man.

Beyond doubt this is to voice the sentiment of the entire new school of secularism. In its eagerness to insist upon an adequate sustenance for the body it is ready to relinquish the hopes of the spirit and to deprive the bereaved mourner of the consolations of a hereafter. Rather than weaken that spirit of discontent to which its appeal is made, it dashes the cup of life from the dying lip and suffers the bruised and beaten victims of man's inhumanity to pass away unsustained by hope in God's justice and mercy. If this were not so insanely foolish it would be infamously criminal. The same shallow political economy which sneers at "thrift" and "self-help" because they seem to bar the way to that universal discontent which can alone produce the

social revolution, sneers at the hope of heaven because it seems to reconcile the poor to their poverty. It has no bitterer taunt to fling at historic Christianity than that it has bribed the poor with the promise of heaven and prevented revolution by fear of future punishment. Historic religion has, it says, prescribed "pills for social earthquakes," and as State Socialism contemplates nothing less than such an earthquake, it is anxious to get the patient to decline the pill. Historic religion has given "drafts upon the hereafter," and as State Socialism desires all its portion here and now, it is, in extreme cases, anxious to persuade the poor man that there is no hereafter to honor his draft, and, in all cases, that his wisdom lies in insisting upon the draft being drawn entirely upon the present. This plain and unvarnished secularism holds the field in the publications of the socialistic movement; it is the food dished up in weekly labor papers to thousands of working-class readers. The social revolution is furthered by the deliberate sacrifice of eternal hope, and the well-springs of faith are being either ignorantly muddled or intentionally poisoned, in the name of the unemployed, the tramp, and the pauper.

This, then, is the highest utterance of the new secularism. The religion of Socialism has at length articulated itself, and we now understand that socialistic orthodoxy is neither the amiable sentiment of the "Christian Socialist" on the one hand, nor the fierce atheism of the red-flag revolutionist on the other, but a thorough-paced resolve to realize all the material good of this life by drawing upon such of the eternal powers as best suit that purpose, and passing by the rest.

The air greatly wants clearing, just at present. The enthusiastic Christian reformer has hastened to label himself a "Socialist," without clearly seeing the kind of alliance to which he is committing himself; while the benevolent politician airily explains that "we are all Socialists now," without in the least desiring to endorse the secular theory of life which underlies the movement. It is too late in the day, happily, to revive the foolish terrors of religious

bigotry, and to denounce Socialism in politics as equivalent to atheism in religion. But that need not blind us to the true temper and spirit of the socialistic state and its avowed advocate.

These lines are not written by way of defence of the historic Churches, or as an argument for content and do-nothingism. Far from it. It were better for paralysis to overtake a human hand than that it should write anything to confirm and increase the paralysis of the Churches. The splendid self-abandonment of some of those upon whom these pages may seem to press hardly leaves without excuse those whose indifference and complacency stamp them as Churchists rather than Christians, and should silence the unchivalrous tongues of those who, while boasting of a purer creed and a devout spirit, contemplate without horror and self-reproach the pass to which society is brought in this supreme juncture. Between Catholicism, dotard, mumbling, impotent, and Protestantism, young indeed, alert and progressive, but unsocial and sinfully individualistic, poor Humanity has slipped through and lies by the wayside helpless and bleeding. The remedy? Not secularism, however altruistic; but religion, purified and applied to public affairs. All the human possibilities, and all the divine powers necessary to realize them, reside alone in the Church of Jesus Christ. It is the simple truth that the modern world has no other hope; for no other institution or group of men can enlist the same eternal powers and pour forth the same compassionate healings. It is for those who do most truthfully believe in Jesus Christ as a living force among living men, and who realize the gravity of the times to bestir themselves, and bring the light and love of the Gospel to bear upon present ills. If they differ from other earnest reformers it will not be in hate or scorn, but in deep desire searching for the true unity. The Divine Spirit is calling the modern Church to make clear her social mission, and to cause her members to take up the cross of their social responsibilities. If she will not do this she need not wonder that brave and unselfish men turn from her with heavy, perhaps angry, hearts, and go

sadly outside to a foredoomed defeat.

It is not necessary to break with Christ in order to frankly admit and eagerly try to amend the errors of the historic Churches. Neither is it necessary to forsake the worship of God in favor of that which may prove but the service of Mammon, in order to acknowledge the good that mingles with the new secularism, and to do honor to the martyr-like devotion of some of its adherents. We may agree to denounce the too apparent worldliness of the wealthy church-going class without

drifting with the equally apparent current of secularism setting in among the new democracy. The choice of the near future is the choice between the religious and the secular ideas of life. Our present need is, to understand and truly interpret the various movements which go to make up the modern ferment, for

"Ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought.
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he
slew."

—*Contemporary Review.*

WOMEN UNDER ISLAM: THEIR SOCIAL STATUS AND LEGAL RIGHTS.

BY LUCY M. J. GARNETT.

Her woman's sex dims not the sun's effulgent ray;
Though masculine the moon, he lighteth not the day.*—*Arabic Verse.*

"I think I never saw a country where women may enjoy so much liberty, and free from all reproach, as in Turkey."—LADY CRAVEN, *A Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople.*

It is ordinarily assumed that the social and legal position of women under Islam is one of extreme degradation and absolute rightlessness, and the belief is also not uncommon that Moslems deny to their wives and daughters, as soulless beings, a place in Paradise. In a paper read before a meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Milwaukee, on the 2d of October, 1878, the Rev. N. G. Clark, Foreign Secretary of the Board, informed his hearers that "the faith of Islam teaches its followers that woman does not possess a soul." A statement to the same effect was also made, not long ago, by the late Lord Granville at a public meeting. And even such a distinguished Oriental scholar as M. Servan de Luguy seems to have been under the impression that the gifted Osmanli poetesses whose verses he eulogized were, together with their Moslem sisters generally, loaded with chains and confined in dungeons. For we find him asking, "Will it be be-

lieved? even the women in this country, where their sex is reduced to the most frightful and degrading slavery, have dared to seize in their fetter-galled hands the poet's lyre!"* To add to this general misconception we have nowadays many superficial travellers who, after spending a few weeks, or it may be days, in a Moslem country, take upon themselves to write books or articles describing the harems, which they confess they have not seen, as "detestable prisons," and the condition of the women, whose acquaintance they have not made, as one of "horrible slavery."† The position of Moslem women in semi-barbarous countries is, no doubt, as unenviable from our point of view as that of Christian women in localities where manners are still primitive. But to describe the condition of the women in, for instance, Mombasa, a remote island ruled by the Sultan of Zanzibar, as typical of that of Moslem women generally,‡ is as misleading as to instance the status of Christian peas-

* "Le croirait-on? Les femmes mêmes, dans ce pays où le sexe est réduit au plus affreux, au plus dégradant esclavage, des femmes ont osé saisir d'une main meurtrie de fers la lyre du poète."—*La Muse Ottomane* préface, p. xv.

† *Forty Days in the East*, by E. H. Mitchell. Reviewed in the *Academy*, February 14, 1891.

‡ See *Westminster Gazette*, September 27, 1894: "The Truth about the Mohammedan Wife."

* The respective genders of the sun and moon are the same in Arabic as in German.

ant women in south-eastern Europe as typical of that of women generally in Christendom. But, though no one adequately acquainted with the religious and social life of Moslems could, with any degree of honesty, venture to make such assertions, this assumed debasement of women by Islam has been eagerly seized and enlarged upon by theorists of all kinds, religious, political, and social. And it may therefore be desirable to show, in a brief survey of the religious, legal, and social position of Moslem women, how utterly at variance with facts is such an assumption.

Let us first examine the religious position of women under Islam. As to their being credited with the possession of "souls," and consequent immortality, the Koran is most explicit, and in many texts, of which the following may serve as specimens, promises to them participation in the joys of Paradise on equal terms with men.

God has promised to believers, men and women, gardens beneath which rivers flow, to dwell therein forever, and goodly places in the garden of Eden.*

Verily, men resigned and women resigned, and believing men and believing women, and devout men and devout women, and truthful men and truthful women, and patient men and patient women, and humble men and humble women, and almsgiving men and almsgiving women, and fasting men and fasting women . . . and men who remember God much and women who remember Him—God has prepared for such forgiveness and a mighty hire.†

Enter ye into Paradise, ye and your wives, happy.‡

The *Hadis*, or "Traditional Sayings" of Mohammed, also record that the Prophet of Islam imparted to his followers his divinely acquired knowledge that certain of their deceased friends had been rewarded for their faith by admission to Paradise. Among them, he said, was his departed wife and first convert, Khadija, whom he had been "commanded to gladden with the good tidings of a chamber of hollow pearl, in which there is no clamor and no fatigue." And the honor and regard paid to his wives, and especially

to Khadija and 'A'isha, is in itself sufficient evidence that the slavish subjection of women, so generally assumed to be inseparable from Islam, was neither preached nor practised by its Founder. 'A'isha, who had been educated entirely by her husband, was esteemed the most polished and learned woman of Arabia, and was honored by the believers with the title of "Prophetess" and "Mother of the Faithful." After the death of Mohammed she was consulted in all difficulties that arose respecting points of religion and law; and a large proportion of the *Hadis* were, according to Moslem theologians, made up from her replies, which were based on the opinions she had heard expressed by the Prophet. Moslems, after uttering the names of 'A'isha and other sainted women, add, "May they find acceptance with Allah!" And at the conclusion of the *Khotba*, the sermon delivered in every cathedral mosque on Fridays, a collect is recited, praying for the bestowal of the divine mercy and grace on Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet and ancestress of all his descendants; on his wives; and on "all resigned (*Moslem*) and believing women, whether living or dead." At the funeral of a Moslem woman the following beautiful prayer is added to the burial service as performed over men:

O Allah, pardon Thou our living and our dead; those of us looking on and those of us absent; our little ones and our adults, our men and our women.

O Allah, unto whomsoever Thou grant life, cause Thou him to live resigned (*Moslem*) to Thy will; and whomsoever Thou call away, make Thou him to die in the faith.

Cause Thou this departed one to possess Thy solace and Thy ease, Thy mercy and Thy grace.

O Allah, if she have been a worker of good works, then do Thou add to her good works; and if she have been an evildoer, do Thou pass it over. And may security and glad tidings surround her, with honor and privilege. And free Thou her from the torment of the grave and of hell-fires, causing her to dwell in the abodes of the Paradises with her children. O Allah, make Thou her tomb a garden of the gardens of heaven, and let not her grave be a pit of the pits of perdition. For Thy mercy's sake, O Thou most compassionate of the merciful.*

* *Koran*, chap. ix. 73.

† *Ibid.* chap. xiii. 23.

‡ *Ibid.* chap. xxxiii. 35.

* Compare Sir J. Redhouse's *Essay on the Character and Varieties of Turkish Poetry*.

Regular attendance at the public services in the mosques is not required of Moslem, any more than it is of Christian and Jewish, women in the East; but sermons are specially preached for them by the Hodjas on week-days, when, as no male worshippers are present, they congregate round the pulpit instead of occupying their usual places in a screened gallery. Women are, however, required to perform all the customary ordinances of Islam, such as the five daily prayers (*namaz*) with their preliminary ablutions, the observance of fasts and feasts, pilgrimage to the holy cities, and all that is comprehended in the term "good works." Girls as well as boys are taught their prayers at the age of seven; and the honorable title of *Hafiz* is conferred on women as well as on men who have committed the whole of the Koran to memory. Eoliya Effendi, a seventeenth-century writer, mentions in his *Narrative of Travels*,* that the city of Angora in Asia Minor contained at the time of his visit two thousand boys and girls who, like himself, were *Hafiz*. And in the harems of ladies of wealth and position it is customary to retain the services of an educated person, who is distinguished by the honorable title of Hodja-Kadin, or Lady Chaplain, and whose duty it is to read and expound the Koran to the uneducated members of the household, and also to instruct newly purchased slaves in the tenets of Islam.

The above facts will, I trust, suffice to indicate the real position of woman in the religious system of Islam. Let us now consider what is at the present day, and has been for the last thirteen hundred years, the legal position of a free Moslem woman.

As a daughter, she is entitled, on the decease of her father, to inherit his property in common with her brothers, in a proportion determined by law according to the number of his children. As a wife, she has the uncontrolled possession and disposal of both of the wealth which was hers before marriage, and of that which may subsequently accrue to her. She can inherit property without the intervention of trustees, and

dispose of it during her lifetime, or at her death, as she pleases. No doctrine of coverture exists for her; she can sue or be sued independently of her husband, and also sue or be sued by him. In the event of her suffering wrong, or being accused of wronging others, she is at liberty to plead her own cause before the public tribunals, and often does so most ably and eloquently. A husband is legally bound to support his wife, and her slaves or servants, according to her rank and his means, and to furnish her with a suitable residence. To quote from the *Hedaya* :* "It is incumbent on the husband to provide a separate apartment for his wife's habitation, to be solely and exclusively appropriated by her, because this is essentially necessary to her, and is therefore her due, the same as her maintenance," etc.

Though great facilities appear, at first sight, to be given to a man in the matter of divorce, women are, on the other hand, safeguarded from a too arbitrary exercise of this prerogative by certain wise regulations, which to a great extent modify such facilities in practice. "The curse of Allah," said the Prophet, "rests on him who capriciously repudiates his wife." And, in addition to religious and social restrictions, a serious obstacle to divorce is offered by the *nekyah*. This is the settlement upon the wife at the betrothal of a considerable sum of money, to be paid to her in the event of such dismissal from her husband's roof, and without the payment of which no divorce can legally take place. So essential is such a dower considered that, even were mention of it omitted from the marriage contract, the law would presume it by virtue of the contract itself. A Moslem marriage being a purely civil contract, consisting of a proposal on one side and acceptance on the other, and rendered legal by the testimony of two witnesses, it can also be dissolved by the contracting parties according to one of three methods of procedure. If a couple are not on good terms with each other, and all the attempts at reconciliation made by

* Book ii. p. 231.

* The *Hedaya*, or "Guide," a commentary on the Moslem law.

their friends are unavailing, a divorce by mutual consent is pronounced, and the woman returns to her father's house, taking with her, besides the dower, everything she brought, or of which she has become possessed since her marriage. If a man divorce his wife without her consent, the case is the same. And she can also claim her release, with payment of the *nekyah*, for various reasons, among which are his desertion, cruelty, or neglect to maintain her in the degree of comfort to which she is entitled. If, however, the wife, without such adequate reason, and contrary to the desire of her husband, requests a divorce, she obtains it only by foregoing her dower.

As to the much-discussed question of the custody of children, this was settled for Moslems at the outset by Mohammed, who decreed that a son must remain with his mother so long as he requires her care, and a daughter until she is of a marriageable age. If a child is born to a couple after their separation, and the mother nurses it, the father must pay her for doing so; and, if wealthy, he is required to "expend proportionately for the maintenance of the mother and nurse out of his plenty." Should the mother die, the right of custody reverts to her female relatives, if any are living, the child's maternal grandmother having the first right, and, on her death, and failing a sister of suitable age, its maternal aunts. Should the mother be without female kin, the father's mother and sisters bring up the children.

Such being the legal position of free Moslem women, it naturally follows that their social condition can hardly be one of "degraded slavery." But, before entering on this part of my subject, it may be well to give a brief description of the abode of a Moslem family; for the word *harem* usually conveys the idea, if not of a "detestable prison," at least of a mysterious abode, all the female inmates of which are the abject slaves of one male tyrant.

As a general rule, a Turkish *konak*, or mansion, is a rambling, irregularly built edifice of two stories, divided internally into two establishments, the *haremluk* and the *selamluk*, between which is the *mabryn*, or neutral ground.

The *haremluk*, which is by far the larger and more cheerful division, contains all the private apartments of the family, and has its own separate entrance, court-yard, and garden. The windows toward the street are partially covered with lattices, but those overlooking the garden are screened only by cypress, mulberry, and acacia trees, under which blossom in luxuriant confusion the rose and jessamine, orange and pomegranate, tuberose and carnation. In smaller houses, two rooms on the ground floor constitute the *selamluk*, where the master of the house receives his male guests, transacts his business, and entertains the poor. The word *harem* simply means a sacred inclosure, the same term being applied to the sanctuaries of Islam. The *haremluk* is consequently the *sanctum sanctorum*, the place safe from all intrusion, into which not even the husband may enter if a pair of goloshes at the door of the *divan khane*, or sitting-room, announces that his wife has visitors.

Although the law of Islam allows a man to marry four wives, and to be the owner of an unlimited number of slaves, an Ottoman household is by no means, as is generally believed, composed of a large number of women, all of whom stand in wifely relations to their lord and master. As a matter of fact, at the present day, among Turks of the laboring class, one wife is the rule; and among those of the wealthy classes more than one is the exception. This was strikingly proved in the census made by a British Commission of Inquiry in some of the Turkish villages of Bulgaria after the so-called "Bulgarian atrocities." Hardly was a household to be found containing more than one wife. And when, to the question, "How many wives has (or had) So-and-so?" the answer was "He has two," it was always prefaced with the words, "With shame be it said, Effendi!"

Monogamy, indeed, would seem to have always been the general rule with Moslems. For the Khalif Ali, the nephew and son-in-law of the Prophet, married a second wife only on the death of his beloved Fatima; and if we search the biographies of the eminent philosophers, theologians, historians, and poets who flourished in the palmy days of the

Ottoman Empire, we shall find that few of them took advantage of their privileges in this respect. For, besides the other considerations which make a plurality of wives undesirable, there is also the grave question of expense. A second wife means an extra suite of apartments, an extra slave or train of slaves, according to her rank; for each *hanum* must have her own special attendants and an extra allowance of pin-money. There is, besides, no great superabundance of women in the country, notwithstanding the influx of slaves; and every mother of a marriageable girl naturally prefers to see her daughter become a *bash kadin*, or first wife, as she takes precedence of later married spouses. Lack of progeny by a first wife is usually the reason that induces an Osmanli to incur the extra expense and the risk of having his domestic peace destroyed by taking another. He might, of course, divorce the first, if so minded. But in that case he would be obliged to pay to her the sum stipulated in the marriage contract, and incur the social odium attaching to such a course of action. Two wives, however, seem to be the limit nowadays, and only once during my long residence in the East had I an opportunity of visiting a harem containing even this number.

It is generally supposed that a Moslem woman has absolutely no occupations beyond a certain amount of servile attendance on her Bluebeard of a husband, and that she passes the greater part of her days on a sofa, "eating sweets and playing with her jewels," as lately described by one of our enthusiastic advocates of the political enfranchisement of women. The *hanum* is certainly perfect mistress of her time, as we have seen her to be of her property, and disposes of both as she pleases. She is an early riser, takes an interested and active part in every detail of the housekeeping, and is a veritable Lady Bountiful to all the poor of her neighborhood. And if paying calls, attending wedding festivals, promenading, bathing, and shopping are the chief diversions of the generality of Osmanli women, their lives can hardly be said to be more unprofitably spent than are those of thousands of uncultured wom-

en belonging to our upper and middle classes. But from the very foundation of Islam records are not wanting of highly cultivated and intellectual women who enjoyed the friendship and esteem of their learned male contemporaries, and whose writings and sayings are eulogized by historians and biographers. As sainted women, 'A'isha and Fatima have already been mentioned. Eminent, too, among mystics are the names of Rābia-al-Adāwīa, surnamed "the Mother of Good," whose grave near Jerusalem is still a place of pilgrimage; Kira Kadin, wife of the Dervish poet, Jelālu'd-Din; and the Babi heroine, Kurratu'l-'leyn, who lived respectively in the eighth, thirteenth, and nineteenth centuries. And equally with Arabian, Persian, and Seljukian women have the daughters of the Osmanlis distinguished themselves in the fields of mystic piety and literature.

Zeyneb (Zenobia), the first Ottoman poetess of whom we have any biographical record, wrote in the fifteenth century. She was the daughter of an eminent *kadi*, or judge, of Amāsia in Asia Minor, and, according to her biographer, gave evidence at a very early age of great intelligence, as well as of the possession of considerable poetic talent.* Encouraged by her father to cultivate these natural gifts, she studied under his direction the immortal works of the Arabian and Persian poets, and made herself mistress of the languages and various verse forms in which they wrote. Living, as she did, at the time of the taking of Constantinople, an epoch when the passion for conquest and military renown filled every Osmanli breast, the success of her country's arms fired Zeyneb with a patriotic enthusiasm which found eloquent expression in her muse, and entitled her to be considered the poet-laureate of her day. Kimālī Zadé, who compiled in the sixteenth century a biography of poets, thus extols in language characteristically oriental this gifted lady: "The learning and poetry of this bride

* In the "good old times," and indeed until quite recently, the composition of verses always formed part of the education of an Osmanli maiden of good family.

are not covered and concealed by the curtain of secrecy and the veil of bashfulness, but the rosiness of her beauty and the down and mole of her comeliness are beheld and admired by the world, and are the object of the gaze of every man and woman." And Latifi, the poet-biographer and critic, describes her as "a noble daughter, a chaste and virtuous maiden, endowed with many agreeable mental qualities. . . . Learned men," he adds, " marvelled at her understanding."

The same Asiatic town also gave birth, toward the end of the same century, to a poetess equally distinguished who wrote under the *fakhullus* or "pen-name" of Mihri, a term which, signifying equally "follower of love" and "follower of the sun," admirably describes the spirit of her poetry. This lady appears to have carried on a literary correspondence with the most eminent poets, statesmen, and men of letters of her day; and both contemporary and subsequent chroniclers are unanimous in praise of her talent and learning. Though sought in marriage by many distinguished men, she, like Zeyneb and Sidgi, elected to live and die unwedded. Sidgi, who lived in the latter half of the sixteenth century, was also a prolific writer, and left behind her, besides the customary *divan*, or "collection," two long mystical poems. For, unlike Zeyneb and Mihri, Sidgi sang not of earthly but of heavenly love; and some passages in her writings appear indeed to indicate that she was deeply versed in the pantheism which is so closely allied to the mystic doctrines of the Sūfi philosophy. On the other hand, the writings of Fitnet Hanum, who lived nearly two centuries later, express the passionate adoration of, and delight in, the beauties of nature inborn in every Osmanli breast.

Among the poetesses of this century may be mentioned the unfortunate princess, Hibetulla Sultana, sister of Mahmoud the Second, and Leyla Hanum, sister of Izzet Molla, the Chancellor poet and aunt of the famous reformer statesman, Fuad Pasha. The ladies of this family also still enjoy a wide reputation for intelligence and accomplishments. Nor is it only in the higher circles of Ottoman society that such

culture is to be found, though it there naturally obtains readier recognition and renown. I have indeed myself met with it in the humbler walks of life; and there can be no doubt that in Turkey, as elsewhere, many a woman of literary tastes has been doomed by force of circumstances, if not to "waste her sweetness on the desert air," at least to charm with her literary productions only a small circle of friends and acquaintances. The foregoing names of Ottoman poetesses may, however, be sufficient testimony to the willingness of even Moslem men not only to recognize and appreciate talent in women, but also to afford them every facility for education whenever a sincere desire for it is manifested.

We are, no doubt, becoming very "emancipated" in the West; but we are yet far from having attained such an "equality of the sexes" as would allow a prime minister to divide with his wife the responsibility of choosing his colleagues and subordinates in office. Such, however, is the influence often exercised by the clever wife of a grand vizier, not only directly over her husband, but indirectly through her friends in the Imperial Serai, that the dismissal of existing functionaries of the Porte, and the appointment of their successors often rests to a great extent virtually with her. While ministers and officials of every degree are crowding the *selamlık* of a newly-created *seraskier*, brougham after brougham sets down at the *haremlık* gate its load of ladies in white *yashmaks* and gay *feridgés*, the mothers, sisters, and wives of these ministers and officials, all intent on securing, through the interest the Vizier's lady is known to possess, promotions, appointments, or other favors for their sons, brothers, or husbands. All these ladies, together with the humbler crowd who arrive on foot, are politely received by the attendants, and conducted to an ante-room, where they divest themselves of their cloaks and the lower half of their veils, settle their headdresses, shake out their skirts—now of European cut, alas!—and adjust their jewelry to the best advantage. The hours which sometimes pass before they obtain their audience are beguiled with the consumption of the light refresh-

ments—sherbets, sweetmeats, and coffee—served at intervals, the smoking of innumerable cigarettes, and, of course, gossip and criticism of each other's gowns and jewels. As each guest is ushered into the *divan-khané*, or reception room, she advances with profound and repeated salaams toward the Vizier's lady, and perhaps essays to kiss her foot or the hem of her garment, an act of homage which is accepted from those of an inferior degree, but prevented in the case of those of equal rank with the hostess. After some general conversation, which is always on such an occasion interspersed with expressions of obsequious flattery and adulation, the subject of the desired favor will be delicately broached by the suppliant, and listened to with polite attention by the great lady who, with the diplomatic evasiveness characteristic of her nation, succeeds in making a graceful and gracious reply without in the least committing herself. Nor is such influence exercised by the Grand Vizier's lady alone. For the wives of the other ministers and of high functionaries generally have a voice in filling up the various posts connected with their husbands' offices; and the power wielded by the Validé Sultana, or Empress Mother, and her favorites in the Serai is notorious. It is related that one of the "four rules of conduct" given by the famous Vizier Mohammed Kinprili, when on his death-bed, to the young Sultan Mohammed the Fourth, was "never to listen to the counsels of women." * Yet the great Vizier himself owed his office to the Validé Sultana Tarkhan; and his son and successor in the Vizierate owed the freedom of action which he enjoyed under the same prince to the patronage of Mohammed's favorite Sultana.†

Sultanas are, however, almost without exception of slave origin; and though slaves do not, in Islam, form a separate and hereditary caste, a few words as to their rights and wrongs while in a state of servitude may not be superfluous.

Slavery, as it now exists in Turkey, is in direct contravention of the law of

Islam, which only recognizes as legitimate property non-Moslems who have fallen into the power of the True Believers during war. The Circassian women and girls who form the vast majority of the slaves brought to Turkey at the present day profess, however, the creed of Mohammed, and the Sheikh-ul-Islam himself would find it difficult to justify their purchase and sale. The Turks, however, get over this difficulty by asking no questions of the slave dealers concerning the women and children they present for sale, and absolve their consciences by remarking, "Let the sin fall on them."

Domestic slavery, however, as practised in Moslem Turkey, differs widely from the same institution as it existed until recently in Christian America. In Islam, slaves are protected by many humane laws, and are, on the whole, treated quite paternally. Their condition has nothing specially humiliating about it; they form, as I have just said, no class apart, and speedily become merged in the free and native population. Whatever may be the faults, shortcomings, and infirmities of a domestic slave, she cannot be turned adrift, as her owner is responsible for her maintenance. Nor may she be supplied with food of an inferior quality and insufficient in quantity, for the Prophet has commanded that a slave shall fare as well as her owners. At the end of seven years' servitude she may claim her freedom, and generally obtains with it a trousseau and a husband. It is considered by Moslems a pious and meritorious act—one of their "good works," in fact—to free a slave; and Turks on their death-beds frequently bequeath their liberty to the slaves of the household. Occasionally, of course, slaves may fall into bad hands, and be resold before the expiration of the seven years, in order that their owners may not lose the purchase money; or they may become the property of persons of violent character and cruel temper, who take advantage of their helpless position. That such cases are not, however, of very frequent occurrence is evident from the small number of slaves who are driven to seek the protection of the law, or that of the foreign consuls. As has

* Creasy, *History of the Ottoman Turks*, p. 276.

† *Ibid* p. 285.

elsewhere been pointed out,* the distinctive provisions of the Moslem marriage law insure that there shall be no relations whatever between men and women in which the woman, whether bond or free, shall not, from the very fact of such relations, have enforceable legal rights against the man, and for her children as well as for herself. Thus it follows that if a slave bear a child to her master, she cannot be resold, but has a right to remain and bring up her child in its father's house. Her offspring is also considered legitimate, and inherits its father's property in equal shares with the children of his free wife, should he have one. In all probability her owner will set her at liberty and marry her, in which case she will assume the social position and be entitled to all the rights and privileges of a free Moslem woman.

For the service of the harem as at present constituted slaves are indispensable, it being unlawful for a free Moslem woman to appear unveiled before any man not a near relative, while to a slave who is the property of her master or mistress no such restriction attaches so far as they are concerned. Since the abolition of the public slave market the private trade in slaves has become much more general and widely spread than it formerly was, and is carried on to a great extent by ladies of rank, some of whom are themselves emancipated slaves. In addition to the negresses and other women of unattractive exterior to whom the menial duties of the household are assigned, these lady dealers pay large sums for pretty children of from six to ten years of age, who are carefully trained for the higher positions they will probably be called upon to occupy. Many Turks prefer, for various reasons, to marry women who have been brought up as slaves. Marriage with a free woman is, indeed, a very expensive matter for a young bridegroom and his parents, owing to the lavish outlay in presents and entertainments required by custom on such occasions. Consequently, if a father cannot afford to marry his son to a maiden of his own rank, he purchases for him a slave girl who has been edu-

cated in some great lady's harem, and no expense is incurred beyond the purchase money. A slave, having no position of her own, is submissive and obedient to, and anxious to please, her lord and master, has no troublesome pretensions or caprices, and no interfering relatives to take her part against him. A free woman, on the other hand, is by no means always disposed to have, according to her own expression, "neither mouth nor tongue." She is fully aware of her rights, and inclined to assert them, and the moral support afforded by her family gives her an assurance which the husband often finds extremely inconvenient.

Many of these highly trained slaves find their way to the Imperial Serai, being either purchased by the Validé Sultana for her own establishment, or presented to the Sultan by private individuals and by the nation at the annual festival of *Kandil Ghedjessi*. Here, of course, if it is their *kismet*, they may attract the notice of the Padischah, and perhaps become in their turn "The Crown of Veiled Heads," as the Validé Sultana is euphemistically termed. But even should this not be their lot, their days need not necessarily be ended within the precincts of the Serai. For *serailis* are frequently emancipated, dowered, and given in marriage to functionaries of the palace, or other personages whom the Sultan pleases thus to honor. I once met a lady of this class who had been bestowed by Abdul Aziz on his chief barber, an important official; and she was at the time on a visit to the wife of the Governor-General of Salonica, a Circassian who had also been married from the Serai. The chief barber's widow had with her half a dozen little slave girls from seven to ten years of age, for the most part pretty, and dressed in very fanciful costumes—one as a Turkish colonel in miniature tunic and trousers. The half-deferential, half-saucy manner of these children to their protectress was highly amusing, and they certainly seemed very happy, and full of fun and mischief. This lady had already supplied the Imperial Palace with fourteen young beauties whom she had carefully trained for the purpose. Slave children

* *The Women of Turkey*, ii. p. 448, etc.

are also frequently enfranchised and adopted by childless couples and widows of even the highest rank, and are brought up in accordance with the wealth and position of their adoptive parents.

It will thus be seen that, speaking generally, female slaves have, in Turkey, very little to complain of. Their lot is, indeed, preferable in many respects to that of the majority of free domestic drudges in the West, while their prospects are infinitely better. Whatever the special duties of a slave may be, they are at no time arduous, and leave her plenty of leisure to dream of the time when she may herself become a *hanum*, with slaves of her own to wait upon her. When the ladies of a family go out walking, driving, visiting, or to the public baths, a number of the slaves of the household also share the treat; and it is, no doubt, greatly owing to this custom of including some of the slaves in every outdoor excursion that misconceptions have arisen in the minds of foreigners as to the practice of polygamy. A carriage, or it may be two or three carriages, full of well-dressed women, pointed out to the tourist as "Ibrahim Pasha's harem," are immediately set down as containing the Pasha's wives and odalisks; whereas the probability is that the carriages contain his wife and daughters, and half a dozen or more slave women, his wife's private property, over whom he has, consequently, no right whatever.

The seclusion of Moslem women when at home within the precincts of the *haremluk*, and the concealment of their persons when abroad with veil and cloak, is by no means, as so often imagined, a result of their "degraded position." The seclusion of women is an Eastern custom which has in all ages been practised under certain social and economic conditions; and chief among these conditions has been the neighborhood of people of an alien race. Nor is it invariably and exclusively under Islam that such customs obtain at the present day. For, in the remoter parts of the Turkish Empire, the Christian women, Greek and Armenian, live in the greatest seclusion; while the Moslem women of the Albanian and Kurdish highlands enjoy an extraordinary

degree of independence. With the Kurdish mountaineers, indeed, and especially among the nomad tribes, that "equality of the sexes," so yearned after by the "New Woman," seems to have been, from time immemorial, an accomplished fact. The women, besides taking a lively interest in the social and political affairs of their tribe, are acquainted with all that concerns it—its fads, plans, and conspiracies—in which they are, in fact, often the moving spirits. As enterprising and indefatigable as the men of their race, they are ever on the alert, and ready to leap into the saddle—riding, of course, astride—and not infrequently take part in military expeditions.*

What is, however, seemly in the highlands may be undesirable in the lowlands, and more especially amid the mixed horde of Moslems, Christians, and Jews, native and foreign, who throng the streets of an Eastern capital. Hence the institution of the harem—a retreat practically inviolable, for none but members of the family dare cross its threshold unbidden. As an illustration of its sacredness for Moslems, I may mention an incident that occurred at Salonica on the day of the massacre of the French and German Consuls in 1876. While our Consul-General was at the Konak concerting measures with the Pasha for putting a stop to the rioting in the city, the rumor reached them that his life also was threatened by the fanatical mob without. Mr. Blunt then informed the Governor-General that he would be held responsible for his safety, and obtained from him the assurance that, should it become absolutely necessary, he would allow him to take sanctuary in the

* Compare Millingen, *Wild Life among the Kurds*, and Rich, *Narrative of a Journey in Kurdistan*. Moritz Müllner, in his *Die Amazonen* (p. 132), relates that in 1854 there passed through Constantinople, on their way to the seat of war, a band of Kurdish cavalry led by a woman named Kara Fatmé Hanüm—Black (i.e. Valiant) Lady Fatmé. Save for the dauntless fire that blazed in her eyes, there was, however, nothing Amazonian in the aspect of this female warrior, who is described as a little, shrivelled up, old woman. Kurdish, in common with Eastern, folk-tales generally afford abundant evidence of the independence of women in the East.

harem. Knowing that there he would be absolutely safe, her Majesty's representative took no further precaution. Equally inviolable with the harem are also the cloak and veil of a Moslem woman. For while this disguise enables her to go abroad freely and *incognita*, it at the same time renders her perfectly safe from insult or molestation, whether on foot in the streets, in train or tram, or on the deck of a Bosphorus steamboat, and whatever the provocation she may give. The unveiled Christian women and girls of the cities are, however, on the other hand, even when escorted by duenna or servant, exposed not only to impertinent remarks, but often to graver insult, while traversing the public thoroughfares.

Many more examples might be adduced, did space allow, of the "liberty, free from all reproach," which, a hundred years ago, so struck Lady Craven. The above facts will, however, I trust, suffice to refute at least the three erroneous assumptions referred to at the beginning of this article: first, that the religious position of Moslem women is not inferior to that of Moslem men; secondly, that not only the legal rights of women in Islamiyeh compare favorably with those of women in Christendom; but that, before the recent enactments in this country with regard to married women's property, the legal position of the Moslem woman was even superior to that of her Christian sisters in the West; thirdly, that the possession of such legal rights is utterly incompatible with the condition of "degraded slavery" to which every Moslem woman is generally assumed to be condemned; and that, as a natural result

of the possession of these rights, women under Islam enjoy, in many respects, an exceptional degree of personal independence. Yet, notwithstanding that Moslem women have so long enjoyed all these advantages, it is impossible to deny that they are, generally speaking, far behind the women of Christendom. This, however, is not so surprising when we take into consideration that Moslem men are also far from being in the van of progress. Nor is this fact attributable solely to the unprogressive tendencies of the religion of Islam, but also in great measure to economic and political causes. The Turkish Empire, for instance, has but of comparatively late years emerged from the feudal stage of economic development into that upon which Western Europe entered centuries ago. It is, consequently, still in the transitional state of chaos necessarily brought about by a change in economic conditions. And in such an Empire as that ruled by the Ottomans, peopled as it is, not by a homogeneous race, but by many diverse nationalities, each with its own traditions and aspirations, it must be admitted that the difficulties in the path of social progress are, in Turkey, greater than they have been in any European country that has emerged from feudalism. Intercourse with Europeans has, however, begun to exercise great influence on Eastern thought and manners. It has already deprived Ottoman culture of its former distinctive character, changed the old methods of education, and introduced ideas which cannot fail, ere long, to affect in an important degree the social life of the Osmanli nation.—*Nineteenth Century*.

RUBINSTEIN.

BY REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

I NEVER knew Rubinstein as well as I knew Liszt. He passed before me like a meteor in '58, '77, and '81. There was something Titanic and indescribable about the man. As a mere pianist, Bülow was more accurate, Liszt more romantic. Sophie Menter could

play quite as fast and nearly as loud. The sensibility of Chopin, the elegance of Mendelssohn, and the earnest and affectionate virtuosity of Madame Schumann, the incomparable arpeggio playing of Thalberg, the bewilderingly high level of present pianoforte playing, all

seem somehow to leave Rubinstein apart upon a mountain. It was graceful of Liszt to surrender openly the sceptre of virtuosity to Rubinstein, but it was needless, for from the time that the greatest pianist of the nineteenth century ceased to play in public—just about forty years ago—the sentiment of the whole musical world installed Rubinstein in his seat. The two men were very different—the elder brilliant, talkative, loving all men and all women and children—the other, far less social, expansive, polished, eloquent, or universally well-informed. In virtuosity pure and simple, it is possible that Liszt, in his best days, excelled Rubinstein; but now John Ella is dead, there is probably no one alive in England whose opinion would be final on such a delicate question. But both giants were alike in the possession of certain personal qualities, felt, like those of Jenny Lind and Paganini, throughout whole continents, but absolutely defying analysis. Why, when Rubinstein or Liszt appeared, all other pianists had to take a back seat. It is quite impossible to say—it may be too soon to speak of Paderewski finally, he is too recent a product—but in an age of prodigious technique—with Rubinstein's hand scarce cold in the sepulchre—Paderewski, too, seems to have the power of distancing rivals without an effort. And what is it? That great gulf fixed between the absolutely first rank and the crop of splendid seconds. There have been cases where the award has been delayed; but let three decades go by, the public is never wrong; and its award is absolutely final.

Among composers, we at once place in the first class Händel, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner—Mendelssohn o'ertopping the seconds, a little apart, not easy to class—and among the phenomenal virtuosities of the nineteenth century, Paganini, Liszt, Rubinstein (apologies to Sarasate and Paderewski, who can well afford to wait for a final award till at least the year 1900).

Many of us can remember the astonishing sensation produced by Rubinstein in 1869. He had been in England three times before, but all of a sudden the public seemed to awake to his supreme merit. The high-priced tickets,

£1 1s. and 15s., if I remember rightly, were bought up and resold. There was no getting into the hall. I happened to secure a seat not far from the piano, on the platform. When the great pianist entered, the people "rose at" him. The head was massive and Beethovenesque. He looked pale and resolute, and cold to the applause, but like a man who meant to do and dare greatly. His small eyes, never strong, had a half-closed, mystic, abstract look; his hair was thick and tumbled; his gait far from graceful; but the instant he sat down to the piano a change seemed to come over him. His absorption was irresistible and contagious. He retained the old habit—caught from Liszt—of tossing his head back occasionally and passing a vagrant hand through his bushy, leonine mane. He often raised high his hands, and swooped down on the piano like an eagle upon its prey—another mannerism—also caught from the great Abbate by all his disciples. But from the moment he began, the attention was enthralled, and for two hours and a half the excitement continued trance-like, or at fever pitch, until the pent-up enthusiasm at the close culminated, one day when I was there, in a four-fold recall. The programme was divided into three parts, the older masters being played with exquisite tenderness and restraint. It was when he arrived at the Chopin section that he began to produce some of those prodigious and tornado-like effects, to which that music lends itself.

The Chopin Funeral March was conceived with an elevation which took the room by surprise. Often as I had heard it, I felt I had never properly heard it till then. I have never heard, nor dream of hearing it so again. It was eloquent emotion, almost amounting to imagery. The platform became a vision. The sad procession came winding on, and seemed to move off and lapse into sorrowful silence at the close of the ceremony. The use of *ppp* for the closing section of the March gave the somewhat abrupt ending just its right impressiveness and finish. The contrast of the presto which followed, rather faster than "greased lightning," as the Americans would say, was perfectly

electric in its effect on the still dreaming audience.

Words give but a faint idea of such moments. One may dwell on the lovely legato playing of Chopin's *Etudes*, the refinement of touch, which at times seemed to caress the single notes, until the prolonged vibration kept up under the fingers began to sing on, as it were, of its own accord—the valse caprice dashed through with the wild relentless vigor of a thunderbolt—the crucial moments when the mighty executant seemed to hover for a moment between a fiasco which became a splendid triumph. “Words! words! words!” as says Hamlet, but let them stand for impressions unique, imperial, indelible.

That Rubinstein played at times incorrectly, wildly, even insolently, is quite true, and the critics who enraged him so were quite right to say so. What happened was this: Rubinstein soon perceived—what, alas! all good *virtuosi* are not slow to discover—that the English (or a good leaven of them in every audience) “are not a musical people.” They can be taken with a claptrap effect while deaf to more subtle and legitimate efforts. Rubinstein would seem at times to play down to them in scorn and mock them, or stalk through his part in a rage. The critics reproved him, and he left the country in a huff; but it was temper and want of patience with a public who, though not musical, paid well, and offered him every kind of homage. He should have been contented with the cultivated portion of it who had really created the taste for him, but Rubinstein was extremely irritable. I have known him get up from the table in the middle of dinner and leave the company for no reason except that he was bored.

Rubinstein was undoubtedly inaccurate at times; people who held scores through those long programmes could easily find that out. He not only embroidered even Beethoven, but he would invent Bach. What he invented was probably quite as good as what he happened to forget, and always extremely interesting; still it was not note for note, and that is what the dullards gloated over.

Bülow was more accurate, but even Bülow forgot or manufactured a bar or

two occasionally. But these, if spots, were spots in the sun, and certainly all Rubinstein did or left undone serve but to accentuate his individuality and display his genius in new and startling lights.

Liszt had the same happy faculty of gilding his errors and adoring his faults. I remember Mr. Moscheles telling me how on one occasion Liszt came down on a wrong note in the treble, when, with admirable *sang froid*, he lingered on it for a moment as though he had done it on purpose, and then with a light arpeggio the whole length down the key-board and up again he reached the right note in the treble as he came up, and transformed a blemish into a sudden beauty.

Rubinstein was a prodigious emotional accumulator, and his power of soul-concentration was no doubt largely the secret of the effect he produced. You can only get out of a performance what you put into it. You may walk through your part, or you may immolate yourself; the public reflects you exactly. Rubinstein immolated himself when he was in earnest. I have never heard him play better than to a dozen people in John Ella's little drawing-room, 9, Victoria Square. Ella, whose judgment in music, and especially in virtuosity, was nearly infallible; all his verdicts upon music and musicians having been generally accepted—John Ella, the founder of the Musical Union, discerned Rubinstein from the first, and when the obscure Russian Pole became famous, to his honor be it said, he never forgot his early obligations to Ella. On one occasion he came all the way from St. Petersburg to play for him at the Musical Union—refused his honorarium—declined to play anywhere else, and returned immediately. Ella used to tell the story with pardonable pride. Rubinstein loved John Ella, and he showed it with the effusiveness of a child.

I remember that Ella had a pretty little niece of seventeen staying with him on one occasion, when suddenly a great, uncouth, unkempt presence burst into the room, fell upon Ella's neck, and, with clasped arms, kissed him twice, *Franco more*, on both cheeks. The little niece fled in dismay; but

when he was gone she asked, "Who was that dreadful, wild-looking man, uncle, who rushed in and kissed you and hugged you so?"

"Why, my dear child, that was the great Rubinstein!" "Oh, uncle!" said the girl in a burst of enthusiasm. "How I wish he'd kissed me!" But kissing, it seems, goes by favor. Liszt kissed Rubinstein when he first heard the boy play in Paris. Mendelssohn kissed the boy Joachim after hearing him play Bach's *Ciaconna*. Liszt once told me in tones full of awe that when Beethoven had been induced, with some difficulty, to hear him play at a concert as a juvenile prodigy, the great man kissed him—"oui"—and I can hear the sententious rotundity of Liszt's voice now—"O'est vrai, j'ai reçu le baiser de Beethoven!" Perhaps I may be allowed to record with some pride and all humility, that I was similarly honored by Richard Wagner, who, after reading an article of mine about himself, published in the *Contemporary Review*, met me in the anteroom of Dannreuther's house in Orme Square one night (when he had been declaiming his *Parsifal* out loud to George Eliot, Ruskin, and others), and embraced me *à la* Rubinstein on both cheeks.

At Ella's Rubinstein always seemed at home. What artist could fail to be so? Had not Mendelssohn, Gounod, Lablache, Madame Schumann, Moscheles, and almost every other musical celebrity, at one time or another, met each other there?

It was one Sunday night that I was especially impressed with the intense power of concentration which Rubinstein put into what some would have called his least ambitious efforts. I sat close to him and watched him play a quiet nocturne of Chopin's. He sat almost quite motionless; presently the beads of sweat stood upon his forehead, and before he had done actually poured down his face and dropped on the keyboard. Yet there was nothing mechanically difficult in what he played, and a little way off no one would have thought he was exerting himself at all. He rose immediately and left the room. Ella followed him, but returned at once. "Rubinstein has gone down

stairs to smoke a cigarette by himself, that is all." (He was an inveterate cigarette smoker.) He was in a fever of excitement, and he did not come up for an hour.

On one other occasion I heard Rubinstein in private, and to great advantage. I think it was in 1858. After a Crystal Palace concert, at which he had played, I dined with him at George, now Sir George, Grove's house at Sydenham. Grove was then Secretary to the Crystal Palace Company. Rubinstein was, to say the least, odd at dinner, and I think he got up more than once, and seemed to have little appetite; but later on we all went into the drawing-room, which opened on to the lawn. It was bright moonlight; there was no other light, and we needed none. Rubinstein went to the grand piano at the dark end of the room, and disappeared. Robert Browning, Grove, and myself took no further notice of him, but we all went to the folding window, which opened on to the moonlit garden, and we sat down cross-legged on the floor to wait events. Presently Rubinstein began in the darkness Beethoven's thirty-two variations, and he went through the whole of them in wondrous fashion. But something more elemental was to follow in the shape of Schubert's *Erl King*. Anything more weird and terrible I never heard; the despairing cry of the child as the fearful Erl King rode with it through the forest, the crashing pace, the awful calm of death as the whirlwind of struggle dies away; and all this coming out of the darkness and filling the room with thunder of melody, concord, and discord; and the ceaseless galloping of the death-steed through the forest. It was an experience never to be forgotten. In the silence that followed the summer moonlight seemed to fall more softly, not one of us spoke—a little night-wind whispered in the trees.

I believe the next day it was found that a couple of hammers had succumbed. People used to say that Rubinstein broke strings—others said his touch was so fine and elastic that, even when strongest, he never broke anything. Neither statement is correct: what he broke was not strings but *hammers*. There were always two grand

pianos on the platform whenever he played, and there was usually some damage found after a recital; but playing as he did, condensing the whirlwind and imprisoning the thunder, the wonder is not that he broke hammers, but that he did not break *all* the hammers—when, for instance, he played a Chopin polonaise, or Liszt's arrangement of the overture to *Tannhäuser*.

Rubinstein will not take rank as a composer of the first class. He belongs really to the Mendelssohn epoch, and there was war between the house of Rubinstein and the house of Wagner. This is the more strange as Rubinstein went as far as Chopin and Schumann, after which he proclaimed in the most arbitrary manner, *finis musicae*—a formula which, it is comforting to remember, has successively done duty for Händel, Mozart, Beethoven, and now, with somewhat more plausibility, is being applied to Wagner.

Rubinstein's close association and unbounded admiration for Liszt, also makes his inability to follow Wagner a little strange. But there seem to be two classes of minds—one indeed (and this is true of by far the greater number of us all)—one stops and stiffens, the other is to a greater or less degree receptive and progressive to the end. Goethe read Byron with enthusiasm in his old age, but Bulwer and "Christopher North" (Professor Wilson) and a host of "authorities" failed to discern Tennyson. The experienced Sir George Macfarren and the holy army of Mendelssohnites, not to mention the learned Félix himself, could never really stomach Wagner (but Cipriani Potter, the friend of Beethoven, admired Liszt and Wagner in his old age). Verdi and Sullivan, though both belonging musically the one to the Mendelssohn, the other to the Rossini school and epoch, have been really progressive, and able to read, and to some extent assimilate, the Berlioz and Wagner scores—witness the *leit-motif* in *Aida* and the atmospheric coloring of the *Golden Legend*.

Nor is it possible to deny that Rubinstein, like Gounod, while denouncing Wagner, was greatly indebted to him. It is, however, to be feared that a little personal feeling may have tinged Rubinstein's over-disparagement of his

great rival. Neither Liszt nor Rubinstein deserve to be mentioned in the same breath with Wagner as composers. Liszt knew this, but he could crave, and crave in vain, to be a great composer, without cheapening his mighty friend, Wagner, whom he supported and worshipped. Rubinstein could not do this.

It is doubtful also whether Liszt failed so completely as did Rubinstein to estimate his own real position in the scale of composers. Liszt was often disappointed, but he never whined about being a misunderstood man, persecuted by jealous rivals; nor did he ever attempt to lift himself by trampling upon others. He more often lifted others and forgot his own personal interests. It was not a pleasant trait in so great a man as Rubinstein, to find him fixing his recital days in London concurrently with Wagner's appearances at the Albert Hall, and holding himself markedly aloof from the great *Maestro*.

Rubinstein was very ambitious, and in this respect he resembled Gustave Doré, and his failure in big things was also very similar. Rubinstein was extremely anxious to treat sacred subjects in the form of musical dramas. Here, too, he was indebted to Wagner for his conception. But he was without Wagner's fine tact and insight. I remember one night, when the matter was being discussed, Rubinstein remarked upon the great love and reverence English people had for the Bible. Now the Bible stories especially lent themselves to dramatic treatment, and England, he thought, of all countries, would be the right place for such performances as he would like to see.

Robert Browning, who was present, said that he did not think the English public would stand it for a moment. Rubinstein was much surprised. "The fact is," continued Browning, "it is the very reverence which the English have for the Bible which would make it impossible for them to witness, without a shock, stories which have become idealized as part of their religion put upon the stage."

Rubinstein alluded to our love of oratorios, in which operatic singers appear, where, as in *Elijah*, the dialogue is as

dramatic as it is possible to conceive; in short, the *Elijah* is a sacred drama, cast somewhat in the Greek mould, with its interpretative chorus. The only thing wanting is the scenery, costume, and the action. It was then pointed out to Rubinstein that in the popular oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn there was no attempt at elaborating a more or less fanciful drama by taking liberties with the sacred text, or modifying the conception of the sacred characters. The dialogue was merely the piecing of texts together constructively for the sake of giving a connected narrative in a form suitable for musical treatment.

"No one in England," said Browning, "would tolerate *Elijah* any more than Christ dressed up and strutting about on the operatic stage."

The proposal made not long ago to put John the Baptist before the foot-lights, which was received with such horror and even official disapproval in England, fully justifies Browning's verdict; but Rubinstein could not in the least understand it.

This conversation, I am bound to say, took place before thousands of English people had visited the Oberammergau play. It is generally agreed that under the very peculiar conditions of primitive simplicity there realized, the sacred spectacle is unrolled before the spectator not only without offence, but with something even more than an oratorio-like edification; but no one thinks of transferring the Crucifixion or Pilate's Judgment Hall to Drury Lane or Covent Garden as an appropriate scenic sequel to the "Derby Day."

There is something of the same sort of feeling about Wagner's *Parsifal*, more than one scene of which is vividly suggestive of Christ's personality and presence. But neither *Parsifal* nor the Oberammergau play were known in England when Browning spoke; indeed *Parsifal* was not in existence. There is, however, a great difference between even such a daring attempt as *Parsifal* and the realistic dramatization of sacred subjects contemplated by Rubinstein. The Oberammergau play, like the oratorio, is a sort of religious function, while the *Parsifal* is an alle-

gorical music drama of the deepest ethical significance; but at no moment is *Parsifal* Christ any more than Kundry is the Magdalen.

When the black knight is unhelmed and the profuse auburn hair parted down the middle falls on either side of a face suggestive of the traditional head of Christ in the Roman catacombs—when the rest of *Parsifal*'s armor is stripped off and he sits down in a long flowing white robe, woven without seam—and when the penitent, humbly kneeling at his feet, weeps and wipes them with the hair of her head, and *Parsifal* moves above her the hands that bless—it is Christ and the Magdalen; but it is also King Arthur and Guinevere. All penitent women are there, and all Christ-like souls. It remains no profanation or parody of unique personages—simply the typical summing up of an eternally recurrent situation.

This distinction would never have been clear to Rubinstein, or he would have talked, as he habitually did, of the dramatization of the whole Bible in a series of sacred music dramas.

Moses and *Christus*, which are to be heard in Germany in 1895, are specimens of these projected operas, and doubtless the art world will soon be again convulsed upon the subject.

In speaking of the composition of a genius *hors de ligne*, like Rubinstein, of course everything must be relatively understood. While his ambitious orchestral compositions are chiefly overloaded failures, and his operas without proportion and charm, nothing can exceed the beauty of his well-known songs and duets; and his chamber music will long hold the concert-room and rivet the public by its melody, rush, and, it must be admitted, a certain fiery *ad captandum* sensationalism.

Rubinstein worked without the inventive fertility of Schumann, the facility of Schubert, the restraint and finish of Mendelssohn, or the sustained power of Wagner. Like Chopin, he was great in small things, but small in great ones. It has been said that his later compositions are without the charm of his earlier ones—certainly, the mechanical exercises which Hoffmann is fond of playing as specimens of

his beloved master's later style are without sweetness and light, and seem to emanate from a restless and unsatisfied mind. The sun of his musical genius went down in a sort of cloud, the sky was not tender, nor were the tints rich.

Rubinstein obeyed no regular law of development. He stands out in the sea like a rugged wave-beaten rock, catching wild gleams of beauty in the sunrise, or revelling in the midnight storm, with its cataracts of silver foam; now the cries of the wild birds are about him, and scathing lightning; and now the summer moonbeams and the whisper of the night wind. All moods of nature were his moods, and all symbols were the spells by which he worked, great "cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears." No Æolian harp vibrated more sensitively to the lightest breath than his soul to the gentlest sigh of human emotion; but the thunder of his passion was as a hurricane sweeping everything before it—piano, pianist, audience, all seemed to vanish; it was like assisting at a cataclysm of nature.

A man dowered with such breadth of soul, such sensibility, and such power of self-manifestation, is a great phenomenon in the world of Art. Whole continents are indebted to him; he passes from one hemisphere to another—a mighty consoler, recreator of the heart, burden-lifter of humanity, interpreting for thousands what they know but cannot render—thoughts, feelings, hopes, longings, footfalls on the threshold of another world, which—

"Words are powerless to express
And leave them still unsaid in part,
Or say them in too great excess."

He is gone, and his magic dies with him. As there are golden moments in life which come not back again—a remembered sunset of unimaginable beauty, a haunting memory of indelible sweetness—so there are special personalities that pass "like ships in the night," out of the darkness into the darkness, leaving but the memory of a search-light that irradiated for a few seconds the lonely immensity of life's ocean, revealing an infinite horizon all

round, but passing like meteors, with a message but half told, and a secret still unfathomed.

It is somewhat unsafe to allude to the exact sums offered to or accepted by distinguished artists, but we may safely say that not even Liszt obtained the extravagant honoraria since offered to Rubinstein and Paderewski. £30,000 was quoted as Paderewski's "earnings" during an American tour. The modest sum of £25,000 was offered to and declined by Rubinstein for an American recital trip. Rubinstein wrote to his friend and agent, Mr. Wolff, thus characteristically:—

"DEAR FRIEND.—I cannot understand how you can again and again propose such a thing. If you do not succeed in getting my sacred opera performed on the stage in Germany, and until one of my operas is given in France, I will leave Peterhof only for my funeral."

Rubinstein had an invincible dislike to sitting for his portrait, and as far as I know, only one artist in this country was fortunate enough to catch him, as it were with a snapshot, on the wing. That artist was most appropriately Felix Moscheles, the godson of Felix Mendelssohn. One day, in Moscheles' house, Rubinstein was tempted to sit down to a game of whist, of which he was extremely fond. "I watched him," said Moscheles to me, "and, of course, I did not paint him without his knowledge; but he would do nothing to help me. I watched him to get his fine Beethovenesque, stern, and Jove-like look of displeasure. Presently, when the cards were bad, it came, and I have tried to fix it. As he rose and gave my canvas a glance, "Ah, there he is!" he exclaimed. My mother wanted him to give me another sitting, but he would not. I could not be surprised at him, as he had refused Millais—and, indeed, I don't regret his refusal; I might have spoiled my sketch in oils." The picture, which was exhibited, in 1894, at the New Gallery, is extremely living, and very like; and the reproductions of it in photogravure issued by Stacey, of Old Bond Street, are quite as effective.—*Fortnightly Review*.

AN OLD SOCIETY WIT.

BY MRS. ANDREW CROSSE.

THE burden of one of the popular songs in 1815 was "All the World's in Paris." The Restoration had opened once more "the gay metropolis" to the votaries of fashion, who now might

"Range the Boulevards, and enjoy all
The orgies of the Palais Royal."

Among the crowd was Luttrell, the author of the couplet, and his friend Rogers, the Banker-Poet. They were sauntering through the Louvre together, when some ladies accosted the former gentleman. A few words were exchanged, followed by formal bows, and then they parted. Luttrell rejoined his friend, saying, "It is a curious thing, one of those ladies came up to me, and said, 'Is your name Luttrell?'" "And was it?" said Rogers. This peculiar rejoinder conveyed a sneer that perhaps no other than the mordant tongue of Rogers could have uttered; the only wonder is that it was forgiven.

We learn from the "Greville Memoirs" that "Rogers and Luttrell were always bracketed together—intimate friends—seldom apart, and always hating, abusing, and ridiculing each other."

The covert sneer conveyed in the words "was it your name?" is explained by the fact that the society wit, who delighted two generations by his brilliant talk, was a natural son of Lord Carhampton. In early life the Earl was known as the Colonel Luttrell, flagellated in "Junius's Letters," and of whom Horace Walpole remarked that "the Court had crammed him into the House of Commons instead of Wilkes."

Somewhere about the time of the noted Middlesex election of 1769, the boy was born who was subsequently permitted to bear his father's family name. It is believed that his mother was the daughter of a gardener at Woodstock, of the name of Harman. There is no certainty as to the date of Henry Luttrell's birth. He died in 1851; some accounts say he was in his

eighty-second year, others that he had attained the age of eighty-six.

On the evidence of Moore's Diary (August, 1824) it would appear that Luttrell had a sister, for while he was staying at Bowood that autumn, Moore invited him to dine at his cottage, some three miles from Lord Lansdowne's place. When the day was fixed, "Sent off," writes Moore, "an invitation to Luttrell's sister, Mrs. Scott and her husband, to meet Luttrell and Nugent at dinner on Friday." We gather also from the Diary, that the Scotts lived for some years in or near Devizes. Moore was often at their house, and they were occasionally the guests of Lord and Lady Lansdowne, which proves their social status. Once, when the conversation turned upon duelling, Scott spoke to Moore of his uncle, Lord Clonmell, alluding to his duel with Cuffe, afterward Lord Tyrawley, the well-known dispenser of secret-service money during the Irish Rebellion.

As Luttrell's "sister" was well married, we may gather that the children of the gardener's daughter were brought up as gentlefolk, but by whom, and where, there is no evidence, at least, none is at present known. The cryptic history of some of the noble and the ignoble families of the Ireland of the eighteenth century is full of political, as well as private scandals. The following item is of public interest. In 1771, Lady Anne Luttrell, widow of Christopher Horton, Esq., married the Duke of Cumberland. On the announcement of this marriage, the Duke of Gloucester acknowledged his union with the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, an illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. George III., in a fury, forbade his brothers appearing at Court, and at once forced his Ministers to introduce and carry the Royal Marriage Bill (1772). The Duchess of Cumberland's father was Lord Irnham; her brother, our wit's father, it was who was created Lord Carhampton.

The episode of the royal marriage must not detain us from the matter in hand, which at first is little more than a conjecture as to the circumstances of Henry Luttrell's boyhood. If he was brought up in Ireland it is curious, because he had none of the characteristics of an Irishman. His intellect was without the impulse of the erratic genius of Erin. He was, besides, orderly—nay, almost finical, and moreover peculiarly fastidious about matter in the wrong place, as some one politely called—dirt. In some verses of Luttrell's, entitled "A Rhymer in Rome," he expresses his keen sense of the want of cleanliness in the Eternal City :

"Hark, in your private ear a word,

We'll whisper it, to spare your blushes.

Pray, Romans, have you never heard

Of mops and pails; of brooms and brushes?"

Luttrell would not have agreed with the cardinal who in speaking of the kingly *régime*, said, "They have cleaned Rome and spoiled it."

Luttrell must have received a good classical education, and he kept up his classics, as people seem to have done more in those days than in ours. Of his schoolboy life we know absolutely nothing, but his early manhood was certainly spent in Ireland. His father had been made Commander-in-Chief in Ireland before the rebellion. In 1797 Lord Carhampton was charged with the duty of pacifying Connaught, where outrages of the Defenderism class were common. He became extremely unpopular, owing to the action taken by the magistrates under his direction, which was nothing less than sending suspected persons—without a trial—to serve on board the Fleet. Subsequently, the Irish Parliament passed an Act of Indemnity to stop prosecutions of magistrates for illegal proceedings in this matter. "Thus," said Grattan, "the poor were stricken out of the protection of the law, and the rich out of its penalties." The feeling against Lord Carhampton was very strong, so much so that the Viceroy thought fit to remove him to the less important office of Master of the Ordnance. Meanwhile, young Luttrell, by his father's influence, took a seat in the last

Irish Parliament as member for Clonmines. He also obtained some post in the Government, but only held it for a few months, giving it up for a pension.*

There appears to be no record of Luttrell's views about Irish affairs at this period, but it is a significant fact that as time went on he adopted political opinions which were in direct opposition to the Tory views of his father. But henceforth he took no part in public life, and thus cut himself off from a career in which his talents might have been useful to his country. It is possible that the state of things in Ireland had thoroughly disgusted him with party politics.

In 1802 Luttrell went out to Jamaica as manager of his father's estates there. This exile became extremely distasteful to him, and he shortly returned to England. When in London, he was taken up by the Duchess of Devonshire, who discovered his great social qualities, and by her introduced everywhere. He thus began a career of social success, which, considering he was without wealth, rank, or literary distinction, is almost unparalleled.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has immortalized Luttrell's society-godmother as the "beautiful Duchess of Devonshire," but Sir Nathaniel Wraxall—and he was not alone in his opinion—says, that if not illuminated by her singular grace of mind and charm of manner, her countenance might have been considered "very ordinary." The Duchess had trifled pleasantly with the pen of authorship in her poem of "Mount St. Gothard," and in a novel called "The Sylph." It will be remembered she died when not yet fifty, in the year 1806. Her latter days were embittered by the gross personalities contained in a society novel called "A Winter in London," which, like its imitators of our day, had its *succès de scandale*. The book contained various sayings and anecdotes of the Duchess, picked up from her confidential attendants. "Never read that book, for it

* In 1793 the Irish pensions had risen to £124,000. This crying evil caused changes to be made, and the pension list was reduced to £80,000, the Crown retaining the power of granting life-pensions.

as he says, "the following is as close a *fit* as I can make of it in English :—

"Cries — in his closet once spying a mouse,
'Pray, what business have you, little friend,
in my house?'

Says the mouse with a smile, to the lover of
hoarding,

'Don't be frightened; 'tis lodging I look for,
not boarding.' "

To which might be added in the way
of retort courteous :—

" 'Since that's all,' replies —, ' 'twould
be hard to deny you ;

You may lodge how you can, but to board I
defy you.' "

Luttrell intimates in the letter that his Greek is somewhat rusty. The original of the quatrain, he says, had not occurred to him since his boyhood. But some of the Latin writers were his daily food ; like the poet Malherbe, he made Horace his breviary.

Another letter of Luttrell's has been preserved in the "Memoirs of Rogers," which gives a pleasant idea, not only of the two men, but of the friendly feeling common alike to the guests and their hosts in the various country houses, where intellect was reckoned a social qualification. Mr. Harness, the schoolfellow and friend of Byron, who lived in the centre of light and leading down to our own day, said of the earlier part of the century : "The limits of society were then more defined than they are at present ; and within those limits there was greater freedom and intimacy."

Luttrell's letter may now speak for itself :—

"BROCKET HALL, Sept. 20 (1809).

"MY DEAR ROGERS,—It is singular enough that just as your letter was put into my hands, I had determined to write to you by this day's post. Now and at all times I feel flattered and happy to be associated in any scheme of amusement or arrangement of society with you, and I was with this object in view preparing to communicate my autumnal movements, and to inquire into yours. I am desirous on the part of Lord and Lady Cowper to say that they will be most happy to receive you at Panshanger as soon as they remove there, which will be early in the next month. Our intended progress in the meantime is as follows. From hence to town on Friday ; on Monday next to Woodbeding for four or five days, and thence to Petworth for two or three, after which the Cowpers certainly return to Panshanger, where they will remain for the rest of October. Now what I should like, if it suits

you, would be to meet you at Deepdene on my return from Petworth, and, having paid our visit there, return with you to London for a couple of days. We might then start together for Panshanger. I hold myself in a manner pledged to Hope, deeming it as ungracious not to *accept* as not to *give* a second invitation, as the natural conclusion to be drawn from both is the same, that, on trial, the parties have not been pleased with each other. Yet I should not choose to encounter him alone, as the apprehension of his embarrassment would embarrass me. As it is possible I may be in town even to-morrow pray let a few lines be deposited in my letter-box in Albany to say how far the arrangements I here propose can be made to square with your convenience. If it should not suit, I am, after the Woodbeding and Petworth visits are spun off my reel, quite at your disposal for any other that may be agreeable to you. I hope you have not quite abandoned your intention of a trip to Tunbridge, as I have a most longing desire to see the lions of the Pantiles, under your auspices. This I would do either after or before Panshanger at your option. God bless you, and believe me, my dear Rogers, ever most truly yours,
H. L."

In almost everything literary that Luttrell attempted, the influence of his favorite Horace is both seen and acknowledged. In 1820 he published a thin volume of verse called "Advice to Julia." This poem was suggested to him by Horace's ode to "Lydia." The expanded imitation is a long-drawn description of fashionable London life ; and the modern Sybaris is represented as foregoing all its pleasures for love of —Julia. Luttrell takes for his motto Rousseau's words : "J'ai vu les mœurs de mon temps, et j'ai publié cette lettre." The English writer concerned himself more with the manners than with the *morals* of his time ; perhaps not liking to name the devil to ears polite. This mild satire was well received by the public. In the privacy of his journal Moore writes : "Received Luttrell's new work, 'Advice to Julia,' full of well-bred facetiousness and sparkle of the first water. It is just what I advised him to do, and what few could have done so well."

Happy the author who writes to the critic's bidding, thereby securing himself from dispraise at least in one quarter. Luttrell's friends, however, were not unanimous in opinion. Kenney, the dramatist, well remembered for his inimitable character of Jeremy Diddler in *Raising the Wind*, objected that

"the 'Advice to Julia' was too long and not *broad* enough." But Kenney belonged essentially to the old-fashioned Irish school of wit; while in matters of good taste, Luttrell was a pioneer in the new departure of decency and refinement, when writing literature for general reading. Gronow alludes to the change that had come over public taste, remarking that at this time the writings of "Monk" Lewis, once so popular, were now regarded with distaste, even with opprobrium by the fashionable world, which was becoming extremely proper in books.

In 1822 Luttrell published a third and much improved edition of his poem, with the altered title of "Letters to Julia, in Rhyme." The only permanent interest that remains in this book is the picture presented of the world of fashion as it was then—its fripperies and follies, seemingly so ridiculous to us in our superior day. Doubtless our posterity—poor fools—will laugh egregiously at *our* fashions, and "all to prove the world goes round," as says the old song.

You must have ears as well as eyes for Luttrell's peep-show of 1820. You may then hear as of yore—

"Where'er you drive, or ride, or walk,
The *Macedoine* of London talk."

It was the days of the dandies, and you may see "Charles, who was—

"A master, a professor
Of this great art—a first-rate dresser,
Armed at all points from head to foot,
From rim of hat to tip of boot,
Above so loose, below so braced,
The chest exuberant, and in waist
Just like an hour-glass, or a wasp
So tightened, he could scarcely gasp."

The enormous cravats of that time, with their endless folds, required an amount of patience and brain power that we should only give to a problem in mathematics. One man in the peep-show is represented as accosting another, saying, "Have you been lucky in your turns to-day?"

"I ask not, in times so critical,
You've managed well your terms political,
Knowing your aptitude to rat;
My question points to—your cravat."

In short, by dint of hand and eye,
Have you achieved a perfect tie?"

"Beau" Brummell is reported to have said to "Poodle" Byng, another first-class dandy, pointing to a drawer full of clean but crumpled cravats, "Those are my failures."

Luttrell mentions the recent introduction of the waltz, with the remark, "so entrancing was the measure, that even staid chaperons regretted having lived in the days of minuets, jigs and country capers." Byron, for the nonce, appeared on the side of strict propriety, and wrote the well-known lines beginning—

"What, the girl I adore by *another* embraced?"

and ending with these words to the partner—

"What you've *touch'd*, you may take. Pretty
waltzer, adieu."

Spite of the warning of their stern mentor, the waltz went on and our grandmothers danced as merrily as "the Quaker's wife." They meant to marry, too, as well as dance, and their views on matrimony were as sound as ours in the late Victorian era. Luttrell says of mothers and daughters:—

"They deem no folly half so great
As love without a large estate."

Do what you will, say what you can,
'Manors,' they tell you, make the man."

Our poet disapproves of the prevalent fashion of the honeymoon, when, as he says, "a couple, without one earthly reason," are compelled to—

"Struggle through a week's warm weather,
In hopeless solitude together,
Thus may a pair so lately free
Take their first lesson in *ennui*."

The copy of the "Letters to Julia" from which these extracts have been made, is of special interest, for it contains some contemporary manuscript notes.* One pencilled line records that "This book was nicknamed 'Letters from a dandy to a dolly.'" Another note, written on the fly-leaf of the vol-

* I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Austin Dobson for the loan of this volume from his library. I may add that it was Mr. Austin Dobson who first suggested to me the task of gathering together some *Memorabilia* of Henry Luttrell. I trust this paper may not prove to be like one of Mr. Brummell's crumpled ties.

ume in question, thus describes the author of the poem :—

"Luttrell is a most agreeable member of society, the best sayer of good things, and a most epigrammatic conversationist. There is a terseness and a wit mingled with fancy in his observations that no one else possesses. The advice to Julia is pointed, witty, and full of observation, showing in every line a knowledge of society, and a tact rarely met with—even his choicest *bons mots* are only produced when quite applicable, and then are given in a tone of good breeding which enhances their value."

The handwriting of the above anonymous note appears to me identical with that of John Kenyon, many of whose letters I possess, written to me in my youth. The characteristics of a good talker, are just what Kenyon would likely have said of Luttrell, who was frequently dining and breakfasting with him, he being one of the Rogers and Harness coterie. It was elsewhere said of Luttrell, that he was "a wit among lords, and a lord among wits." This was the verdict of his contemporaries; but certainly neither the "Letters to Julia," nor any other literary production of Luttrell's, is in any respect commensurate with this reputation. Greville, always a discriminating critic, remarks that Luttrell had a less caustic wit than Rogers, and at the same time had less imagination. Another of their common friends declared that the pair so often bracketed together had equally bad tempers.* This man says that on one occasion he was the innocent cause of a dreadful quarrel between them "during which they used such language to each other as none could have expected from the lips of two men who had associated, not only with the highest nobility, but with kings and queens."

This naïve observation about the highest personages does not show an intimate knowledge of the language sometimes used by the Prince Regent and his royal brother, William, in their hours of ease or—temper. Their vocabulary is said not to have been wanting in that *curdory* garnish to conversation so much admired by the old Scotch lady.

The breeze between our Damon and

* This appears in a footnote in Prior's "Life of Malone."

Pythias was only a refresher of wit. Moore writes, "Luttrell is always at Rogers's." The latter writes to his sister, that he and Luttrell are together at Crewe, "Enjoying such a scene of old English hospitality, as I never saw before. The company, very numerous and changeable and every day overflowing to a side table."

Another time the friends are going on the Thames together, for the purpose of following the fishmonger's barge, and enjoying the music of the band. Then we hear of their walking along George Street, Hanover Square, when Rogers complained of being thrust off the pavement by the projecting steps of St. George's Church. "That," said Luttrell, "is one of your dissenting prejudices." Rogers's Nonconformist education was often the subject of Luttrell's banter. There was more seriousness in Rogers when he twitted his friend with giving up so much of his time to people of fashion. The remark came, oddly enough, from the banker-poet, who moved almost exclusively in that set. But dulness he could not abide, even at the table of the most luxurious dinner giver. After he and Luttrell had made an experience of a practical feast of dulness, he sent his friend the next morning the following lines—

"When at Sir William's board you sit,
His claret flows but not his wit.
There but half a meal we find,
Stuffed in body, starved in mind."

A very different sort of feast is recorded by Moore as having taken place at Mr. Bentley's residence in New Burlington Street. "Luttrell and I went together. The company all the very *haut ton* of the literature of the day. Dickens, Campbell, Ainsworth, Barham, Lover and others. Our host very courteous."

Rogers, in speaking of some of his fashionable friends, said his father had advised him never to go near titled people, "and," added he, "there was truth and wisdom in it." Something of this early teaching appeared when he reproved Carruthers for "My lord-ing" a fellow guest, recently raised to the peerage, "Don't keep my lord-ing him. He's much better than a lord. He's a very good fellow."

Though dukes and duchesses often crowded Rogers's entertainments, his great guns were undoubtedly commoners. Who, among the titled guests, could equal Sharpe in his acute observation on human affairs, or rival Mackintosh in the breadth and fulness of knowledge, and the lucidity of his reasoning powers? This true scholar, in the largeness of his tolerance, could well afford to disregard the sneer of his fellow-guest, Dr. Parr, who said—"Mackintosh had come up from Scotland with a metaphysical head, a cold heart, and open hands." Parr, though a first-rate scholar, was an unsuccessful man, and often expressed in conversation the sourness induced by his circumstances. Both Luttrell and Moore, besides a host of others, were warm and admiring friends of Mackintosh, which fact is in itself an answer to his supposed coldness. His manner was rather unfortunate, for in shaking hands he presented a flat unbending hand. "All Scotchmen do," said Lord Abinger to Rogers, by way of excuse.

Even when friends were absent, Rogers, in his beautiful house, had "the mute company of works of Art." He was, however, rarely alone; it was his delight to have "his friends to breakfast, and his acquaintances to dinner," as he himself put it. Among the diners were—

"Men of the world, who know the world like men;
* * * * *
Who think of something else beside the pen."

In Rogers's more intimate circle, literature rather than politics came under discussion, and when a good or wise thing was said, it was meant for the whole table. How often was Wordsworth there, commanding reverence by reason of his spiritual insight into the mystery of all that rounds our little life! There, too, was Macaulay, the bookman, the very antipode of Nature's priest, pouring forth his torrent of facts albeit colored by genius, and only to be stemmed by the irrepressible fun of Sydney Smith, who, with humorous wit, turned scholars, statesmen, and poets into a pack of laughing schoolboys! Truly, Luttrell's lines of life had fallen in pleasant places!

Moore relates in his Diary, that Sydney Smith, Luttrell and himself had been dining with Lord John Russell, at his official residence, and walked away together after a merry evening. He writes:—

"When we got to Cockspur Street (having laughed all the way) we were all three seized with such convulsions of cachinnation at something (I forget what) which Sydney Smith said, that we were obliged to separate, and reel each his own way with the fit. I thought if any one who knew us happened to be looking, how it would amuse them."

Sometimes the wits, including Luttrell, were the guests of Miss Lydia White, or old Lady Cork. The latter as Miss Monckton was a favorite with Dr. Johnson, and is said to have made her mother's—Lady Galway's—salon so attractive, that her receptions had the beneficial effect of thinning the crowds round the faro tables. But more than one generation had passed away, and Lady Cork had now some difficulty in attracting celebrities to her "evenings" at her house in New Burlington Street. She was dubbed "The Lady of Lyons," from her eagerness to secure anybody who had become notorious. The story is told,—hearing on one occasion that Sir Anthony Carlisle, the great surgeon, had dissected and preserved the little dwarf Crachanni, Lady Cork exclaimed—"Wouldn't it do for a lion for one of my assemblies!" "It might enliven the party," observed Luttrell, "for it certainly would be in *spirits*." I think it was Jekyl who said, on seeing her ladyship with an amazing plumed head-dress, that she reminded him of a shuttlecock—all cork and feathers.

The other—old lady friend of Luttrell—Miss Lydia White resided in Park Street, and almost to the end of her long life managed to get the cleverest people of the day to dine with her. Mr. Harness describes her as—

"Brave in paint and plaster, a wonderful work of art. She justified these artificial aids by saying that with them she was a source of pleasure, perhaps amusement, to her friends, whereas, without all this, they would have regarded her with feelings of profound melancholy."

Rogers used to say, "How wonderfully she does hold out. Miss White and Missolonghi are the most wonder-

ful things going." This was in the year 1826. Lord John Russell and Moore could be sarcastic sometimes over Luttrell's fondness for puns—"Only think," said Moore, "that a man like Luttrell should delight in that pun of Hood's, where he makes a soldier say—'I thought like Lavater I would write about face.'" Lavater's system of physiognomy was still talked about in those days.

Luttrell was in the habit of meeting the brothers James and Horace Smith, of "Rejected Addresses" fame, and the punster Theodore Hook, at Lady Blessington's. The reckless hospitality at Gore House was more attractive than creditable, when Comte D'Orsay played the part of host.

"The society there," says Greville, "was very miscellaneous, but included many eminent men of all descriptions, professions, and countries, so that it was always curious, and often entertaining. . . . Of course no women ever went there, except a few who were connected with D'Orsay or Lady Blessington, and exotic personages such as Madame Guiccioli (Byron's friend). . . . Comte D'Orsay's antecedent life . . . made it impossible for him to obtain admission into the best society."

Among those who were not "too fastidious" was Greville himself, Luttrell, and such greater lights as Lyndhurst, Brougham, the Bulwers, Landseer, Macready, Thackeray and others. Walter Savage Landor also frequented Gore House, a surprising circumstance, considering how lofty he was in nature and sentiment. French society never condoned the dishonor of Comte D'Orsay's action in quitting the army, and selling himself to Lord Blessington as a husband to *any one* of his daughters! There is a curious letter of Landor's to Lady Blessington, in which he says:—

"Cannot you teach those about you to write somewhat more purely? I am very fastidious. Three days ago I was obliged to correct a friend of mine, a man of fashion, who so far forgot the graces to say of a lady—'I have not often been in her company.' 'Say *presence*; we are in the company of men, in the presence of angels and of women.'"

This is the flower of chivalry; but any one who is worthy to measure the genuine spirit of Landor, will know it to be as true to *his* ideal as it is aloof from the commonplace, not only of our

day but of any day. Women are at their best when *they* keep up the enchantment of life!

Moore's intimacy with Luttrell has been a means of preserving many of the sayings and doings of the latter, and must not be mentioned without reference to the incident of the destruction of Byron's own memoirs. It will be remembered that Lord Byron gave the manuscript to Moore as a gift of considerable money value. The poet's death came as a shock and a surprise to all, and the difficult question arose as to whether this personal record of his own brief and passion-tossed life was fit for publication. The story of dealing with the manuscript does not require retelling, but it touches Luttrell, because he was one of the very few consulted in the matter. He had often been appealed to on nice questions of honor, and on matters which are society-made law. Luttrell was a man of the world; well, so was Lord Chesterfield, whose "Letters" have been called "The Scoundrel's Primer." But, as Greville says, "Luttrell was a high-minded gentleman, full of good feeling;" and his peers, holding him in this estimation, asked his counsel, Moore foremost among them, because he put faith in his friend's judgment. Luttrell concurred with those who desired the manuscript should be destroyed, and as we know, it was burned in Murray's drawing-room in Albemarle Street. Lord John Russell, who had read the greater part, said "literature has not lost much; it contained little traces of Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life." Rogers took occasion to observe, in his carping way, that "Luttrell's advice had been sought as a man of the world, which standpoint was his only attitude toward the memoir." From this remark we might gather that Rogers thought but meanly of Luttrell's intellect; this was not the fact, for in Clayden's "Life of Rogers" we are distinctly told that the latter had a high opinion of Luttrell's talents, and considered that he ought to have achieved more in his life. Like Sordello, it was his fault "what he should have been, could be, and was not." Here again Greville comes in as his defender:—

"There are so many more good writers than good talkers, and the two qualities are so rarely found united in the same person, that we owe a debt of gratitude to Luttrell for having cultivated his conversational rather than his literary powers, and for having adorned and delighted society for so many years with his remarkable vivacity and wit."

We know that Luttrell was "always in narrow circumstances." Probably he had learned the philosophy of contentment, and the practice of moderation from his teacher, Horace, who considered himself "blessed enough in his one Sabine farm."

Moore once let fall the expression, "Luttrell evidently thinks his own place in danger,"—he must surely have intended to say "pension." This was at the time of the Reform Bill. Greville distinctly says that "Luttrell never took any part in public life."

Moore records a joke on the subject of Reform. Luttrell was staying in Wiltshire with his sister, Mrs. Scott, and Carry, Nugent, and Moore had been dining there. The latter writes:—

"Luttrell repeated six lines he had lately written about, 'two things,' that at present 'absorb us,' being 'the Bill and the Cholera Morbus,' that the Tories, 'if they had their will,' would bring in the complaint to get rid of the bill; while the Whigs seemed resolved, 'in this very hot weather,' that we should be doomed 'to both evils together.' He repeated it but once, so I could catch but the general meaning and the tags."

I have already expressed a conjecture that Luttrell was thoroughly disgusted with party politics from his experiences in Ireland at the close of the last century. Nothing short of this could have led to his fixed resolve to abstain from entering on a political career, which seemed naturally open to him. He had powerful friends ready to help him, and "he was conscious," as Greville says, "of powers that would have raised him to a higher place than that which he occupied in the world."

If a tithe of what is stated against his father is true, it is not surprising that they were "always on bad terms," and that politics were distasteful to Luttrell. In turning over the venom-stained pages of a book called "Ireland before the Union,"* I have come across

a most virulent attack upon Lord Carhampton in his private capacity, and as "a political profligate and terrorist." It would ill serve the cause of truth or decency to rake up old scandals, packed in evidence by a mere advocate; but there is one story relating to a member of the Carhampton family which is so extraordinary that it merits extract, if only to point a moral. Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, Lord Carhampton's sister, shared, it seems, the family love of gambling; she lived always with her sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, and, on the authority of Sir Robert Heron,* she played high and "cheated much."

"On the death of her sister (the Duchess) she was thrown into jail. There she gave a hairdresser £50 to marry her. Her debts then becoming his, she was discharged. She went abroad, where she descended lower and lower till, being convicted of picking pockets at Augsburg, she was condemned to clean the streets chained to a wheel-barrow. In that miserable situation she terminated her existence by poison."

Lady Elizabeth was, legitimately speaking, the last of her family, and the peerage of Carhampton is extinct! How far Henry Luttrell was acquainted with the vicissitudes of fortune befalling his father's sister, we know not; but he had conceived the greatest abhorrence of gambling. As he knew but too well, the vice had been fostered in Ireland by State Lotteries, affecting the morals of every class of the community. In England, his earliest society friend, the Duchess of Devonshire, had been handed sobbing to her carriage by Sheridan, in tears at having lost £1500 at a sitting. It is said Fox gambled for twenty-two hours at a time, losing £500 an hour! In later years, when the Regent had become King, the all-devouring thirst for play was at its height. Captain Gronow† writes: "We may safely say, without exaggeration, that Crockford won the whole of the ready money of the then existing generation."

Crockford, it seems, had relinquished the peaceful trade of fishmonger for a

* See "Ireland before the Union," p. 129, note.

† "Celebrities in London and Paris," by Gronow. Smith, Elder. 1865.

* By W. J. Fitzpatrick, J.P. Second Edition. Published by Hotten, London, 1867.

share in a "hell." He is stated to have won at a sitting no less than a hundred thousand pounds from Lords Thanet and Granville, Mr. Ball Hughes, and others. With these gains he built the well-known palace in St. James's Street. Here suppers of the most exquisite kind, prepared by the famous Ude, with the best wines, were offered gratis to the members. These included, writes Gronow: "All the celebrities in England, from the Duke of Wellington to the youngest ensign. Scholars, statesmen, and men of pleasure, when the 'house was up,' delighted to finish their evening with a little supper and a great deal of hazard at old Crockey's."

Luttrell felt the growing evil of the times, and took up the idea of writing a satire against the vice of gambling. He called his rhapsody "Crockford House." Moore tells us that Luttrell submitted his forthcoming poem to Lords Sefton, Granville, and Henry de Ros, to see if there was anything wrong (*i.e.*, unworthy of a man of the town) in publishing such an attack upon the high priest of the gaming table: "A deference to society, for which society will little thank him. What is called *the world* knows its own worthlessness too well to respect him who fears it."

The manuscript was found fault with, not by the men of fashion, but by the literary critics. Lockhart thought that though "elegant, it would not be creditable to Luttrell to publish it." There was a stormy meeting over the subject at Murray's. Davidson went so far as to say that his "reader thought it the worst d—d stuff in the world." Moore, who was present at the discussion, held an opposite opinion. Later, on reading the proofs, Moore told Murray that: "On the score of *talents* he need have no doubt whatever of the work," adding, "that it was like everything Luttrell did, full of polish and point."

"Crockford House" was published by Murray in 1827; it appears to have had a certain amount of success. Greville speaks of it as "an amusing but rather flimsy satire." If Luttrell's talk had not had more backbone than his poetry, he could scarcely have made the reputation he so well maintained in

a society pre-eminent for wit and talent. There must have been a substratum of philosophic thought in his convivial raciness of speech. Moore says, "I never forget Luttrell's good things, while I only remember that I laughed at Sydney Smith's fun." Lady Blessington, who was accustomed to listen to some of the cleverest men of her day, observed, "The conversation of Mr. Luttrell makes me think, while that of many others only amuses me."

Lord Holland's intimate friendship with Luttrell is in itself the strongest proof of the solid character of his intellect. Macaulay says, "Lord Holland was courteously but pleasantly disputatious." To be his chosen and frequent companion, a man need have a repertory of culture, with the vivacity to advance new opinions, and the courage necessary for their defence. There is a well-known passage in the "Essays" where Macaulay describes Holland House as it was when Luttrell was a constant and ever-welcome guest. The historian says that those who knew it then—

"Will remember the peculiar character that belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another, while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Baretta, while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation, while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz."

"You can't go to Holland House now, without being Talleyranded," said Sydney Smith to Luttrell, as they drove together there in a hackney-coach, to one of those six-o'clock dinners that disturbed all the afternoon's arrangements. The ultra-fashionables then dined at eight, and ordinary mortals never thought of inviting their professional friends before seven. "I wonder," remarked an aggrieved fashionable, "why Lady Holland dines at such an hour as six?" To this Talleyrand replied, "*Pour gêner tout le monde.*"

Not unfrequently, Lady Holland, in her casual sort of way, invited more people than the table would hold. On

one occasion, when a superfluous guest arrived after the diners were already seated, Lady Holland called out, "Luttrell, will you make room?" "I must certainly make it, for it does not exist," was the ready rejoinder to the imperious lady. It may have been the same evening that Luttrell, known to be an epicure, caused much surprise to his friends by letting the side dishes pass by. The fact being that he was absorbed in contemplating a man opposite, who was listening to Sydney Smith's jokes without moving a muscle of his face! Luttrell's fastidiousness about food was often a subject of good-natured banter among his friends. Sydney Smith declared that in the event of an invasion of England, Luttrell, Rogers, and other knights, would meet in Piccadilly, would combat to the death for the safety of Fortnum and Mason's, and prove themselves ready to fall in defence of the sauces of their country.

Sometimes it was Luttrell, sometimes Macaulay, who suffered from Lady Holland's peculiar, and not very courteous dictation. She had been known to tap her fan on the table and say, "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this. Give us something else." On asking Lord Alvanley if he liked the claret cup made after her own receipt, "With Kensington nettles, then, I suppose?" was the curt reply. Luttrell, on being asked by Lady Holland if a well-known bore had made himself very disagreeable, answered, "Why he was as disagreeable as the occasion would permit."

It was the custom formerly to put up inscriptions in summer-houses. Luttrell wrote some lines for Rogers's favorite seat in the Holland House gardens. Macaulay pronounced them to be "very pretty and polished, but too many to be remembered from one reading." The lines conclude with a self-criticism that I fear merits acceptance:—

"Not a seat e'en so hallowed as this can impart,
The fancy and fire that must spring from the heart,
So I rise, since the Muses continue to frown,
No more of a poet than when I sat down."

Byron, when he dedicated "The Bride of Abydos" to Lord Holland,

had lived to regret his "confounded hurry, with that confounded satire," in which he had ridiculed

"the banquets spread at Holland House
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may
carouse."

A happier speech is attributed to Luttrell, when he said that this gathering place of wits was the "proof-house" of the literature of the day. Princess Marie Liechtenstein, in her work on "Holland House," enumerates the portraits of Lord Holland's special friends, and mentions the fact that Luttrell's picture hangs in the print room.*

If we may judge from the records of Luttrell in Moore's Diary there was no place where he was more light-hearted and more at home than at Bowood. Groville gives a very just idea of the society there by contrasting it with Woburn and Badminton, where he had been lately visiting. "At Woburn," he writes, "there was nothing but idle, ignorant, ordinary people, among whom there was not an attempt at anything like society or talk, while here (Bowood), all are distinguished more or less for intellect."

There was a goodly number of scientific men to be met at Bowood, for Lord Lansdowne had an early appreciation of the researches of the physical philosophers. Luttrell, as their fellow-guest, has shown that he too was receptive of the generalizations of science. But the disquisitions of a Davy or a Wollaston were not the sort of thing that Moore recorded. His editor, Lord John Russell, complained that he did not give the serious conversations in which their circle were often engaged. The fact is, a joke, an epigram, or some little pellet of wit, is more easily scored than a ratiocination on ethics or physics. We must say *vive la bagatelle*, as a rule, when quoting from Tom Moore's Journal, especially when he is in the healthy atmosphere of Wiltshire.

In all the pleasant funning Luttrell has generally a part. One day, when he was the guest of Lord Lansdowne, he went over to Moore's cottage to dine

* A lithographed reproduction of a portrait of Luttrell, by D'Orsay, is at White's, and is reproduced in Burke's "History of White's." National Biography.

with a few other friends. Bowood and Sloperton Cottage are about three miles apart; the Lansdowne carriage took him there, but he arranged to find his way back along with Nugent, another of the guests. Unfortunately, Mrs. Moore's cook was not equal to the occasion; "Anacreon" confesses in his journal that the dinner was "very ill drest, which I regretted the more because Luttrell is very particular about the *cuisine*; it had no effect, however, either on his wit or good-humor, for he was highly agreeable."

The Bowood guests walked back with the aid of Moore's lantern, in the moonless summer night. The following morning, Moore, still regretful about the bad dinner, bethought him of bringing in the Muses to help him to an apology, and before breakfast, wrote a parody on Horace's *Sic te Diva potens Cypri*, addressed to the lantern lent to his guests. Luttrell immediately returned the following lines by the messenger who brought the Horatian apology:—

"A fine feast is a farce and a fable,
As often, dear Moore, we have found it;
Prithce, what is the farce on the table
To the Fair who sit sparkling around it?"

"I see not what you'd be to blame for,
Though your cook was no dab at her duty;
In your cottage was all that we came for,
Wit, poetry, friendship and beauty!"

"And then to increase our delight,
To a fulness all boundaries scorning,
We were cheer'd with your lantern at night,
And regaled with your rhymes the next morning."

A day or so later we hear of Moore dining and staying the night, as he often did, at Bowood. Canon Bowles was there, and a few other neighbors, besides the house party. Luttrell was in the humor for telling Irish stories. Among others, the incident of Crosbie, an Irish Member, who in speaking to some one in the House, said: "Sir, if I have any partiality for the honorable gentleman, it is against him." This was capped by Lord Lansdowne telling how Sir B. Roche exclaimed energetically in the House, "Mr. Speaker, I'll answer boldly in the affirmative, No!" Luttrell related how a fellow, complaining of the dulness of Derry on the Sab-

bath, exclaimed, "To the devil I pitch—a Protestant town of a Sunday."

The friends were laughing at Moore for his restlessness, whereupon Luttrell said he should be treated as Zephyr is in a ballad called "*Zephyre puni et fixé*." At this time the Moores had a pony that was also rather skittish; the man who was assistant-general at the cottage had complained that one evening, in returning from Bowood, after depositing his master, the pony became restive, and his driver was quite ill the next day, in consequence. "I believe," said Moore, "that the mischief is due, not to the pony, but to the strong beer at Bowood." "Yes, he's *aleing*, I suppose," said Luttrell. At dinner he produced his joke turned into verse:

"Come, come, for trifles never stick,
Most servants have a failing.
Yours, it is true, are sometimes sick,
But mine are always aleing."

We are reminded by a couplet penned by Luttrell that our respectable and well-preserved Mrs. Grundy will shortly have her centenary:—

"All ruled by what the world will say—
That Mrs. Grundy of the Play."

This puissant lady appears in a comedy called *Speed the Plough*, by Morton, which we learn was brought out with extraordinary success at Covent Garden in 1798.

There is sound sense in the following couplet, and it holds as true now as when Luttrell said—

"Yet, surely, London's to a tittle
The place for those who have but little."

Luttrell anticipated something of the Darwinian theory when he expressed his dislike to monkeys "because they reminded him so of poor relations." He must have been on bad terms with his yesterday's dinner when he abused the English climate by saying, "it was like looking up a chimney on a fine day, and looking down when it was wet."

Occasionally there is a dash of the grotesque in Luttrell's humor; an unfitting survival of coarser times. Once, at Bowood, a man was describing in grandiloquent terms, a sunset he had seen in the Gut of Gibraltar, when the ship he was in appeared surrounded by

flames. "An inflammation of the bowels," observed Luttrell. While the gentlemen were still sitting over their wine, some one said to Sir F. Gould, "I am told you eat three eggs every day at breakfast." "No, on the contrary—" was the reply. Whereupon Moore exclaimed, "What is the contrary of eating three eggs?" "Laying three eggs, I suppose," said Luttrell.

Moore and Luttrell were often together in the happy hunting fields of Irish society. In 1830, we read of their being in Dublin, dining at Lady Morgan's, meeting Shiel, Curran and others. The only recorded saying of Luttrell's is the remark that there are many unaccountable things in Ireland;—plenty of plovers, but no plovers' eggs—and further, chaises in abundance, but no return ones! Perhaps he would have gone still further, and agreed with Kinglake that "human nature is the same everywhere—except in Ireland."

Luttrell lived to see a great change in manners. Practical joking in mixed society was no longer good form. The successors of witty Lady Crewe and her friend Mrs. Tickell would not have dressed up in the disguise of Turkish ladies and played pranks upon the gentlemen after dinner. The rough humors of the local fairs were no longer patronized by the resident gentry. The habit of swearing survived only with Lord Melbourne and a few of his clique. There is the well-known story of his political colleague losing patience, at the time lost by his denunciations, *ore rotundo*, and exclaiming, "Let us consider everybody d—d, and proceed to business." In the more serious matter of duelling, common sense was triumphant, and the courtesies of life did not deteriorate. The last recorded duel in England was in 1845, when Lieutenant Hawkey killed his brother officer, Mr. Seton. In the same year "a society was established for discouraging duelling." It is good to remember that public opinion in this matter was much aided by the influence of the Prince Consort.

It is interesting to note that Luttrell, though now an old man, was entirely in accord with the younger generation. He said one day to Moore: "The family of the Carlises act as *softeners* on

society. There are so many of them, and all so gentle and good tempered, that they diffuse a kindly tone around them."

Another section of society other than the purely intellectual one to which Luttrell belonged had an immense influence. I refer to the "serious-minded people," friends and followers of Wilberforce. Rogers takes occasion to say that they were nicknamed the "Saints." We may wrangle over creeds, or no creeds, but in practical politics and philanthropy, and in spiritual religion, their influence continued potent in the diverse movements of thought, that subsequently gave to the world Carlylism, muscular Christianity, and the High Church movement.

If the "Saints" cannot claim Luttrell as one of them, neither may the sinners boast much of his partisanship. He never gambled, drank, got into debt, fought duels, or disturbed the honor of families. Greville bears witness that "Luttrell was full of good feelings and warm affections, a man of excellent sense, a philosopher in all things and especially in religion."

Thus far had I proceeded in my attempt to portray the old society wit, as I found him embalmed in the "memoirs" of the time, when the following happy chance befell me. At a reception at a friend's house I met an elderly lady, with whom I can but claim a slight acquaintance; however, we fell into conversation, and being aware that she had known my old friend John Kenyon, I casually asked if she had ever met Luttrell at his house. "Yes, and at Rogers's and elsewhere. I knew Mr. Luttrell well." In further reply to my eager questions, Miss Courtenay told me many things I wished to learn. Luttrell, it seems, was a gentlemanly-looking, slight, rather small man; his features were not so distinctive as his countenance was expressive of sense and great kindness. "He was so good-natured to me as a young girl, that that is my foremost recollection of him. I remember, too, that he liked my music, and asked me to sing again some of his favorite songs." My informant was his fellow guest for some time at a country house at the Websters' (Lady Holland's relatives), and one day their

hostess said, "Mr. Luttrell, I am obliged to alter the dinner-hour to-day. I hope it will not inconvenience you." "I can dine at any hour," was his reply; "indeed," he added, "I have made it a rule since I am grown old, not to allow myself to get into fixed ways that make one troublesome to other people." Once when breakfasting with Rogers Miss Courtenay found Luttrell seated next her. Their host was in one of his rasping moods, and turning sharply to the girl he said, somewhat roughly, "And what is your belief?" "Well, Mr. Rogers," replied the young lady, "as I am not going to be a clergyman, I need not tell you whether or no I subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles." "Very well answered, my dear," said Luttrell, putting his hand on her arm with a gesture of approval; "never be forced into avowing what is sacred to your own conscience."

We learn from Moore that Luttrell kept a diary, but like that of his friend Lord Dudley, this journal, which might have told us so much, has never seen the light. One morning Moore had been breakfasting with Luttrell at his residence, when he brought out a large volume, and read aloud a description of a recent tour in Italy. Moore writes, "It seemed very clever." Luttrell was a member both of White's and Brooke's club, but sometimes his intimate friends breakfasted and dined under his own roof. He lived for years at 31, Brompton Square, but he died on the 19th of December, "at his residence in Bruton Street."

Luttrell is said to have been twice married, but there is much obscurity in the matter of his private history; he never brought his friends acquainted with either of the wives, and I am told that his son did not bear the name of Luttrell. My informant met the son more than once at Mr. Rogers's entertainments. Moore mentions in a chance way that "Luttrell and his son are starting off for a tour up the Rhine." This must have been as early as 1827. The year following, Luttrell and Moore had been together on a few days' visit to Middleton, meeting the Lievens, the Falcks, and the very cream of English

society. On the day of their return the friends dined together, we may assume, at Brompton Square. Moore writes, "Saw some reason to think that Luttrell has at last *married!*"

Twenty years later, in the summer and autumn of 1850, Lord Brougham was writing frequently to Rogers, and Luttrell's name occurs in every letter. He had been seriously ill, and Brougham never omits to send some kind message. "Tell Luttrell how sorry I was not to call *again* when last in town," adding, "We are all curious to know if it is really true that Luttrell is married. Pray satisfy our curiosity."

Luttrell's death was announced to Rogers by a letter from a Mrs. Groyn, who writes of his patience through a long period of suffering, adding that, "Whenever he was free from that sad neuralgic pain, his bright mind shone forth with some little spirited joke to cheer those around him."

The concealment that hung as a cloud over Luttrell's private life, probably involving trouble and remorse, strikes us, considering his circumstances, as infinitely pathetic. By the misfortune of *his* birth, he was denied the honorable heritage claimed by the poorest hewer of wood. He was alone among his fellows; he was isolated in the very midst of the society adorned by his wit and learning. If his diary went back to his early days, he could not, as did St. Augustine, recall a mother's anxiety about him in his wild youth, or dwell lovingly on the last conversation with that good mother "in the house looking into the garden at Ostia." Again, less fortunate than his favorite Horace, he might not revere the memory of his father as "this guardian incorruptible." Nor could he, even like some among us who have been orphaned, yet carry to the grave the benediction of early home affections! He had had no home!

In the very heyday of Luttrell's social success, once in Paris, after dining with ambassadors and princes at Lady Granville's, he turned to Rogers—Moore, who was present, records the speech—saying, with a touch of sadness, "Though passing my life in such a different manner, I have always had a

longing for affection and domestic comfort. I feel like that king of Bohemia who, passionately loving the sea and

ships, yet was condemned to live his life in an inland country."—*Temple Bar*.

MY ESCAPE FROM MULAI BUSHTA.

BY W. B. HARRIS.

OF Muhammedan countries Morocco is perhaps the most fanatical. There seems to exist there not only a latent hatred for the Christian, but also an intense jealousy for the more comfortable circumstances in which he exists. The Moors, who are at any moment liable to be thrown into the filthiest and most unhealthy of prisons, see the European living in peace and security; and while the natives are every day squeezed, taxed, and retaxed to fill the pockets of unscrupulous *Bashas*, the European in Morocco pays no taxes either to the Sultan of that country or to those who represent their own respective Governments as ministers or consuls. And it is doubtless this knowledge of their superior state of existence, and their freedom from the constant fear of injustice and imprisonment, that adds fuel to the already flaming torch of fanaticism. The lives lived by the Moors are, without, perhaps, any exception, the most precarious and miserable that can be imagined. The poor man is thrown into prison for sums he never possessed, and can never pay; the rich to be squeezed of all he possesses: while those only can hope to escape who are members of families sufficiently powerful to arouse the fears of the local governor, should he attempt extortion, and not sufficiently powerful to stir up the jealousy and avarice of the Sultan. Even the governors of the provinces suffer themselves as they make others suffer; for just as they squeeze the agriculturist and the peasant, so are they in turn squeezed by the Sultan and his viziers: and should they fail by constant presents to maintain a good opinion at the Court, they can expect only imprisonment and often death.

Thus it will be seen that the entire population of Morocco lives in a state of perpetual terror. But there are oc-

casions upon which, for a day at least, they lay aside their fears,—occasions on which they need not hesitate to bring forth their richly embroidered saddles from their huts and tents, and adorn themselves in the gorgeous clothing that sees the light of day only perhaps two or three times in the year. These occasions are the great feastdays of their local saints.

There are numbers of these long-deceased *Shereefs*, much revered one and all, whose domed tombs help not a little to render picturesque a country with no particular features of beauty in many of its districts. In northern Morocco there may be said to be four great shrines, without counting those that are revered by particular sects and brotherhoods, and each of these on its particular feast-day attracts an immense crowd of all classes of Moors. They are Mulai Idris, patron saint of Fez, and founder of the Drisite dynasty, a common ancestor of the Sultan and the Shereef of Wazan; Mulai Bousalam, whose tomb lies on the sea coast some miles south of the town of Larache, and whose yearly three days' festival attracts perhaps the largest crowd of any; Mulai Abd, es-Salaam, in the mountains of Beni Aros, whose tomb of rough thatch—for the saying is that the saint wishes for no mosque to be built over his grave—is daily the scene of pilgrimage; and Mulai Bushta, whose burial place is disputed, two separate spots laying claim to holding the sacred bones,—one in the mountains of Beni Msgilda, the other in Feshtala, near the great rocky mountain that bears the saint's name.

It had been the author's lot, previous to the adventure here to be related, to be present at the great feast of Mulai Idris at Fez, and to watch the long procession, a mile or so of strange fanatics, bearing the richly emblazoned

crimson and gold coverings of the tomb and an enormous display of presents to the sacred shrine ; and so interesting had he found this experience, so diverse and diverting were the people who thronged the streets, that he wished to enlarge his experience of such matters by being present at one of the other great feasts,—by preference that of Mulai Bushta, which, owing to its position between the mountains and the plains, attracts a more wild and representative crowd of the inhabitants of Morocco than any of the others. With what results his visit to Mulai Bushta ended will be seen anon.

If one were to ask any Moor who Mulai Bushta was, the only reply one would obtain would be that he was a great saint, who lived and died ever so long ago ; that in the flesh, during his life, and since in the spirit, he has worked, and is to-day working, many miracles ; and as one is told this the informant will raise his hand reverently to his lips and kiss it at the mention of so holy a name. But beyond this rather unsatisfactory tradition nothing is known for certain as to the saint's personality ; and it is possibly owing to this fact that his tomb to-day attracts so great an amount of reverence and esteem. Had there been handed down any authentic records of his life, it is probable that his notoriety would not to-day have been anything like what it is ; for he must have been a man of power and authority to have sown the seeds of to-day's crop of sanctity, and in Morocco power and authority are seldom obtained without extortion and cruelty. However, rather than libel the old gentleman,—for he is reported to have died at a fabulous age,—we will satisfy ourselves by this,—that whatever he may have been while alive, his ashes—or one of the reported places in which they lie—are considered to-day sufficiently holy to attract yearly, and during a month of fasting,—for the festival is held on the twenty-seventh day of Ramadan,—an immense horde of people.

Of all the great feasts, that of Mulai Bushta is perhaps the most hazardous to visit ; for the country in which the festival is held, though nominally under the authority of the governor of the

next province, is altogether lawless, and the natives collected on the day of the *musim* or *fête* from almost every quarter of Morocco would fear no punishment for wreaking vengeance on any infidel who might chance to defile with his unholy presence the sacred spot : while again, the feast falling in the month of Ramadan, during which all the natives are fasting from an hour or two before dawn to sunset, adds not a little to their fanaticism by souring their tempers.

Mulai Bushta lies between the two largest rivers of northern Morocco—the Sebú and its tributary the Wergha, which unite into a common channel at a spot where the hills are left behind and the plains commence, through which the Sebú—for the two streams after their junction take the name of the larger—flows to the sea, dividing the fertile lands of the Gharb and Beni Hassen. Where the rivers divide, and lying between the two, are the tribe lands of Oulad Aissa and Sherága, the former extending to the plains, the latter lying farther to the south and east. It is on the borders of the large province of Sherága, in the district of Feshtála, that Mulai Bushta lies, on the steep slopes of an enormous flat-topped block of rock that rises to many hundreds of feet above the surrounding undulating plain. This mountain forms one of a series of these strange peaks that lie along both banks of the Wergha for some distance during its course, and they form a spur of the larger mountain-ranges of north-west Morocco. Thus the position of the shrine is one peculiarly adapted for collecting a mixed crowd ; for on one side undulating hills slope away to the plains, inhabited by the Arabs, while on the other the high mountains rise almost immediately,—the home of that strange race of fair people whose origin is unknown, excepting, so far, that it is not Semitic : for the mountaineers—I do not refer to the Berbers, who are again perfectly distinctive—despise the Arab and his horses, to whom they are entirely different in appearance and manner of living. Again, the two days' journey to Fez is sufficiently short to entice a crowd of the inhabitants of that city ; while Meknas and Wazan

and all the other towns within reach send large contingents,—even Morocco city itself, distant some twelve days' journey, is represented. The Berbers, too, collect in large numbers on the day of the *musim* from their mountains and forests to the south and east of Fez. A picturesque group they form on their thin wiry horses, usually with their long white clothing much the worse for wear, and their saddles all shreds and tatters. They are the remnants of the original inhabitants before the Arab invasion, on which they were driven from the open country to seek refuge in the fastnesses in which they now dwell, setting at naught the authority of the Sultan, and constantly at war with their Arab neighbors. In type they are entirely different to the Moors, and seem to possess features Turanian rather than Semitic. Their language is the strange guttural Shellah, absolutely unlike Arabic in sound and formation. But besides bringing together these visitors from long distances, Mulai Bushta summons to his feasts many a plundering tribe from his nearer neighborhood. Hyaina, for instance, whose country lies a day farther south; who are Arabs, and whose depredations upon the surrounding districts cause the native government at Fez constant disquietance, but with whose lawlessness the Sultan is absolutely unable to cope. True sons of Ishmael they are, their hand against every man's, and every man's against them,—good horsemen every one of them, and wild-looking fellows into the bargain. Besides these the mountains pour to the scene representatives of a dozen or so fanatical plundering tribes, whose love of religion and of loot is about equal. What with all these, and many more sections not mentioned, Mulai Bushta is a very hotbed of fanaticism on the feast-day, especially when, as on the occasion of the author's visit, the month of Ramadan falls in the heat of May. How great must be the reverence toward the saint will be appreciated when it is stated that the pilgrims come from great distances, fasting the while, walking or riding miles every day along sandy or dry clay-tracks, without eating or drinking for a period of some sixteen hours out of the twenty-

four—that is to say, from before the first gray tint of dawn until sunset!

I confess, however, that it was far more search for adventure and a desire to witness the strange sight than any feeling of religious zeal that determined me to accompany the pilgrims to the *musim*; while at the same time I was thinking of visiting Fez, and from Wazan, where I had been residing for some months at the court of the Shereef, Mulai Bushta does not lie more than a day or so's journey off the road.

For the last six months I had been living the life of the native, never seeing a European or hearing a word of any civilized language, and adopting the costume and many of the habits and customs of the country. So there were but few arrangements to be made in preparation for my visit. My horses were all Barbs, with long manes and tails in Arab fashion; my saddle was of salmon silk and gold embroidery, with the clumsy great gilded stirrups and the high peaks before and behind, my bridle to match; while as to clothes, I had complete changes of all classes of Arab costume which I adopted according to my pursuits: for to go shooting, for instance, in the long finely-woven dress of the people of the plains would be as impossible as riding would be uncomfortable in the short *jelab* and still shorter drawers of the mountaineers. As to my pack-animals, after several years' experience of travel in more than one foreign country, I have come to the conclusion that, as a rule, the natives of each land have discovered the best means of travelling in that particular land. Often, it is true, from inefficient workmanship, their inventions can be improved upon; but it is seldom that one can replace a native pack-saddle, for instance, by one of some other kind, and find that it works equally satisfactorily,—a result often owing to the inability to understand it and the disinclination for new inventions among one's men. So it is that, almost without exception, I adopt the means of travelling that are in vogue among the inhabitants of the country. So it was in this case that my mules, when packed, resembled those of any better class Moor

on the road—the bedding, clothing, etc., being all rolled up in carpets of native manufacture, while the whole packs were covered with the common striped native rugs, from the ropes of which dangled a display of native kitchen utensils, such as strange copper and brass kettles and bowls, a long-legged tripod of rich workmanship, on which the natives boil the water for their favorite mint-scented green tea, and a couple of large polished copper and brass trays.

Three or four days before the eventful feast I announced my intention to my men, who at first offered such few remonstrances as their position allowed, and then entered heartily into the zest of the affair.

Accordingly, on the twenty-fifth day of Ramadan we left the village where I had been camping for a couple of days, fishing and shooting, and set out. My caravan was by no means a small one; for quite a number of the villagers took advantage of my visiting the *musim* to accompany me, and of these many brought their wives and children, mounted on mules and mares and donkeys; while to render the troop complete, a dozen or so of the village dogs, thinking no doubt they would obtain more to eat by so doing than by remaining in the half-deserted tent-village, followed in our train.

A few words must be said as to the men by whom I was accompanied. As always, Abdurrahman was with me. To travel without him, whether in Morocco, the Yemen, or Somaliland and Harrar, would be to me almost an impossibility. Ever faithful and trustworthy, brave and good, he has passed through many a bad time with me, but somehow we have always come out of it all right, to laugh over our adventures. Besides Abdurrahman I was accompanied by a man who stood me in good part on the occasion I am about to speak of. This man is well known for his most excellent horsemanship, his personal bravery, and his acme of perfection as a cattle-lifter all over the plains of north Morocco—where, by the by, the profession of horse-stealer is considered by no means an ignoble one. However, Sheikh Ahmed el-Jimai is no longer a young man, and having by his

former profession enriched himself to a considerable extent, he has now abandoned his adventurous career, and taken to a quiet religious life, never missing the hour of prayer. Yet every now and then there comes over him a fit of the desire for the old life; and never is there a petty war between the tribes that he does not throw in his lot with one side or the other, and take the lead of the cavalry. In appearance he is small and wiry, his face heavily lined and scarred, but handsome nevertheless, with sharp piercing black eyes, and a gray beard and mustache. On foot he is extraordinarily ungraceful; from continued riding he has become bandy-legged, and his feet and ankles are marked with the horny growths that are produced by the constant wear of the hard stirrup against the bare flesh. One can always tell a horseman in Morocco from these marks, for only the most constant riding will occasion them to any great extent, and Ahmed el-Jimai's feet are literally deformed with them. He has lived his whole life in the saddle, and that an old and a torn one. But to-day he has settled down, and bought himself handsome clothes and horse-trappings, and is no little personage in the Gharb.

My caravan contained also some half-dozen wild mountaineer mule-drivers, handsome fair men of the Beni Msara and surrounding tribes, bright amusing fellows, active as chamois, and always laughing and gay. Terrible ruffians they are to look at, and very different from the stately Arabs, with their short brown *jelabs* reaching to the knee, and just showing the lower edge of their embroidered drawers, and a length of exquisitely formed leg below. On their shaven heads they wind a yard or two of scarlet cloth, with a gold band across it, and literally hang their bodies with arms. A flint-lock gun with a barrel some six feet in length, a sword in a roughly embossed brass sheath, a couple of daggers, and innumerable embroidered leather and silk bags for powder, shot, and wadding, etc., add not a little to the ferocity of their appearance. And ferocious they are when on the war-path, but at other times easily led and gentleness itself, speaking in low refined voices with a

manner that cannot fail to charm one. It is easy to see that little or no Arab blood runs in their veins, for their fair skins and un-Semitic features are totally at variance with the Arab type, while their own traditions, and their avowed hatred for the plainsman—whom they laughingly say is obliged to ride on a horse because God has given him such poor legs that he cannot trust to them alone—go far to prove it. Their detestation of riding, and their absolute incapacity when called upon to do so, tells too not a little in favor of this theory—that their origin is not the same as that of the Arabs, and certainly not that of the Berbers, who are for the most part dwellers in tents, and horsemen one and all.

So before dawn one morning we struck the tents, and packed our baggage on to the animals' backs and set out, some fifty souls in all, what with the women and children, for Mulai Bushta.

For me to have attempted to go there in disguise would have been an impossibility, for I am far too well known in Morocco to have escaped observation. But I trusted to the fact that, although known as a European, the natives were accustomed to seeing me always in Arab dress; and the fact that I had lived six months in the house of the Shereef at Wazan as a Moor would, I thought, have calmed any fanaticism that might have existed on the part of the natives. In this I was right, but I forgot one other great incentive to attack, and was surrounded by all the luxuries that Arab life can supply—without, of course, a harem! My tents were large and airy, decorated in Arab fashion, and thickly strewn with rugs and carpets. My display of brass and copper trays, bowls and tripods, was a gaudy one. My clothes and those of my servants were of their kind of the best; while my arms, a couple of good rifles, a shot-gun, a revolver or two, and a heavy silver sword,—a present from the Sultan himself,—would most of all, perhaps, not to mention my horses and mules, raise the cupidity of the tribes. I had hoped, by making a display, to gain respect, for such is always the case in Morocco; but I overdid it, and aroused merely that innate

love of possessing "what isn't his" in the heart of the Arab. In my rich clothes, and girded with a silver sword, hung with huge crimson and gold tassels, mounted upon a saddle of pink-and-gold embroidery, and with my horse's head half hidden in the rich bridle-gear of network and tassels of the same material, my stirrups and bit flashing in the sunlight, I must, as I rode at the head of our little caravan, with Ahmed el-Jimai at my side, have presented a very different spectacle to what I did a day or two later, when, with my garments torn to rags, shoeless, and with my bridle hanging useless on my horse's neck, under a heavy fire, I rode for my life from Mulai Bushta.

It was still early in the month of May, and the fields were green with long waving corn; the little tracks that answer in Morocco to roads were bordered with rainbow-hued wild-flowers; the orange-trees in the gardens were full of bloom, while many yet bore the fruit of the previous winter, and Nature looked her loveliest. We were a gay little throng, laughing and joking as we went,—even the women, usually so closely housed, taking advantage of their temporary freedom to enter into the conversation; while I, much to their husbands' amusement, poured the most inane compliments into their ears.

We stopped for the heat of the day in an orange-garden where was a little dancing stream of pure cold water, and the female part of the caravan having separated itself and found a shady spot to rest in, our carpets were spread upon the velvety bank of the spring, and our mules unladen to graze. It was a charming scene: the sunbeams, dancing through the thick foliage of the orange-trees, just touched our carpets, and the pile of trays and copper dishes that lay strewn about caused bright flashes of color in the deep green gloom. There was but one drawback. It was Ramadan, and we were all fasting,—and even the streamlet that ran at our feet seemed to mock us, for its waters were forbidden.

We made but a short march that afternoon, camping at a large village on the right bank of the Wergha, near where one of the great weekly markets

is held. For a little way before arriving at our destination our path led along the edge of the river, very different here from what it is farther on, where it has united with the Sebú, and the two flow in a muddy turbid stream toward the sea. At this spot it wore all the aspects of the mountains it was now leaving, flowing over pebbly ground, here in fast rippling streams, there dark with deep pools, and here again surging in back eddies, on its course to the sea.

It was a warm moonlight night, and we pitched the big Moorish tent among the trees of an olive grove, and hung it with colored lanterns; while the mountaineers of my party sat outside and smoked their *kiff*—crushed hemp—and sang, accompanying themselves on the little two-stringed *gimbri*. But before dawn we were off again, and travelled all day, not halting for our midday rest, for we had yet a long way to go. A little before sunset we pitched our tents at a large village of thatched huts and low brown tents which lay in the flat valley, a mile, perhaps, from the river's banks.

We had been travelling all day on the pilgrim road to Mulai Bushta, and crowds had thronged the entire way, all like ourselves bent for the same spot. Picturesque as were many of the groups, they did not offer much variety, for they were, with but few exceptions, one and all inhabitants of the plains of the Gharb and surrounding districts, from which the road we were travelling upon led, while the mountaineers arrive from their rocky fastnesses by an entirely different route. Yet it was a crowd well worth seeing, and, wonderful to relate, a clean one—for it is considered sacrilegious to resort to the shrine in any but freshly washed raiment. Seldom it is that one is blessed with a sight of cleanliness in Morocco; for although now and again the men seem to wash their clothes,—and it is seldom enough,—the women exist in the most abject griminess, that renders them as a rule anything but pleasant to the view, while on a nearer approach the sense of smell is often considerably affected. However, for once they appeared in new or clean raiment, with their long plaits of hair wound up in

hideous silk handkerchiefs of every hue,—a diabolical mixture of cobalt and orange seeming to be the favorite. The men, on the contrary, presented a really fine spectacle. Many were well mounted on showy Barb horses, half hidden under great saddles of crimson, dark purple, blue, or yellow silk; many richly embroidered in gold. The dress, too, of the horseman of the plains is a most becoming one, for he winds himself in the fine silk folds of a white toga-like garment called a *haik*, over which a long hooded cloak of fine white cloth or wool hangs gracefully from the shoulders over the back of the saddle, reaching to the stirrups of gilded metal. Now and again among the loose costume, at the sleeves, perhaps, a dash of color is apparent, for underneath all the white garments a colored *kuftan* is generally worn. On their heads is a tasselled crimson fez, often wound round with yards of white muslin. Fine handsome fellows they are too, most of them, and graceful in the extreme in the saddle.

But in spite of the attractive sight these pilgrims offered, travelling was by no means pleasant; for the road of hard clay threw up, as the cloud passed along, a thick cloud of dust, which, entering one's eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth, did not add to the pleasures of fasting, and by the time we arrived at our night's resting-place our thirst was extreme. It was therefore with no little pleasure, half an hour after the tents had been pitched, that I saw the village *mueddin* arise at the door of the mosque, and, with his far-sounding "*La illaha ill'Allah!*" call the faithful to prayer, and announce the hour of sunset and the termination of the day's fasting. With what eagerness we pressed the water-bottles to our lips may be imagined. Then from the other villages round arose the echo of the *mueddin's* cry, "*La illaha ill'Allah!*" the strange poetical words that have been the keynote of Islam for so many centuries, that have seen its rise, and are destined, no doubt, to see its fall.

A few minutes later we "breakfasted" off the most excellent *hareera*—a thick barley soup, with which the natives break their fast at sunset; for to attempt to commence on solid food

after sixteen hours of fasting would be followed by dangerous, or at the least painful, results. Then our spirits returned, and the mountaineers sang and puffed at their thin little pipes, and we lit the colored Fez lanterns in the tents, and forgot all the weariness of our long ride under the hot sun over sweet green tea flavored with mint.

But as we were to make an early start we did not sit up late, but turned in about ten o'clock, with the exception of the cook, whose duty it was to prepare our dinner—a meal partaken of, during Ramadan, at 1 A.M. I was tired and slept well, and scarcely heard Abdurrahman as he laid my little low Moorish table with my meal, and, hearing, paid no attention, but turned over and a minute later was asleep again. When I awoke it was dawn, and through the crevices of the tent I could see the cool steely light of day. By my bedside lay my dinner, untasted, except that a village dog or two had crept in under the tent-walls and carried off a part.

It was too late to eat then, and I was not long in realizing that my fast on this occasion would be one of twenty-four hours, from sunset to sunset; for the Koran most strictly lays down the law upon the subject, that no food must be partaken of after there is sufficient light to be able to distinguish a black thread from a white one. So it was in no very good temper that I arose and donned my Moorish clothes, and listened to the sympathies of my men at my having missed my midnight meal. But there was no help for it, so putting on the best face I could, I mounted and led our little caravan forward to the scene of the *musim*.

The crowd thronging the road had greatly increased, and often it was with considerable difficulty that we, on our swifter animals, could keep up our pace and push through the densely packed mass of humanity. The scenery increased in beauty as we proceeded, the valley narrowing considerably, and flanked on either hand by high ranges of mountains, those on the west being the highlands of Oulad Aissa, and on the east the jagged peaks of Jibel Setta. On the very summit of one of the for-

mer, in an apparently inaccessible position, glittered the white-domed tomb of Sid Abdul Nor. Not far beyond this the road crosses the river by a ford, easily waded at this time of year, but in the winter impassable. Then one proceeds for a time along the river-bank, until, striking more to the west, a steep hill is ascended. Here, too, stands a saint's tomb, with its white dome half hidden in a grove of olive-trees; and many of the crowd turned aside, being in a religious turn of mind, to pay their respects to the bones of Sid Abdul Karim, which lie within. From the summit of this hill the great rocky mountain of Mulai Bushta is in full view, rising high above all the surrounding ranges. We had caught glimpses of its curious flat-topped summit the previous day, but from this spot the entire mountain was visible; and as the long procession of pilgrims wound up the hill and sighted the holy place, a great cry of "Mulai Bushta" was uttered, and many dismounted from their horses and mules and prayed.

This first view of the mountain did not fail to affect me also, though in an entirely different way, for it was the goal I had come to reach, and if any adventure were to befall me it was there it would take place.

Many of the crowd pouring on to the shrine knew me well enough, and though most met me with the usual *Salaam dlikam*, a salutation only offered to Moslems, a few scowled upon me in a way that was by no means reassuring, and already I began to foresee that the day would not end without an unpleasantness of some kind or another. But it was too late now to turn back, the mountain was in sight, and at all costs I determined to carry my journey to its end, not, it must be confessed, without an ever-present feeling of anxiety. It is wonderful how one's enthusiasm dwindles down as one feels that one is running into danger; but though mine flickered to a very considerable extent, I did not allow it to go out altogether. The road from here on became very bad. In places it was merely a track cut in the side of a low precipice; in places a stream-bed strewn with huge boulders. At length, however, all its

difficulties were surmounted, and from the summit of a hill we gazed down upon the scene of the pilgrimage.

Below us, at the very foot of the big mountain, lay a circular plain, a mile perhaps across, ending on the east side in the tree-covered slopes of Jibel Mulai Bushta, and surrounded on all three others by undulating hills, some of which rose to a considerable altitude, ending in jagged peaks. Away beyond to the east could be seen the ranges of the mountainous districts of northern Morocco, range beyond range, until the far horizon was bounded by an indistinct snow-line; for although the month was May, and the snow melts in these districts during the summer, the unusually severe winter we had experienced had covered their summits to such a depth that even the warm sunshine of spring had failed to melt it. The view, typical of the mountains of north Morocco, was a charming one, and I reined in my horse on the brow of the hill to gaze upon it. But more impressive than its natural features was the vast crowd collecting in the plain,—a dense, heaving mass of humanity, surging to and fro, while every path was pouring in its hundreds of new arrivals. Strangest of all the effects visible was, perhaps, the division between the inhabitants of the mountains and the plains, who, distrustful one of the other, did not mix freely, but kept to different parts of the level ground,—that chosen by the mountaineers being easily apparent from their dark clothes, while the Arabs, one and all in white, formed a strange contrast to their co-religionists of the hills. Hundreds of tents were pitched round the edge of the plain and upon the spurs of the surrounding hills—tents of all sizes and designs, from the great heavy *koubas* of the Sheriffs and Kaids to the *gaiton* of white linen or black goat-hair of the peasants. I am no judge of the numbers of crowds, but I think I may say that I am erring on the side of discretion in stating that there must have been some ten thousand persons congregated there.

The first object for which I looked was naturally the tomb of the saint whose pious memory was potent enough to collect such a multitude. The sim-

ple white-domed building stands on a spur of the mountain of Mulai Bushta, at but a slight elevation above the level ground. Surrounding the holy building is a grove of olive-trees, from which a picturesque village rises tier above tier up the steep mountain-side—a village of white houses with their heavy thatched roofs standing among thick hedges of aloe and prickly pear, the whole surmounted by the precipices that extend to the summit of the rocky peak.

As we pitched our tents upon the slope of one of the hills overlooking the scene, a movement became apparent among the crowd, which withdrew to right and left, leaving a long wide open space through the centre. Then the "powder-play" commenced,—the one national game of the Arabs of Morocco.

A dozen or so horses are drawn up into line at one end of the plain, the riders, by means of bit and stirrup, working their animals into a ferment of excitement. Then at a given signal the long-barrelled guns are waved in the air, and the troop sets forward at little more than a walk, which increases as they proceed, waving their guns and saluting the while, until it becomes a furious gallop. Suddenly the weapons are brought to the shoulder, held with both hands, the elbows raised to the level of their shoulders, and the next moment the little troop of horsemen is lost to sight, enveloped in the clouds of white smoke which the flint-lock guns and inferior native powder produce, only to issue again in their showy trappings, reigning in the horses with all the strength of their iron wrists, until the poor beasts, often with bleeding mouth, are brought to a standstill. The *lab-el-barond*, as the natives call it, admits of but little variation when performed in numbers; but this is not always the case, and at times one man alone will go through the manœuvre, introducing some new system of his own—lying back in the saddle and firing behind him, for instance, or under his horse's belly. As I sat in my tent I watched every kind played, two men from Hyaina being particularly successful, galloping standing on their saddles, and hand in hand. Doubtless their horses were trained as carefully

as they were, for it must be no easy task to keep two excited Barb horses equidistant from one another on a straight course for perhaps a quarter of a mile. So poor is the native saddlery in workmanship, though gorgeous to the view, that there were necessarily not a few falls, from broken girths and stirrup-leathers, but as far as I could learn nothing serious occurred.

It was a wonderful sight, as troop after troop of horsemen galloped over that strip of green grass in the centre of the enormous crowd. Over the whole plain hung the thin film of the blue powder smoke, which rendered still more attractive the extraordinary scene. The pace of the horses loosened the graceful draperies of the riders, and often a yard or two of silk *haik* or of fine muslin turban trailed on the breeze behind them. As powder-play goes it was the finest performance it has ever been my lot to witness, even at the Court of the Sultan himself, for there must have been some thousands of horses and riders taking part in it. These were the men who conquered Spain—these the Arab hordes that have spread Islam so far and wide; but the next day the illusion is gone, the dream is passed, and the ferocious Arab, to-day in silk and gold, becomes once more the squeezed peasant of Morocco. All the gaudiness is put away, and the wearer proceeds wearily, and often almost in rags—for it is too great a risk to be clean on ordinary occasions, for fear of attracting attention—to watch his bullocks ploughing the heavy clay soil, and riding upon a lame and sore-backed donkey, takes a few *moods* of grain to the market.

Weary of sitting in my tent I mounted my horse, and, accompanied by a little band of trusty followers, rode about through the crowd. Strange men there were there—Berbers of Aït Yussi and Beni Mgild, high cheek-boned and bronzed, speaking the strange Shellah tongue, and mixing but little with the Arabs, with whom they are continually at war. Tired and weary with fasting and the heat of the sun, I sought refuge in my tent about mid-day, and lay down to sleep for an hour or two, until the cool of the afternoon should render life endurable again.

How long I had been drowsing I know not, but suddenly I was awakened by a loud shouting, and the next moment my tent, all the ropes cut, fell upon me. It was a rude awakening! As I crept out from under the folds of the tent I saw a huge crowd, screaming and yelling, pouring up the side of the hill on which my camp was situated, followed a dozen yards behind by a group of horsemen spurring their steeds through the crowd, foremost among whom I recognized Sheikh Ahmed el-Jimaï.

It was a race who would reach me first,—the crowd on foot, whose evident desire was to tear me in pieces, or the troop of horsemen in whom I recognized my protectors. It was a close race too, for Sheikh Ahmed and his party wheeled in between me and the crowd when they were no farther off than ten or fifteen yards. My servants were all engaged in trying to pacify the front ranks of the rabble, while the dozen or so of Sheikh Ahmed's party seemed to consider the butt-ends of their guns, freely resorted to, as the best means of persuasion. The delay gave me breathing-time, and I was able to take in my situation. I was standing alone in the centre of a ring of horsemen who were yelling and screaming to an enormous crowd that was pressing upon them from all quarters, and at whom they hit freely enough with their guns and swords. Among the horses were my servants shouting, and as things grew more serious, and the circle in which I was every moment contracted, they too resorted to force. The din of the howling and cursing and screaming was awful, and each moment as the crowd increased grew louder and louder. Suddenly Abdurrahman left the edge of the circle, and coming to me handed me a revolver, which he had picked up from under the fallen tent, over which the crowd was now trampling. I realized in a moment that my only possible escape was to ride for it. The mountaineers and fanatics of whom the crowd consisted were all on foot, and I knew well enough that there is nothing the hillsmen loathes and fears as much as a horse. I saw that my horse was gradually being brought nearer by the crowd, and I remember

feeling pity for him as I saw his flanks bleeding from the spurs of the man who was urging him forward ; for one of the men of Sheikh Ahmed had mounted him as he stood grazing near by. I watched its progress with no little interest, as he snorted and plunged and kicked his way through the crowd to my deliverance, and I almost believed at the time that he knew the object of his rider. As I watched, and before I had time to move, I was suddenly seized from behind and thrown upon the ground, and the next moment I was looking up into the face of a mountaineer who was kneeling upon me. I shall always remember that face. He was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, young and fair, with blue eyes. There was no look of cruelty or fanaticism, merely a stern reproachful gaze. He was kneeling on my right arm, and I could not raise my revolver. I had only one means to resort to, and, as I saw him struggling to unsheath his long dagger, I looked him steadily in the face and murmured, "*La illaha ill' Allah, Mahammed rasoul Allah*"—the verse of the Muhammedan belief—"There is no God but God, and Muhammed is the prophet of God." The man smiled, and sprang to his feet. "Back !" he cried to the crowd, "Back ! He is a Moslem." For a moment the crowd held back, and I knew that I was saved, for my horse was close beside me, saddled but riderless. "Mount !" screamed Ahmed el-Jimai, and the next moment, with my clothes all torn, and my bare feet firmly clasping the great heavy stirrups of the Moors, I was on my horse's back. Meanwhile the crowd were taken aback. Some were shouting, "He is a Moslem !" but few seemed to hear in the press and excitement of the moment. But it gave me a quarter of a minute, and that was all I wanted. With a word to my horse, and a dig in his ribs with the razor-like corners of the stirrups, he started off with a huge leap right into the middle of the crowd.

Up to now I had managed to be tolerably cool, though by no means free from anxiety and fear ; but the moment I felt that everything depended on my horse, I became excited. No coolness could stand me in good stead

now, for it was a race for neck or nothing. I drew my long sword-blade from its silver sheath—how little did the Sultan think it would ever be put to such a purpose when he gave it to me !—and away we went, Sheikh Ahmed and I.

I have but little recollection of what took place. I remember only my horse kicking wildly into the dense mass of people, who screamed and yelled, and tried to make way—an impossibility, so thick was the crowd. I remember that I hit as hard as I could right and left, until, when we were free of the horde, my arm was stiff and sore. I remember one man seized my bridle as my horse struggled along, and I think he will remember what happened, from the scar there must be on his wrist.

At length we were free of the crowd, making along the edge of the hill toward the road. For the first time I looked back, and as I saw the enormous bulk of people swarming over the hill from where my camp had been, thousands upon thousands, I felt sick and faint. It was at this moment the first shot was fired. I was ahead of Ahmed el-Jimai some twelve or fifteen yards, when whizz it came flying over my head and struck the ground just beyond me, sending up a little curl of yellow dust where it buried itself in the sandy soil. Then another and another ; but the range was a couple of hundred yards or so, and the Moors seldom shoot very straight, though I knew by the sound of the bullets that the shots were fired from European rifles, with which many of the mountaineers are armed. For ten minutes we rode the gauntlet, for the hillsmen had run along the brow of the hill to intercept my course. For ten minutes the bullets whizzed over us, and one or two were quite close enough to be unpleasant,—one striking the ground between my horse's legs and scattering the dust. As the firing ceased I began to think that the danger was over ; but Sheikh Ahmed, still by my side, urged me to keep up the pace. I soon saw his reason, for, appearing over the brow of the hill some three hundred yards behind us, were a troop of twenty or thirty horsemen of Hyaina, yelling and screaming the while. Then for the first time I saw that the bridle had fallen from my

horse's mouth, and hung idly round his neck. I pointed this out to the Sheikh, and quietly he handed me his gun, galloping the while, and, coming up close beside me, exhibited as pretty a piece of horsemanship as ever I saw in Morocco. Leaning out of the clumsy Moorish saddle, he adjusted the bit in my horse's mouth—neither his horse nor mine slackening the pace for an instant. Then I began to feel more comfortable, as I knew that no horse of Hyaina could keep the pace with either mine or that of Sheikh Ahmed, both of which were of his own breeding, and well known throughout the plain districts. And so it was; for our pursuers never gained on us the entire ride of nearly two hours, though they kept the distance fairly well. We had, therefore, but little to fear from them; for though now and again they fired, their shots were ill-directed, and they were armed only with flint-lock guns, while the roughness of the road, and the pace they were going, rendered their aim extremely wild.

Then the genius of Sheikh Ahmed began to show itself. The day was terrifically hot, and our horses were dripping with sweat and foam. He resorted, therefore, to the following plan. Whenever a particularly bad piece of road was in front, we walked our horses over it, often letting our pursuers approach to within a by-no-means pleasant distance, even with their badly aimed fire, putting our horses to a gallop again as soon as a level piece lay before us. By this means we eased the pace, while the Hyaina men never approached near enough to us to do us any very probable damage, and again had to gallop their horses over the rough stones that we had taken ours carefully over, while we were taking advantage of the better pieces to regain our former distance. The plan was entirely successful, and soon our pursuers were four hundred yards away in the rear, but still pertinaciously keeping up the pursuit. But the temptation was too great for Sheikh Ahmed to resist to try his luck upon one of the men of Hyaina, who persistently led the rest. Telling me his idea, I did not try to dissuade him, for naturally I bore the gentlemen behind me no

particular love. Slackening the pace, I watched the manoeuvre. The Sheikh drew up his horse sharply and turned. In a moment he was galloping straight for my pursuers, who checked their horses, the single horseman alone proceeding. I thought they would collide, at such a pace did they approach one another. Not till they were some ten yards apart did they fire. The Hyaini was the first, and I heard his ill directed bullet whizz over my head. Then with a yell Sheikh Ahmed raised his gun, and the next moment his adversary fell head-over-heels out of the saddle.

I remember laughing!

The rest of the troop delayed for a minute or two, some dismounting to pick up the dead man, for he was killed, and the rest again joining in the pursuit.

We had but one more danger ahead of us. On a rock projecting over the road was a little group of men. The path was narrow, and pass there we must. However, they were evidently on their way to the feast, and would know nothing of who we were or why we were engaged in flight. One, however, who had probably seen the Hyaina men firing at us, lifted his gun as we galloped past and pointed it blank at Sheikh Ahmed, not ten feet from his chest. He never fired it, however, for the next moment he left his lofty perch on the rock, and my horse literally stumbled over him as he fell, brought down by a revolver-bullet. The rest of his party were so taken by surprise that they did not fire a shot until we were well out of range. It was the last episode of our ride, for a quarter of an hour later we walked our horses out of the olive grove, down the steep rocky hill near the tomb of Sid Abdul Karim. As we emerged on to the open plain I looked back. On the sky-line, on the brow of the hill, the horsemen of Hyaina stood out black. I could not resist the temptation, but drew off my long white cloak, and, turning in my saddle, waved them "adieu." The only answer was the faint "ping" of a rifle.

Then I began to reflect on what had passed. I was faint and tired, and as I gradually realized how near a chance

I had run of losing my life, a feeling of extreme depression crept over me. All the excitement was over, and the reaction set in, and of the two it was far the most unpleasant. Once or twice I felt so faint that I feared I should fall from my horse, but the sight of Sheikh Ahmed riding silent and expressionless by my side revived me again. My clothes were torn and covered with mud; my shoes had been left behind me in the tent; the silver sheath of my sword was bent, and the bare blade, nasty and dirty, felt an almost insupportable weight; but more than all this, I had tasted no food since the previous evening at sunset, and it was now late in the afternoon. At length, knowing we were safe, we dismounted and led our limping horses, for mine had lost three shoes in the ride we had experienced, the native shoemith being but a poor workman.

At sunset we reached a village under the jurisdiction of the Shereef of Wazan, and there they took us in, and were most kind to us. Just as the *mueddin* called the hour of prayer we dismounted in front of the house of the local sheikh, and I drank greedily for the first time for twenty-four hours.

What had become of our men? That thought alone disturbed me. It was agonizing, and I could not help imagining the very worst. Fear and hunger and weariness had completely overcome me, and I felt dazed and hysterical; and every time I closed my eyes I would start up again, thinking that I was witnessing the death of Abdurrahman and the others. The strain had been more than my nerves could stand, and though I had not to any extent realized it during the hour or two of imminent peril, it was only too apparent now. All night long, tired and weary as I was, I did not sleep. Every sound disturbed me, and I would creep to the door of the roughly thatched room in which we were spending the night, hoping it might be some news of the men. Once or twice, as I opened the door and peered into the still darkness, I almost believed I saw them all with their throats cut lying in front of me, looking at me with eyes that seemed to say, "Why did you ride away and leave us?"

At dawn I rose and bathed in a little stream, a tributary of the Wergha near by, which lessened my fever a little, and refreshed me. But though our best course was to wait at the village, I felt that I could not bear the inaction and want of movement. Our poor horses were in a wretched plight, and any thought of riding them was out of the question. But we led them down to the stream, and washed the blood and dried sweat off their flanks, and let them drink to their heart's content. Then we gathered them a good feed of green barley and clover, and tethered them in the shade of some trees. Poor animals, they had experienced even a harder day's work than we had, but they both pulled through, and my bay to-day is grazing in the long grass not far from here (Tangier), as fat and as fresh as ever he was. Sheikh Ahmed's gray met a soldier's death, pierced by a bullet a month or two after our adventure, during a small tribal war.

Borrowing a couple of mules with native pack-saddles, we set out, as soon as we had seen to the comfort of our animals, for the residence of the local governor, Bou Mâhammed Shargi, distant some twelve or fourteen miles, which we reached about three hours later.

The dwelling itself is a poor enough place, built of sun-dried mud bricks; but near by is a glorious garden, with a stream of running water, and full of orange-trees. There we settled ourselves, and I, who had fasted enough for this Ramadan at all events, enjoyed an excellent breakfast, much to the horror of the inhabitants of the village, who but seldom, if ever, see a Christian, and have a sort of idea that all religions keep Ramadan as a fast. Sleep followed, a deep pleasant sleep, from which I was awoke by the joyful news that Abdurrahman and the rest of my band had arrived at the Shereef's village, bruised and tired, but not seriously injured, with the exception of one man, Ben Aissa by name, who had received a charge of shot in the shoulder. My animals and most of my baggage had also been recovered. I rode back in good spirits, and I doubt if ever I enjoyed a moment of keener pleasure in my life than when I saw my little

band of trusty followers coming along the road to meet me.

But little more remains to be told. After my somewhat "hurried departure" from the scene of the *musim*, my men had been taken prisoners by the local tribe and escorted to the neighboring village of Zuoa. What ill might have befallen them I do not know, had it not been for the kind intervention of one of the descendants of Mulai Bushta himself, who saved them from any danger, and my baggage from certain robbery. As it was, I suffered only to the extent of some thirty pounds, the principal article of value which was extracted from my box being a valuable chronometer, which to this day I have never seen again.

I had but one satisfaction from the whole affair—namely, that just as the crowd by their action spoiled my fun, so did I spoil theirs; for from the moment of my escape all the festivities ceased, and the feast broke up in a general panic.

A month later I met with a band of men from Hyaina, from whom I learned the reason and story of the attack made

upon me. It appears that their tribe were attracted by my goods and chattels, and believing that a box containing some clothes and stores was really full of gold, they urged the mountaineers on to raise a hubbub, in order that they might take the opportunity of the confusion to plunder. But their plan did not succeed, and they suffered to a greater extent than I did, for Sheikh Ahmed's aim had brought one of their number to the ground.

My escape has been dubbed by the Moslems as a miraculous one, which redounds not a little to my honor; for to excuse their bad shooting the Moors to day say that it was Mulai Bushta himself that guarded me, and accompanied me in the spirit, turning aside the bullets. I am sure I am most grateful to him.

The affair was soon noised abroad throughout all Morocco; and often to-day, as I ride along the country tracks, through the wide plains rich in corn-fields, I hear the natives say to one another, "That is the Christian who escaped from Mulai Bushta."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER IRELAND.

It was on October 1, 1889, that I went down by Mr. Froude's invitation to spend a few days at his country-house, the Molt, Salcombe, near Kingsbridge. It had been proposed to me to write a memoir of Mrs. Carlyle, and I felt that no step could be taken without my consulting Mr. Froude, who, as executor, had it in his power either to encourage my undertaking, or to show me plainly that the thing had better not be done, or not done by me. I left Paddington Station at nine on a lovely day, and arrived at the little station of Kingsbridge about five; then had a drive of about seventeen miles to the Molt. The country was exquisite; but darkness crept on long before I heard the gravel under the wheels, and found myself at the door of the Molt. I was ushered into the drawing-room, where were two young ladies, the daugh-

ters of Mr. Froude. The room struck me as very quaint and pretty, antique and tasteful. I was cordially welcomed, and was just enjoying a cup of tea, when Mr. Froude came into the room. A fine man, above the ordinary height, and with a certain stateliness of aspect, younger-looking than I had expected. He must have been about seventy; well knit, but slender; a fine head and brow, with abundant gray, not white, hair; handsome eyes, brown and well opened, with a certain scrutiny or watchfulness in their regard—eyes which look you well and searchingly in the face, but where you might come to see now and then a dreamy and far-off softness, telling of thoughts far from present surroundings and present companionship. The eyes did not reassure me at that first interview, though they attracted me strangely. The upper

part of the face undeniably handsome and striking, but on the mouth sat a mocking bitterness, or—so it seemed to me—a sense of having weighed all things, all persons, all books, all creeds, and all the world has to give, and having found everything wanting in some essential point; a bitterness, hardly a joylessness, but an absence of sunshine in the lower part of the face. A smile without much geniality, with rather a mocking causticity, sometimes seen; and the facial lines are austere, self-contained, and marked. Laughter without mirth—I would not like to say without kindness—but Froude's kindness always appeared to me in much quieter demonstrations. His manners struck me as particularly fine and courteous; but if one was of a timid nature, one need only look in his face and *fear*. By-and-by we assembled for dinner, and he gave me his arm.

The talk fell upon "growing old," and Froude asked me how *I* felt about it. I said I thought it a happy thing.

"How so?" asked Froude, sharply.

"For one thing," I said, "so much less makes us happy. We *expect* less of life."

"Oh, as to *that*, one learns to expect *nothing*," he said bitterly; "in youth one had ideas of splendid possibilities, of all sorts of reforms, and good deeds, and so on—one intended to set the whole universe straight, to do wonderful things; but one soon finds it all hopeless—that there's nothing whatever to be done. And one gives it all up, and just goes on like other people; but I don't see that one is much the *happier* for it."

On the table before us were some maccaroons, the ordinary kind. Froude pointed to them and said:

"Now, Mrs. Ireland, I'm going to ask you a question I've asked every guest who has visited me for the last ten years. Why is it that those biscuits always have three almonds on the top—always in the same position? You find these biscuits all over Europe and America, and elsewhere, but I never see them without the three almonds on the top. What do you suppose is the meaning of it?"

I laughed, and said: "Well, Mr.

Froude, I shouldn't think there is any meaning whatever."

"The only rational reply I ever had," said Froude.

"But I don't think it a very rational question, father," said Miss Froude.

"Yes," he said, "it's a *very* good question for the people who think they *know everything*," and he looked severely at me for a single moment.

After coffee we talked again. He said Carlyle was fond of saying exactly what he thought of people, and never fancied it could hurt them. Naturally much pain was given when these utterances were published, and came to people in that cold, fixed form, and without the great guffaws of laughter which took off much of their harshness when said.

"There was Mrs. Proctor," said Froude; "I believe I grieved her very much in the publishing of the 'Reminiscences.' She never forgave me. It was that word, '*menagerie*,' as applied to her mother's house, that did the mischief."

I laughed, and added, "But it was such a *capital* word," and he laughed again.

"Carlyle," said he, "simply saw things and people as they *were*, and so did Mrs. Carlyle. She had a description in one of her letters of Browning, which would have driven the poet *wild*, and I asked Carlyle, on one occasion, if I should publish it, and he said, 'Aye! aye! *why not?* It cannot do the man any harm to *know what a sensible woman* thought of him.' But," added Froude, with a keen look at me, "you see I *didn't* publish it!"

"Carlyle disliked Wordsworth," said Froude. "He said Wordsworth was always looking at people as through the wrong end of a powerful telescope, seeing them clearly, but exceedingly small—exactly as Carlyle sometimes did himself, and Mrs. Carlyle too."

Froude showed great kindness, but little demonstration, to his immediate circle, so far as I observed.

In a conversation at breakfast he said he would always rather have people *separately*, than *together*.

"In a committee, for instance," said he, "you get the united folly and *not* the united wisdom of the whole."

On this day I was asked to make one of a party for a boating expedition. Mr. Froude's son had already started in a tiny skiff, and we were to go in a rather larger boat, accompanied by three sailors. The morning was bright, with a fierce wind and dark blue sky, with white clouds here and there.

We walked through the pretty grounds to the private landing-stage, the party consisting merely of Froude, his elder daughter, and myself. The young lady spoke somewhat apologetically as to the wild look of the sea, her father's love of danger, her hope that I would not feel myself compelled to go, etc. But I was in no mood to manufacture fears, and felt none. The arrangement in the boat was that Miss Froude sat amidships, facing the rudder end, where I sat beside her father. The three men disposed themselves at the stern end of the boat. There was a mast, but no canvas hoisted; the wind and tide were both against us, and it was slow work for the strong men to pull against both, and thus we slowly made our way past Salcombe, and toward Kingsbridge, with a sense of labored strain in our progress, and an indescribable vividness of color in sea, land, and sky all around. I sat in the stern of the boat, Mr. Froude holding the tiller-ropes in his hand. He talked to me, but we sat apart, so far as the narrow dimensions of the craft permitted. I sat somewhat sideways, not to incommode him, and steadied myself by holding to an iron hook which was near my hand. Froude's conversation was memorable. Once or twice we saw the little skiff with young Froude, but we never remained beside it more than a few moments. After a couple of hours or so the order was given to go homeward, and a large sail was hoisted. Now, with wind and tide in our favor, and, the latter beginning to blow most violently, we literally flew along the water. The sensation was overpowering, exhilarating, and deeply exciting. I sat very still, but the sight of the glittering water, over which we passed with such breathless rapidity, the desperate sense of having *let go* of any slight hold we possessed of the elements, caused me for some moments to close my eyes.

There was a whistling, keen cry in the wind, and we were hurried along by sheer force of the current of air and water. Opening my eyes, I was suddenly aware of a change in the scene. An ominous blackness lay on the water immediately around our little boat. The sun still shone at a distance, but we seemed in night. The cry of the wind was raised to a wild shriek, the water rose tumultuously, the fierce gale came down one of those "chines," as the Devonshire folk call them—one of those narrow clefts between two hills. The sky, too, had changed; the sail almost struck the water; rain and sleet fell abundantly.

Just before this change of weather, I had been saying to Mr. Froude: "I shall never believe that I have been here—it is all like a dream to me—this experience." And my companion had said: "You are like the lady who saw a ghost in her dream and would not believe in it. Shall I grasp your arm, and leave a black mark as a sign? or is there any other way?"

His dark eyes were very close to me, and I added nervously: "Oh, I am only joking."

"But," he continued, "will nothing remain to you of these sights and impressions after you leave us?"

"To me," I said, "all will remain; but I despair of ever conveying any true impression to another."

He made no reply. The "squall" repeated itself furiously, and we shipped a good deal of water, the sail again dipping terribly. The little craft could not be righted. Froude, who still held the tiller-ropes, said, with what seemed to me a sardonic smile, and perfectly unmoved:

"Are you afraid?" He spoke loudly—for the roar of the elements made it needful.

I met his look, and said quietly: "Not in the least!" on which he turned his head from me.

The storm now grew more violent. Miss Froude, who was self-possessed, but very pale, said, so as to be heard:

"I think we are in danger, father." To which the reply, given without a tinge of emotion, was:

"Very likely."

It flashed through my mind with the

strange rapidity that is born of such moments, that a near possibility lay at hand of our all being drowned—since the capsizing of a pleasure-boat in deep waters has often led to such an end. I saw, in my mind's eye, the submerging of that little unmanageable craft. I thought: Here is Mr. Froude seventy years of age—myself fifty—he not long-*ing* to live—I not long-*ing* to live. Hitherto I had been careful not to touch him, but with the violent movement of the boat I felt an inclination to catch at his arm, but *did* not. "Still," thought I, "if we drown it will be together;" and conscious myself of entire physical disability, it might, after all, have been that we should have clung together in that supreme moment. It takes me more time to write this than was allowed for the thoughts to flash through my mind. For again Froude's voice said, close to my ear:

"Are you ready?"

And something nerved me up to add distinctly:

"Quite ready. The place, and the hour, and the company will do very well, if it is to be *now* and *here*!"

"Well," said he dreamily, "if 'tis not now 'tis yet to come—the readiness is all—"

And almost as soon as the words were spoken the boat righted, the stress of the storm abated, and we got under shelter of some rocks.

Then Froude said coldly: "Don't trust to first impressions, Mrs. Ireland!" And he gave me one of his unfavorable, searching looks.

The men pulled the boat up into a little cove, and we got out while they put all to rights as well as they could.

No emotion whatever was expressed on any side, but one of the men looked pale. We again took our seats in the boat and made for the landing-place. On the homeward sailing, in calm and sunless water, Froude said to me:

"You are not afraid of the sea! I had an American gentleman of some note here with me lately, and took him out, and we had a bit of a squall; and this man turned positively *green* with fear."

"He was probably sea-sick," said I.

"Oh dear no!" said Froude em-

phatically; "he was in a rage to think that such an important person as himself was like to meet his death in our wretched mud puddle! It was simply a contemptible consciousness of self that made him green."

The conversation, on this boating expedition, had turned much upon Arthur Hugh Clough, toward whom Froude evidently felt great affection. Indeed, he spoke of him with real tenderness, and extreme admiration.

"Poor Clough!" he said, "his heart was pretty well worn out; he could not have lived any longer, and never would have done any more. His was a fine, spiritual nature, with the highest ideals, the deepest conscientiousness."

Froude spoke much and kindly of Matthew Arnold, but contrasted him, in many points, with Clough.

"*Mat Arnold*," he said, "had a useful sort of *working* conscience, and plenty of smartness,—but—" and the speaker's eyes became thoughtful and dreamy, and he relapsed into silence. He was often silent after touching on any theme which warned him.

A slight but significant trait marked our disembarking after the squall at sea. Froude stooped and gathered a flower, a common pink thing, called, I believe, "sea-thrift," or "sea-pink," and gave it me, with some trifling remark. The matter was only noticeable as occurring after such very near risk of none of the party gathering flowers on "this earthly ball" any more.

On a subsequent day Froude gave me a curious account of the first time he had met Swinburne—at a dinner, where Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Lord Houghton, and other literary men were present. Swinburne must have been little more than a boy at the time.

After dinner, suddenly the door opened, and a little figure appeared—a "boy-man"—and, bounding past the guests, stood upon an ottoman, so that he could well be seen.

"The lad began spouting some of his most outrageous poems," said Froude, "some of his very *worst*!" And the narrator smiled bitterly, continuing: "We all sat in amazement till he finished, when Ruskin, making his way through the company, hurried up, and took Swinburne fairly in his

arms, saying, "How beautiful! how divinely beautiful!"

Swinburne, it will be remembered, was, at this time, little more than a boy.

Words of mine cannot describe the extraordinary beauty of this place, "The Molt," as it appeared to me. Sitting at my bedroom window, I felt I could cast a pebble into the deep blue sea far below.

Between the house and the sea lie grounds with sloping velvet lawns, close cut and deep in tint; here and there spreading cedar-trees, the ilex, the acacia. On the walls of the house the wisteria, which, however, was not in blossom at the time of my visit; but the Gloire de Dijon roses hung their fragrant blooms, the heliotrope grew like a tree, and one whole wing was loaded with great fragrant magnolia blooms. Winding paths led gradually down to the landing-stage, past an orange garden and many plots of almost tropical vegetation. A low, gray stone wall bounded the pleasure grounds, and over it the Pampas-grass drooped its heavy heads nearly into the sea beneath! The house itself, large, low, rambling, seems cut out of the living rock, which towers behind it, and is crowned with trees and greenery. The deep purple of the sky reminded me of Italy; the incessant murmur of the sea down below gave me a sense of sadness and of peace. I sat one morning on a garden seat on the terrace overlooking the sloping lawn, with all the marvellous beauty of the place imprinting itself unalterably on my mind. Breakfast was over, and the freedom of an English country-house gave me the opportunity of quiet thought for a while. By-and-by the French window of Froude's study was pushed open from within, and he walked toward me. It was with a decidedly disparaging and doubtful air that he approached me on the occasion I have alluded to. His step left the crisp white gravel, and fell on the deep, close turf on which my seat was placed. I said:

"I shall always be so glad I came here."

"That is what you feel *now*," he answered pointedly; "better wait and

see what you have to report in a few days!"

I looked up, and met what I thought a satirical smile—it was rather gruesome.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Froude," I said, and he laughed outright.

"As to that," he continued, "you see, I am trying to make myself agreeable at present, and so, I suppose, are you? Later on—well—one can't tell." And he laughed again.

In our conversation on the subject of Mrs. Carlyle, Froude questioned me with a pertinacity and a searching intensity tolerably hard to bear. I, knowing what I had any chance of knowing of this woman's life as closely as *my own*, bore patiently the almost intolerable ordeal, answering quietly and in as few words as I could.

At length he said, looking keenly down at me:

"Ah—you are not very easy to catch—but who was 'Cuittickins'?" (Alluded to in several of Mrs. Carlyle's letters.)

"That was Bishop Terrot"—I replied—"Episcopalian Bishop in Edinburgh."

"Ah"—said Froude sharply—"but why 'Cuittickins'?"

These I explained to be the tight-buttoned gaiters worn by ecclesiastical dignitaries—and my companion laughed heartily.

On the same morning I said to him, as we sat in the study:

"I have formed my own opinions of the character of Jane Welsh Carlyle—and nothing can alter them."

"I have no wish to alter them," he said shortly. "I am the last person to do so."

"With this view," I said, "I have brought with me a lecture written by me for the Literary and Philosophical Society of —, and delivered quite three months since—and *dated*, as you see. This is my bulwark of defence. For this lecture is the essence of my memoir—if I am to write one—and unless I am wrong in my *facts*, I shall incorporate it intact in the more permanent form." I then asked permission to read it to him. "It will give you less trouble," said I, "than decipher-

ing my writing—and you must hear it, as, if the genuineness of my book is ever questioned, here is my reply.”

Froude assented, and I commenced my hard task. He only stopped me once. It was where, in quoting Miss Jewsbury's account of the scene in St. George's Hospital, I used *her* expression as to the sweet and smiling calm on the face of the dead woman. Here Froude made a quick action with his hand, and said :

“That is *wrong*—I never saw a *sterner* face in my life.” The reading ended—I sat quietly—and Froude said : “Yes, you shall do the book. It wants a woman—and a wife—and a happy wife.”

So the point was settled.

I remained some days after this at the Molt, and had much talk with Froude, whose speech was golden. In one of our earliest talks he said :

“And why do you want to meddle with biography? Why can't you be content to write three-volume novels?”

“I have no invention,” I said.

“Then I suppose you can't write that sort of ‘rot’ out of which Rider Haggard and such men make their thousands?”

“I am not clever enough for that,” I replied.

“That answer is disingenuous,” he said.

“Well,” said I, “I *don't want* to write those books.”

“*That's better*,” said Froude, and turned away. But afterward he renewed the subject and said : “I am glad you don't come to me saying you think you have a *mission*, of any kind, or want to remove a veil from the eyes of mistaken humanity on *any* subject—or to do anything grand or philanthropical—or that sort of idiocy. I have heard so much of that kind of thing.”

“Oh dear no!” I said. “I want to put a little money in my pocket. I have no other motive, and as a publisher asked for the book, I took the necessary steps. Nothing more.”

“*That's well*,” said Froude.

It was a trial to me on several occasions to find myself taking a hand at whist with Mr. Froude as my partner—and evidently an accomplished play-

er. I, only equal to what is called “family whist,” felt myself often at fault, on one occasion making a very decided and stupid *blunder*. I saw the muscles of Mr. Froude's face contract involuntarily. He was too well-bred to manifest a moment's impatience.

“I am sorry I made such a stupid mistake,” said I, while the cards were being dealt for the next hand.

Then Froude spoke with some shyness :

“Oh, my dear Mrs. Ireland ! don't talk like that. Never say you are in the *wrong* ! Let all the rest of the world be wrong, but do *you* be in the *right* !”

“Those are *your* tactics,” I said ; “but you surely don't expect *me* to carry them out?”

He looked at me with some kindness in his eyes, I thought, and said : “No ! not *you*, perhaps.” And the matter dropped.

Speaking of Arthur Helps on one occasion, Froude said that when Helps first came to visit him, he said :

“Now, before we begin, let me ask you one question. Do you keep a diary?”

“No,” said Froude, “*and I never mean to !*”

“All right,” said his guest. “Had you kept a diary, I would never have spoken a word in your presence.”

I was impressed with a certain reticence observed by Mr. Froude in speaking of Mrs. Carlyle. We have it in her *own letters* that she must, at one time, have actually contemplated leaving him. And the idea must have been discussed in Froude's presence. For he said to me that Carlyle had showed remarkable equanimity at the prospect—a prospect which might possibly be regarded in the light of a half-jest (one of those jests, however, which have within them a terrible grain of earnest). Carlyle had replied that he was *very* busy, full of work, and did not think, on the whole, that *he should miss her very much !*

This proposal and this reply—were they pure jest, or half earnest—had, at any rate, caused keen pain to Mr. Froude, as was seen in his flashing eyes when he told the anecdote, and heard in the vibrations of a voice which bore a singular power of expressing emo-

tion, while an absolute immobility of other manifestation prevailed. He impressed me as an idealist of a very high order, and his truths lay oftentimes deeper than what we had pleased to term *facts*. He did not wish to tell the world more than it must inevitably know of the *vie intime* of the Carlyles.

He withheld more than can ever now be known.

But in forcing himself to the truthful and terrible pictures he has given the public, he at least protected these dear friends from the utterly unscrupulous and monstrous distortions that would certainly have been presented by some sensational writer or other, who, with half the truth and an unbridled realism, would have produced a portrait for the world to gape at and gaze at. The position was a hard one, but Froude never flinched. We have only to remember Mrs. Stowe's theories about Byron and Lady Leigh to illustrate our meaning.

Speaking of "humbug," Froude said: "Of course, there always must be humbug, while the world lasts."

"Yes," I said, "there must be *self-deceivers*, at any rate, but not necessarily those who deliberately and knowingly wish to deceive others."

"Well," he replied, "if the people first deceive *themselves*, they naturally take in *others*."

"But," said I, "there is surely a choice between the blindness of self-deception and the cold and calculated deception imposed upon the unwary?"

And Froude laughed and said: "I suppose there *is* a choice; but the clever deceivers have one merit, at least—they have an object in view—the *others* are generally such fools."

On one occasion the talk turned on Roman Catholicism—the priesthood.

"I don't like them," said Froude; "but perhaps *you* do."

"Not at all," I answered. "I have no leaning that way."

"Ah! so you say," said Froude, with a keen glance at me. "But I dare say they will make a convert of you yet."

And he laughed.

"No," I said sternly, "they never will."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," was his rejoinder; "but I should enjoy it

immensely if they *did* convert you, and then I should have a little talk with you on the subject."

One lovely afternoon, just before I left, we started on a walk—Miss Froude, Mr. Froude, and I—through what is called "The Earl's Walk." The path-way seems cut in the side of the rock overhanging the sea, the rocky sides clothed with greenery, while arching shrubs make almost a darkness broken only now and then by opener spaces; the sun shone in golden arrows here and there, and the deep murmur of the water below was never quite lost. Now and then came a vision of the whole scene—point and headland and bay, one after the other—very exquisite and harmonious.

The talk was desultory. At a sudden turn in the winding path we came on a party of six or seven pedestrians, ladies and gentlemen, headed by a lady, who, introducing her friends and her husband, expressed much disappointment at finding Mr. Froude bound for a *walk*, and not "at home" that particular afternoon.

"You see," said she, "when one has friends down from town, one has but two attractions to offer—the fine scenery, and a *call on Mr. Froude*."

This speech was perhaps not altogether a wise one. But the company had driven some miles, and left their carriage at —, and then walked some miles, and now found themselves within twenty minutes' walk of their avowed object. They were doubtless literary people, too, an Oxford professor or so, and a recently returned Indian warrior, the names only heard by me, and now forgotten. But Froude could not be "lionized," he was not a man to "show his paces." He responded with perfect courtesy to the appeals made to him, and said quietly:

"It's rather unfortunate, but I wish to open this part of the country to my friend, Mrs. —, and I must go a little further round the Point; but my daughter will be delighted to go back with you to the Molt." And, raising his cap, he made his *adieu*.

I had stood back, and now wondered if I should say, "Pray don't consider *me* in the matter." But instinct told me that such a speech would be ridicu-

lous, and would expose me to a sharp and well-deserved "*snub*." It was not I, essentially not I, who *was* being considered. Mr. Froude simply did not choose to be forced to entertain his friends' friends. And he was right. So I held my peace. We walked along with very little conversation. But, on our return, the whole party were seated on the lawn, and footmen were bringing out afternoon tea, fruit, etc., and I went to my own room. The visit was not a long one.

The next day I left the Molt.

But more than once I had occasion to see Mr. Froude at his house in Onslow Gardens, and had further opportunity of studying that deeply interesting personality.

An awkward incident marked one of these calls of mine. It happened that I had been at the Kensington Museum a few days before, examining Greek models, reproductions of various antique, and sometimes not very attractive, classic torsos and casts of celebrated statues.

Mr. Froude accompanied me on one occasion, and told me much about what interested him. Some weeks later, I had been at luncheon with him and his family in their own home, and, the meal over, the ladies had just bid me good-bye, as I had some literary questions to ask of Mr. Froude. He and I were just adjourning to the library, when he stopped a moment, and, pointing out a bust on a bookcase, the centre of three full-sized and dignified representations in marble, he said :

"I must not forget to show you the very latest addition to my treasures. What do you think of it?"

I looked up, and, with my head full of the galleries and museums I had been visiting, said :

"It's a very terrible head, and most repellent."

"Yes," he said, "I agree with you. Now, who should you say it is?"

I, being ignorant about these things, answered vaguely :

"Nero, perhaps, or one of the old Borgias?"

Mr. Froude laughed and said :

"Try again ; you ought to know it."

"It's a horrid-looking thing," I said, "*whoever* it is."

"*Atrocious!*" said Mr. Froude emphatically. "Is it not? Well, I'm sorry to say it's a bust of myself, just presented to me by Sir Edgar Boehm. Very kind of him, wasn't it? And now, of course, I have to stick it up there in a very prominent place, and show it to all my friends. Pleasant, isn't it?"

"Boehm doesn't see you with my eyes," said I. "It doesn't remind me of you in the least."

And he laughed heartily, and said :

"*That's* well ! I didn't think I was quite such a ruffian as that !"

Froude rarely spoke of having known Mrs. Carlyle, and I was left to infer whether he saw her often or seldom, and whether it was friendship or mere acquaintance that formed the tie between them ; or whether he had letters from her, or had ever possessed her confidence in any way.

Once only did he speak more personally of her while I was with him, saying, "At any rate, she told me I was the only one of her husband's friends who had not made love to her." He certainly felt a deep compassion for her. But it was never expressed to me, in so many words.

[In a letter to Mr. Ireland, Mr. Froude thus spoke of the life of Mrs. Carlyle : "You may well be proud of Mrs. Ireland. In indifferent health, and under conditions severe and trying, she has executed a most difficult and delicate work with remarkable success. Her own generous and enthusiastic sympathy with her subject alone could have enabled her to go through with it. The book can have done nothing but good. Some day or other the world will understand Carlyle's own action in preparing these Memoirs, and will see in it the finest illustration of his own character. Mrs. Ireland has brought that day appreciably nearer. I rarely or never read literary criticisms in newspapers. They are mainly written to order by persons who know nothing of what they are writing about. They are, however, the echoes of the public opinion of the time, and so far as I have seen, Mrs. Ireland and you may be well satisfied. To yourself, as so old a friend and admirer of Carlyle, it must be peculiarly agreeable that from your home has come a work which marks the return of the tide."]

— *Contemporary Review.*

THE MUSE OF THE ANGLE.

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

"Piscator non solum piscatur."

Motto of the Fly-fishers' Club.

It is recorded that Mistress Meg Dods, in her lament for the common degeneracy of the times in which her lot was cast, made one remarkable exception. The "ancient brethren of the angle from Edinburgh" were regarded by her with peculiar favor. "They were," she said, "pawky auld carles," that kend whilk side their bread was buttered upon. They were up in the morning—had their parritch, wi' maybe a thimbleful of brandy, and then awa' up into the hills, eat their cauld meat on the heather, and came hame at e'en wi' the creel full of caller trouts, and had them to their dinner, and their quiet cogue of ale, and their drap punch, and were set singing their catches and glees, as they ca'd them, till ten o'clock, and then to bed, wi' God bless ye—and what for no?" This well-weighed concession of the hostess of the Cross Keys has been matched by like praise from the somewhat stern-eyed Mother of Poetry. To the angler's art the poets have added their catches and glees, and sometimes staidier and more measured verse. Doubtless the attendant pleasures have charmed them—the fair green aspect of the fields, the running water, the stillness of summer weather—for no other craft has such comely ministrants. Be it as it may, we have our angling songs and praises in the great literature of our land, and we are duly thankful.

That angling is regarded as especially in the domain of literature is due in great measure to a master of both arts who has rendered it classical. There were writers on angling before Izaak Walton, as there were poets before Homer; but, like these poets, we know and care little about them. It lacked the true literary flavor in those times, smacking more of the industry than the art. The Greeks, strangely enough for a seafaring people, had little love for the occupation, and even less for the product. The Homeric heroes have

an odd dislike for wriggling fishes, and the much-enduring, great-hearted Odysseus himself, hardened as he was by much rough living, talks of eating fish with distaste, and excuses himself and his companions, for "fell hunger had seized us." Though the later Athenian and Roman epicures thought much of certain fish as dainty food, they thought nothing of the catching of them. Fishermen are classed with beggars; in Plautus they are poor, shivering creatures, wretched and dripping with seawater. To the Roman mind the catching of fish for pleasure must have seemed laborious trifling; and no Latin poet seems to have looked on angling as not the least of country pleasures. We could wish that Horace had done so, and given us some idyllic picture of the sport in his Sabine country. But it was not to be; and by-and-by came wars and rumors of war, and the Muse dwelt among battles and camps, in courts and gay cities, or in sad cloisters, and busied herself with things too high or too low for plain country life, till she came in her travels to this English land, where she somewhat changed her tunes.

Although the love of nature, without which we cannot have angling verse of any excellence, was early apparent in English poetry, it is long before we find any poetry occupied exclusively with the beauties and wonders of the natural world. At first it was used by the poets as merely a background against which the acts of the human comedy might be played. Afterward an artificial nature arose in fanciful Arcadias and fairylands, which were as far removed from the homely scenery of the country as the nymphs and fairies which peopled them were from the people of the time. Slowly men's eyes were opened to see the beauty of the world around their doors, and with this new love of country life came the love of country sports.

The first poet of any renown who has written much on angling is Phineas Fletcher. His "Piscatory Eclogues," modelled on the Eclogues of Sannazarius, which Pope translated, have many pleasant catches of song and passages of natural description in the florid and richly colored style of the Elizabethans. The fishermen who form the characters have curious names—Myrtilus, Damon, Thomalin (which latter stood for the unpoetic name of Tomkins)—and their talk is full of many odd conceits and mannerisms. One verse from the first eclogue is worth quoting, both as in praise of the art and for the sake of the musical sound—

Ah! would thou knew'st how much it better
were

To bide among the simple fisher-swains:
No skrieing owl, no night-crow lodgeth here;
Nor is our simple pleasure mixt with pain.
Our sports begin with the beginning yeare,
In calms to pull the leaping fish to land,
In roughs to sing and dance along the sand.

Closely following him in time comes William Browne, of Tavistock, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals." To our mind this is one of the most charming poems of the time. The story is a wonderfully ravelled one, without either beginning or end, and full of all kinds of classical and mythological learning. The verse is generally rich and sonorous, with a richness that conveys the impression that the author was a connoisseur of gorgeous words. Sometimes we find natural scenery described with peculiar accuracy and beauty. There is absolutely no art in the arrangement; the poem is a medley of love-making and country customs. The poet rhymes pleasantly about many interesting things—shepherds and shepherdesses, caves and rivers, flowers, woods, and bees, hunting the squirrel and May-pole-dancing, and curious old fables. Angling is repeatedly referred to, and many illustrations are drawn from fishermen and their art. How quaint and melodious the verse can be these few lines will show:

The trout, the dace, the pike, the breame,
The eele that loves the troubled streame,
The miller's thumb, the hiding loach,
The perch, the ever-nibbling roach,
The shoals with whom is Tavis fraught,
The foolish gudgeon quickly caught,
And last the little minnow-fish,
Whose chief delight the gravel is.

In that happy, old world England there was no scarcity of fish, but they seem to have been of a different breed from the trout nowadays. He tells of one of his shepherds how,

When he stood fishing by some river's brim,
The fish would leape, more for a sight of him,
Than for the fie.

There is much in Browne that would more than repay the study of his poetry. If any man wishes a spirited description of worm-fishing let him turn to the fifth song in the first book of the "Pastorals."

So in the course of time we come to Izaak Walton, with whom, according to some of his admirers, angling literature begins and ends. He is a well-known figure to our eyes, this linen-draper of Fleet Street, with the long, unfathomable face, which reminded Leigh Hunt so forcibly of a pike. He lived in troublesome times, amid the clatter of quarrels and sectaries; but he lived his easy life of books and angling undisturbed, and was wont to stretch his legs up Tottenham Hill of a fine, fresh May morning, and among the green meadows and pleasant places of the Lea side to find the rest which his soul loved. He was a man of a rare turn of mind, and he has left us a rare piece of writing. It is too late in the day to attempt to add fresh praises to that immortal book; but let one who has sorry taste and an indifferent skill record a debt of infinite pleasure. Among the many good qualities the author is said to have possessed there is enumerated a "very correct judgment in poetry." Judgment he certainly had, but whether correct or not is a matter of opinion. He loved all poetry, but he had an especial relish for that which savored of his favorite sport. He can detect in the dry pages of an Ausonius a piscatorial reference; and from the works of the "divine Du Bartas" he presents us with some facts about the habits of fishes as interesting as they are without authority. He includes complete poems by Dr. Donne, and that "undervaluer of money, the late provost of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton." "All of which," says Walton, "I love the better, because they allude to rivers, and fish, and fishing." But

it must be confessed even by his warmest partisans that his taste was not always discriminating. He was too universal and liberal in his sympathies, and thus it is that we find in his book a medley of good, bad, and indifferent. The commendatory verses to the author deserve little notice; the Latin are, if possible, worse than the English, and both are artificial and absurd in an extraordinary degree. It is not till we get away from bishops and heads of colleges and tiresome Flemings, and come to the time when Corydon and Piscator sing against one another in the inn beside the stream, that we get the true praise of the art. The song beginning "As inward love breeds outward talk," was made, as we know from Walton himself, by William Basse, a noted song-writer in his day. It is full of that spirit of submission to authority which Leigh Hunt detested in Walton and his friends:

I care not I to fish in seas;
Fresh rivers best my mind do please;
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate;
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

The most beautiful fishing-song in Walton, to our thinking, is that sung on the fourth day by Piscator, attributed to John Chalkhill, but probably written in part by Izaak himself. It has a lilt about it, an inimitable quaintness, which keeps humming in a man's head when he has graver things to think about; for no matter when one hears it, it brings back to him the fresh, breezy life of the riverside. Every angler knows it; but perhaps the Latin version of Dr. Johnson is not so well known, though it has an excellence unusual in that worthy's Latin.

Charles Cotton, the friend and disciple of Walton, the translator of Montaigne and Corneille, had also a very pretty turn in verse-making. There is a fine attractive look about our picture of this scholarly country squire, whose employments were "study for his delight and improvement, and fishing for his recreation and health." He was a lover of books, and a writer of good attainments, a distinguished French scholar in an age of French scholars. He owned the beautiful estate of Beres-

ford, in Dovedale, with the Dove flowing through the grounds, and a fishing-house by the waterside with PISCATORIBUS SACRUM inscribed over the door. The fact of his friendship with Walton argues a certain level of morality in his character, and from his book we take him to have been a hospitable, kindly man, with a strong love of the open air and his native shire. His writing has a repressed hilarity, a volcanic gravity, beneath which we have a sight of a vigorous animal life. Cotton is indeed one of those rare natures where a somewhat high culture is associated with a healthy naturalness, and the two so act on one another as to make their possessor a fine type of an English gentleman. As a poet he has considerable art. His irregular stanzas addressed to his master seem to us to take rank with the best things in the "Complete Angler." They have the true lyrical note, and form an exquisite tribute to the fresh delights of a spring morning.

The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a very different man from the North-country gentleman or his old-fashioned teacher; but in the Author's Apology, prefixed to his book, among other odd things there is a passage on angling. It is very short, and deals mainly with the propriety of tickling obstinate trout; but it is full of that pleasing awkwardness which makes everything he writes worth reading:

You see the way the Fisher-man doth take
To catch the Fish; what Engines doth he make?

Behold how he engageth all his wits;
Also his Snares, Lanes, Angles, Hooks and Nets.

Yet Fish there be, that neither Hook nor Line,
Nor Snare, nor Net, nor Engine can make thine;

They must be groped for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be catch'd, whate'er you do.

Possibly the author, while taking his walk some sunshiny morning along the banks of the Ouse, with his mind full of very grave and serious thoughts, may have seen some angler in difficulties with a refractory fish, and so devised the comparison. Perhaps, too, in Mr. Lang's pleasant fancy, the angler may have been Walton himself.

It is a far cry from sixteenth century divines to the times of "hoop and

hood" and Mr. John Gay. Yet in the times between we have no angling verse of any kind—for the attention of the poets was distracted by serious events—wars, revolutions, and the like. The author of the once famous "Beggar's Opera" was born near Barnstaple, in that most rich and beautiful county of Devon. He was afterward a silk mercer in London, from which reputable trade he shifted to the more pleasing one of poet and playwright. We confess to liking his "Rural Sports," written when he was scarce twenty-five, better than anything in his later medley of plays and fables. He is so thoroughly and honestly artificial; so primed up with the poetic stuff then in fashion. In pure bombast over trifles he far outstrips any of his contemporaries. Yet there seem to be glimpses now and then of a rarer sort, revealing a poet with a keener eye for country sights than most men of his time. Dr. Johnson, with the airs of a Delphian oracle, pronounces him "never contemptible, nor ever excellent." Other people may judge him more leniently; but indeed we rather like than appreciate his work. His one angling reference—in its own way one of the best in the whole literature of the art—is to be found in his "Rural Sports," which the author calls a "Georgic" and dedicates to Pope. It opens loftily:

When floating clouds their spongy-fleeces
drain,
Troubling the streams with swift descending
rain,
And waters tumbling down the mountain side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive their liquid burden through the
skies,
The fisher to the neighboring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds.

Gay had clearly been at the fishing before, for he knew and loved a dirty water. He first in sonorous verse describes fishing with the worm, and gives sage directions for the choice of bait, in lines which are probably unequalled as an example of the power in mock-heroic which human nature is capable of:

Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains
Whose polished tails a shining yellow stains;
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting
gloss

Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;

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Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

If he had been telling of the last stand of the three hundred at Thermopylæ he could not have used more sounding words. The whole passage is too long for quotation. From worm-fishing he passes to angling with the natural fly; thence to salmon-fishing; and concludes with an exhortation to otter-hunting, and a declaration of his own particular tastes:

I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling
weeds

Perplex the fisher; I, nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear.
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line;
Let me less cruel cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

In the declining years of Gay's life, another poet of infinitely greater powers was rising to fame. Thomson's "Seasons," despite what some hyper-exquisite modern critics may say to the contrary, will always be read and enjoyed. He possessed all, or nearly all, the peculiar virtues of his age and school, with many that were entirely his own. His descriptions of nature have often a grace, a felicity of epithet, peculiar in the literature of the time. We should expect the son of the minister of Ednam to be well skilled in the angler's art, for the Eden, which comes down to Tweed and refreshes the traveller on the dusty Berwick Road with its dark pools and shadows, is a well-known stream for trout. He spent, too, many days of his boyhood at Southdean, high up among the hills in the cradle of the Jed. His years of literary life in London did not spoil his relish for the sport, for "Spring," which was published third of the "Seasons," contains a most delightful account of fly-fishing. It differs from Gay's in having a certain Scotch accent about it, which we can feel though powerless to explain. The dark brown water, the rocky channel of the burn, the swirl of the current at its meeting with the river—all have a North-country sound, and every angler who knows Tweedside has seen them a score of times. He

knows the best day for the fly—gleamy, with clouds passing over the sun. He is a sensible man, and does not care to fill his basket with worthless fry; but with something like real force he describes the capture of the monarch of the pool, "who desp'rate takes his death with sullen plunge." Charles Lamb loved to see this book "a little torn and dog's-eared." If he had fished, he might have seen it to his heart's content; for many an angler carries it about with him in his pocket, and keeps his flies among the pages of "Spring."

Armstrong, the friend and contemporary of Thomson, born in the same shire and a member of the same literary clique, has some lines on angling, which, like most of that author's work, are marred by many tawdry and absurd expressions. The curious may find them in the third book of his "Art of Preserving Health." Smollett, who was a Dumbartonshire man, has some lines on this subject in his "Ode to Leven Water," which are so pleasant and musical that we could wish the passage longer.

A very different man was that vigorous, boisterous personage, Dr. John Wolcot, who practised medicine, divinity, and pigeon-shooting in the West Indies, and then returned to London and gave such trouble to those in authority that it is said he was bribed into silence. He wrote all sorts of political pamphlets, squibs, and lampoons under the name of "Peter Pindar." There are many objections to his writings on the grounds of unnecessary coarseness, but, whatever be said, we must allow him immense powers of satire and invective, and a skill and taste in the ludicrous which remind one of Calverley. He has left us an address to a trout, which is unparalleled in its kind. One of its charms is that we do not know how to regard it. If we take it seriously it is the Ultima Thule of quaintness, otherwise it is the perfection of parody. We may be pardoned if we quote it entire; for the learned Peter's works are not too well known:

Why fleest thou away with fear?
Trust me, there's naught of danger here;
I have no wicked hook,

All covered with a tempting bait,
Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate,
And drag thee from the brook.

Oh harmless tenant of the flood,
I do not wish to spill thy blood;
For nature unto thee
Perchance has given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charm thy life,
As she hath done to me.

Enjoy thy stream, oh harmless fish,
And when an angler for a dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts—the wretch—to pull thee out,
God give thee strength, oh gentle trout,
To pull the rascal in.

With Wolcot we leave the eighteenth century and come to that great band of poets which has made the opening years of the nineteenth memorable in our literature. One main characteristic of them all—a love of the freshness of open-air life—would lead a man to expect from them angling verse of rare excellence. In the South he is disappointed. Byron has nothing but ill-natured gibes at

Angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says.
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

Such lines have a fitting place among the tiresome absurdities of "Don Juan;" but one can wish that Cotton, that sturdy old Royalist, had been at hand to hear his master thus maligned. He would, doubtless, have had words with the author on this matter. Then we have the lamentable production of Leigh Hunt, who was so far left to his own devices as to write a maledictory essay on the art. With the great-hearted Romanticists of the North, however, the case is otherwise. Scott, Hogg, Wilson—such men had the true manly love of outdoor sport, and cared little for the pleas of sickly and foolish people. Sir Walter himself was a well-wisher to the game, but no angler; but, nevertheless, he wrote a fishing song in his old romantic manner. The song, "On Ettrick forest mountains dunn," has in it all the secret of the writer's magic—the wild horseman gallop of the verse, and that art in words which is none the less exquisite for being unconscious. Nowadays, perhaps, we are inclined to set a higher

value on Scott's lyrics than the author himself did; and this is certainly, in our eyes, one of the best. Wilson, that big, square shouldered man of letters, whose work is so singularly neglected to-day, was a keen fisherman. There were few streams in the Border country that Hogg did not know, but especially he loved the burns around St. Mary's Loch. He has one delightful, if more than apocryphal, tale of filling a cart with Megget trout, all the size of a herring or thereabout.

The best writing of these anglers on their sport was not done in verse. Wilson, indeed, in one poem, "The Angler's Tent," has such a passage, but it is of indifferent merit. In prose, in the early "Blackwoods," we find the best work of Christopher North, the "Recreations," so boisterous and gallant, filled with the high spirits of the author. Hogg has some good fishing sketches, written in his oddly unequal style, but no verse. Still, although these writers have left us few direct literary tributes to angling, they have performed the great service of making the sport classical in this North country. They have done for the art in the Borderland what Walton and his followers did for it by the Lea and Dove—they have gifted it with a tenth muse.

Linked to this coterie of literary men by time and place and sympathy, Thomas Tod Stoddart may rightly be regarded as the poet-laureate of fishing and the chief of fishermen. No other ever devoted the greater part of his life to the practice, and his best gifts to the celebrating of it in song. No other man, unless it were the laird of Abbotsford, loved Tweed with such a passionate, romantic love. To him it was not only the most beautiful of streams, but a mistress with whom his best loves and hopes were bound up. "That's the Forth," says Bailie Nicol Jarvie on one occasion, with an air of respect; and Mr. Francis Osbaldistone goes on to observe on the "reverence which I have observed the Scotch usually pay to their distinguished rivers. The Clyde, the Tweed, the Forth, the Spey are usually named by those who dwell on their banks with a sort of respect and pride, and I have known

duels occasioned by any word of disparagement." Surely this is a great and most honorable thing, that nature in one aspect can command the love and homage of a race of men. From a man who made angling the business of his life we should expect more beautiful praise than from one who takes it merely as a pleasant sport for his leisure. The characteristic story told in the published volume of his poems shows the temperament of the man. Chancing in one day upon Henry Glassford Bell, he was greeted by him with, "Well, Tom, my man, what are you doing now?" "Doing!" he replied in a tone of unmingled surprise, "man, I'm an angler."

Of the many poems that he wrote some thirty are perfect jewels of their kind. He had caught, as all men must who live much with nature, some of that wild music which is all too rare in our literature. The "Yellow Fins of Yarrow" has the true ballad note, that magical charm which is found only in the finest of old Scots poetry. "When the Streams Rise" may vie with the best songs in the "Complete Angler." He had humor of that quaint, pawky kind that Charles Lamb had, full of sudden surprises; for who can forget the absurd image of the first verse of the "Flee"?—

Awa' wi' yer tinsey sae brow,
Our troots winna thole it ava,
They've grown sae capricious,
Sonsie and vicious—
As weel may we fish wi' a craw.

One great secret of his success is his whimsical and happy choice of metres, as in "The Angler's Days," "The Angler's Choice," and "The Angler's Invitation." About some of his songs there is a charming reminiscence of Herrick, which is entirely successful. The "Angler's Grave" has pathos and an almost faultless music:

There he lies whose heart was twined
With wild stream and wandering burn,
Wooser of the western wind,
Watcher of the April morn.

Indeed, nearly all his poems are so beautiful in some way or other that it is hard to choose; but, if one may have a favorite above others, let it be "The Bonnie Tweed." Surely few rivers have

ever had more noble tributes ; and it is worthy to be placed among the best of the countless odes and lyrics to the Border river. It has the sound and suggestion of some bright, fresh morning in May :

Frae Holylee to Clovenford,
A chancier bit ye canna hae ;
So gin ye tak an angler's word,
Ye'd through the whins and ower the brae ;
An' work awa' wi' eunnin' hand
Yer birsy hackles black and reid ;
The soft sigh o' a slender wand
Is meetest music for the Tweed.

He died in the autumn of 1880, full of years and honor, and that wisdom which falls only to the lot of those who are much abroad by the hills and waters.

With Thomas Tod Stoddart we come to the last decades of the century. Some of the great writers who are dead wrote angling verse, but in few cases were they also keen sportsmen, so their writing lacks the fire and enthusiasm of the older men. Wordsworth has one beautiful sonnet, "Written upon a Blank Leaf in 'The Complete Angler,'" which has all the best qualities of his sonnets—strength, majesty, grace, and high-sounding melody. But we cannot conceive of Wordsworth as an enthusiastic angler ; for instead of minding his flies, he would probably be engaged in that "reverend watching" of nature which he celebrates. Thomas Hood has one poem, "An Angler's Farewell," which is full of brilliant punning ; and George Outram, who was a kind of Scots Calverley, and whose book of "Law Lyrics" is less widely known than its worth deserves, has some humorous verses, "The Salmon." Kingsley was an eager fisherman, as was right for one brought up among the brown trout-streams of Devon. He has several fishing songs, notably the one beginning "Oh, Mr. Froude, how wise and good ;" but he is not at his best here, for they all approach perilously near to doggerel. Apart from the great writers there have been many local and dialect verses, of which the collection known as the "Coquet-Dale Fishing Songs" is a good example.

To our thinking the best angling poet of late years is Mr. Andrew Lang, who adds yet another name to the list of the devotees of the Tweed. Mr.

Lang's poetry is like his prose on many subjects and in many styles. He has published a volume of "Angling Sketches," full of pleasant reminiscences told in his inimitable manner. His angling poems are scattered up and down his small poetry books—"Rhymes à la mode," "Ballades in Blue China," and "Grass of Parnassus." Their main characteristics are scholarly grace, a pleasant humor, and occasionally a pathos and simplicity which remind one of Arnold or Wordsworth. In "The Last Cast" he approaches more near to the pregnant simplicity of Wordsworth than any writer of to-day ; and among all the rhapsody and sound and fury with which our ears are filled this is a thing to be thankful for. The "Ballade of the Tweed," written in good Selkirkshire Scots, is an excellent piece of work, with the pious wish expressed in the "Envoy." "April on Tweed" is in a more serious vein, with a singularly pleasant music :

The snow lies yet on Eildon Hill
But soft the breezes blow.
If melting snows the waters fill,
We nothing heed the snow,
But we must up and take our will—
A fishing we will go !

"The Last Chance" is almost perfect in its way. The poet quotes Pausanias in support of his theory that there are fishes in the lower world, and asks Persephone to grant that his shade may land the spectral forms of trout.

As yet our Muse, like the minstrel in the old ballads, has dwelt chiefly in the North country, but now she has come down to the side of Thames. Mr. Robert Bridges, whose small, privately-printed books have been long in meeting with their recognition, has among his shorter poems one beautiful tribute to the delights of the Thames side. It is written in a style which recalls Milton and the lyrists of the seventeenth century—full of quaint turns and strange, exquisite words, and a freshness which belongs more to the dawn of song than the decadence. It contains one verse, the picture of the contemplative fisherman :

Sometimes an angler comes, and drops his
hook
Within its hidden depths, and 'gainst a tree
Leaning his rod, reads in some pleasant book,
Forgetting soon his pride of fishery ;

And dreams, or falls asleep,
While curious fishes peep
About his nibbled bait, or scornfully
Dart off and rise and leap.

It is curious to note how in the different centuries angling is invested with the fashions of the times. Certain things, it is true, are common to all angling verse—the excitement of the sport and the pleasure of being abroad in the open air; but many of the oddities of thought and feeling which characterize poets of different schools may be found also. In the seventeenth century it was essentially a homely art, to be pursued among the quiet fields near the homestead, and not among dangerous and difficult places. Franck, the Cromwellian soldier, who wandered as far as the lochs of Sutherland, is the only notable exception. Angling in these days was attended with comfort and quiet and meditation; it had a literary flavor, too, which it has never quite regained to such a

full degree, for when an angler was wearied with his sport he had good books with him to read below the trees. In the days of Anne and the Georges angling was a fine sport to be followed for the sport's sake, but the enjoyment derived from nature does not bulk so largely in their estimation as before. When they describe the face of the country in spring or summer they do it in a conventional and unsympathetic manner. In our own century the state of affairs is changed. Our poets love angling for the sport's sake, but more because it takes them out at all times and in all weathers to the fields and hills. The vast advance which we have made in our knowledge of nature bears fruit in their verse; for whereas the old followers of Walton sought only her milder and sunnier side, they love both storm and sunshine, the gray as well as the green.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

CHARACTER NOTE.

THE SCHOOLGIRL.

Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame;
Las! le temps non: mais nous nous en allons.

JOYCE has brown curls tied with a ribbon. She has a face all laughter and dimples. She is fifteen years old, and the happiest creature in creation.

Joyce does not learn very much. She has, indeed, come to school with the express purpose of learning as little as she can. She comes down to practise Beethoven perfectly blithe and contented at seven o'clock on a winter's morning. She murders that master with a gayety of soul quite unconquerable. She glides from the sonata in G to the irresistible air of the last coster song. She commits this and all her other misdemeanors in such a manner that they are invariably found out.

Before an examination she may be seen endeavoring with astonishing hopefulness and a blithe smile to learn propositions of Euclid by heart. Her fingers are always covered with ink, and the ridiculous curls fall over her French exercises and blot them.

She is lectured to by a University Extended gentleman, and draws little caricatures of him upon her blotting-paper all the time. She astonishes the examiners at the Viva Voce at the end of the term with the singular ignorance and vivacity of her replies. When she is reproached by Intellecta of Girtton for her terrible frivolity at the mathematical class, Joyce puts her impulsive arms round that learned lady's neck, and says with a hug that she is frightfully sorry, only she doesn't really think she can help it.

Perhaps she cannot. Perhaps it is not her fault that she is so absurdly careless and light-hearted. But if it is, they are both iniquities, Girtton thinks with a sigh, which time is sure to cure.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say that Joyce finds herself quite unable to keep the rules. There is an irresistible force in her nature which com-

pels her to jump upstairs two or more steps at a time, to talk in the passages, and scream in the awful solemnity of the German class when a mouse runs across the floor.

When Madame, who is ugly, and old, and kindly, and of whom Joyce is fond, takes her pupil to task for her naughtiness, Joyce's storm of crying and repentance is, for two minutes, quite overwhelming. And then she looks up with an April face of smiles shining through her tears, and in an incredibly short space of time may be heard enjoying herself without a care in the world in the playground.

Is she insincere? She has rather a heart full of impulse, and honesty, and good intentions. She is only young. With her companions she is quite popular and well beloved. She quarrels with them sometimes, and is perfectly outspoken. She kisses them five minutes afterward—on both cheeks—and is wholly reconciled and devoted to them until the next dispute.

Madame's husband, who is seventy years old, is one of Joyce's particular admirations. She is first attracted to him because he does not teach, or try to teach, her anything. Joyce opens a conversation one day with him when she finds him working in his flower garden, and from henceforth constitutes herself his especial friend. The old man, who has a shrunken, stooping figure, and wears a very ancient shiny black coat, is himself, no doubt, attached to this blithe, unthinking creature, with her dancing eyes, her whimsical short petticoats, and her brown curls.

"He is the sweetest old love I ever saw," says Joyce to Madame. And Madame has not somehow the heart to say that this tender and effusive mode of speech is scarcely respectful.

"Don't you get tired, now you are so old, doing all that stupid garden-
ing?" Joyce asks with her gay candor as she stands looking at him one day.

Monsieur, whose English accent is quite perfect, replies, "Yes, Mademoiselle, a little." And Joyce thinks how awfully funny it must feel to be hundreds of years older than any one else.

"Doesn't it?" she asks.

And Monsieur, leaning on his spade,

and looking into her bright face with his kindly old eyes, says, "Yes, Mademoiselle—perhaps."

Yet he is glad almost to think, as Joyce dances away to join her companions, that he will not live to see this blithe, quicksilver creature in that "awfully funny" stage of age and experience.

Joyce is now more than sixteen years old, and there begins to be some talk of her leaving school for good. Monsieur, as they walk about the garden sometimes in playhours, feels it his duty to try and prepare her a little for the world, of which she knows nothing and hopes everything. It is always borne in upon him indeed, after such conversations, that his efforts are quite useless. To this girl, who has known neither, sorrow and disappointment are words without meaning.

"Of course, I sha'n't be perfectly happy," she says gayly. "Why, I'm not perfectly happy here, though this is a love of a school, if it weren't so horribly mean about holidays, and the butter at the fifth form table wasn't too horrid for anything. I get into rows, you know. And the last time Madame was angry with me I cried so awfully, I had to borrow all the pocket-handkerchiefs in the dormitory."

Monsieur says no more at the time. He arrives gradually at the conclusion that to prepare Joyce for the world is impossible and perhaps undesirable. As he watches her unconquerable joyousness he has, with Madame—though life has spared neither of them—a vague and ridiculous idea that it may possibly spare Joyce.

At the end of the term which is to be her last, the girls act *Julius Cæsar*, with Joyce herself in the title rôle. Julius Cæsar bundles up his brown curls under a headdress which he fondly imagines to be Roman. He betrays an innocent girlish angle in every fold of his toga. He has not particularly bothered himself to learn his part. He displays a blithe and total ignorance of the Shakespearian meaning in every line. He makes signs to the prompter in the wings. When the situation grows particularly tragic he laughs. He has such an innocent bright face, such dancing eyes, and such a gay and

palpable enjoyment in his own ridiculous performance, that the audience would forgive him a thousand worse blunders. When he is murdered he can't for the life of him help lifting up the corner of the garment which covers his face and exchanging a wink with a friend in the front row. He is seen jumping up after his murder, some time before the curtain has quite descended. He removes his toga and the headdress in three minutes, and is Joyce again—Joyce in a girlish party frock, her curls tied up with a gala white ribbon, and her cheeks the soft carmine of happiness and excitement.

She eats a very healthy schoolgirl supper. When, indeed, she thinks of the next day, when she is to leave school forever, she is quite overcome with emotion. But then she never thinks of unhappy things very often or very long together.

As Monsieur plays for the girls' dancing in the long schoolroom afterward on the jingling school piano, he looks up often from the music, which, indeed, he knows by heart, at Joyce. She is gayer almost than any one.

"It is perfectly dreadful to be going away to-morrow," she says to Monsieur, as she stands by his side for a little, and her eyes grow suddenly a little dim. She dances away again in a moment and he looks after her.

The next day Joyce leaves the "love of a school" forever in floods of tears and a four-wheeler. An old figure, very bent, and wearing an old coat,

looks after the cab a long time. He is glad to think that Joyce, whom he has loved more than he knew, will be smiling again very soon, and yet he turns into the dull house with a sigh which is not all for his own loneliness.

Monsieur and Madame do not see their old pupil for five years. Joyce has been abroad. She has been very gay, she writes.

"Does very gay mean very happy?" says Madame, and Monsieur answers, "Not always, I think," in his old voice. And then she comes back. She has put up the brown curls and let down her whimsical frock, as was to be expected. She looks a good deal older and, in some subtle sense only, different. Which might also have been expected.

She kisses Madame impulsively on both cheeks as she used to do. She insists that Monsieur shall take her round the old garden with a great deal of her old wilfulness and gayety. She puts her girlish arm—it is still a girlish arm, and very round and slender—through his, and chatters to him in her bright voice about a thousand of her gay doings. Once she stops and looks all round the old garden, carefully.

"I used to be so—extraordinarily—happy here," she says.

"My dear Mademoiselle," answers the old man almost impulsively, "have you not been happy away from here? Is there anything—the matter?"

"Nothing," she answers very lightly. "Nothing in the world. I am only—grown-up."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.—By the death of Christina Rossetti, literature, and not English literature alone, loses the one great modern poetess. There is another English poetess, indeed, who has gained a wider fame; but the fame of Mrs. Browning, like that of her contemporary, and, one might almost say, companion, George Sand, was of too immediate and temporary a kind to last. The very feminine, very emotional, work of Mrs. Browning, which was really, in the last or first result, only literature of the L. E. L. order carried to its furthest limits, roused a sort of a womanly enthusiasm, in precisely the same

way as the equally feminine, equally emotional, work of George Sand. In the same way, only in a lesser degree, all the women who have written charming verse—and how many there have been in quite recent times!—have won, and deservedly, a certain reputation as poetesses among poetesses. In Miss Rossetti we have a poet among poets and in Miss Rossetti alone. Content to be merely a woman, wise in limiting herself within somewhat narrow bounds, she possessed, in union with a profoundly emotional nature, a power of artistic self-restraint which no other woman who has written in verse has ever shown; and

it is through this mastery over her own nature, this economy of her own resources, that she takes rank among poets rather than among poetesses.

And, indeed, the first quality that appeals to one in Miss Rossetti's work is its artistic finish; and this finish is apparent in a simplicity so intense, so expressive, and so casual in seeming, as only the finest elaboration could extract from the complexities and confusions of nature. Her preference was for the homeliest words, and for the rhythms in which the art consists in a seeming disregard of art. No one who ever wrote in verse used so many words of one syllable, or so few words not used in ordinary conversation. No one ever used fewer inversions, or was less dependent on the unusual in sound or color, or found less need or less room for metaphor. Italian as she partly was, there is absolutely nothing in her of the Italian luxuriance in language, that luxuriance which flowered so strangely in the poetry of her brother. She is more English than any Englishwoman. And yet, with these plain, unadorned words, the words that come first to our lips when we speak to one another, she obtained effects, not merely of vivid sincerity, of downright passion, of religious conviction, but also of fantastic subtlety, of airy grace, of remote and curious charm. Fairyland to her was as real as it is to a child, and it is with all a child's quaint familiarity with the impossible that she sings of "Goblin Market." It is with something also of the child's terror and attraction that she tells of ghosts, of dead people, buried and unhappy in their graves, who try vainly, or perhaps not quite in vain, to get back into the warmth and strangeness of life. And the genuine shiver which she strikes through us is certainly a tribute to what is so deceptively matter-of-fact in her way of dealing with the mysterious. Just so the familiar and modest confidence with which she approaches what is rare and subtle in its beauty, as if at home there, awakens in us the sense of rarity and beauty, as a more oppressed and anxious air of attendance on the great in state fails, often enough, to do. We hear the music of her verse afloat in the air, the very music of Ariel, and yet with all the intimacy of a perfume, the perfume of a flower; the soul of something living and beautiful, with its roots in the earth.

This felicitously simple art, in which style is never a separate grace, but part of the very texture, so to speak, of the design, is the ex-

pression of a nature in which intensity of feeling is united with an almost painful reserve. It is as if the writer were forced, in spite of her utmost endeavor, to give voice to certain deep emotions, the cry of the heart for love, the soul's cry to God. The words seem as if wrung out of her, and it is in their intense quietness that one realizes the controlling force of the will that has bound them down. Alike in the love poems and in the religious poems, there is a certain asceticism, passion itself speaking a chastened language, the language, generally, of sorrowful but absolute renunciation. This motive, passion remembered and repressed, condemned to eternal memory and eternal sorrow, is the motive of much of her finest work; of "The Convent Threshold," for instance, that "masterpiece of ascetic passion," as Dante Rossetti called it. Its recurrence gives a certain sadness to her verse, in spite of so much that is quaint, playful, and childlike in it. The finest of her earlier poems was a paraphrase on Ecclesiastes, and the vanity, shortness, and broken happiness of life are ever present to her. She utters no unseemly complaint, she brings no accusation against Providence, but she has no illusions in regard to things. And in her religious poems, which are perhaps the finest part of her work in verse, it is with a mainly tragic ecstasy that she sends up her soul to God, out of the depths. She is not less conscious of human unworthiness than of the infinite charity of God; and in her passionate humility she prays for the lowest place in Paradise, finding "that lowest place too high." Less delirious than Crashaw, less composed than George Herbert, Miss Rossetti takes her place as a religious poet between the one and the other, and she takes that place on terms of equality. Even in the little edifying books which she wrote with the deliberate intention of doing good, there is a firm and assured art in the handling of the very difficult matter of devotion. With her, the service of God, to which, in her later years, she gave herself with an absolute retirement from all worldly interest and undertakings, was hieratic in its solemnity, and demanded all the myrrh and frankincense and gold of art, as but an honorable return of gifts in homage to the giver. Here, as in the love-poems, depth of feeling is made no excuse for laxity of form; but the form is ennobled, and chastened into a finer severity, in proportion to the richness of the sentiment which it enshrines. It is by this rare, last quality of excellence, as we have al-

ready said, that Christina Rossetti takes her place among the great poets of our century, not on sufferance, as a woman, but by right, as an artist.—*Saturday Review*.

THE CARLYLE HOUSE.—Some well-meaning people are attempting to acquire, and to set apart forever, as a national possession, the house in which Carlyle died. There is also talk of making a Carlyle Museum—of what? The slippers he used to wear? The pipe he used to smoke? A portion of his last blotting pad? Echoes of the old man's grumblings? I do not think that we want a Carlyle Museum, and I have great doubts on the subject of buying the house unless some rich man comes forward. Of course, we ought to keep all the houses of all the great writers; but it seems hardly likely that a people who a few years ago suffered Milton's house to be pulled down will concern themselves to preserve Carlyle's. Moreover, I understand that the younger generation does not read Carlyle. He was a mighty power in the land forty years ago; all men over fifty, and a great many over forty, can bear witness to the influence of Carlyle's writings upon their own minds. Among his disciples were Maurice and Charles Kingsley. His "Past and Present," his "Sartor Resartus," his "French Revolution" undoubtedly lifted men's minds out of the conventional groove in which they were lying, and brought them back to the realities of things. In those days the younger and the more generous souls revelled in the teaching of Carlyle. But is his teaching still a source of inspiration for the young men? I doubt it. Generous souls there are still among the younger men; of that we must never doubt; but they find other food. Perhaps Carlyle's ideas have already been assimilated. Perhaps for the time being his work is done. He is lying on the shelf unread. He will certainly become a classic: he will be read again by the next generation; when the history of this century can be written the influence of Carlyle will be treated in a long and important chapter. But about the purchase of that house? As for me, I shall not send my mite for this object, because, though I am old enough to have been educated by Carlyle, I have never at any time entertained any personal feeling, any affection for the man apart from his works.—*Waller Besant, in the "Queen."*

LITERATURE IN NEW LANGUAGES.—The two most recent languages in which literature has been commenced are the Fang and the Man-

g'anja; the former is spoken by a tribe on the Gaboon River, in Western Equatorial Africa. The Religious Tract Society has aided the American Board of Foreign Missions by a grant for a catechism, and a simple primer based on the Syllabaire-Regimbeau, through their missionary, the Rev. A. W. Marling. He has also asked for aid in publishing a volume of Old and New Testament Stories, and the Committee are helping in its illustration. For the Mang'anja dialect, spoken at the South of Lake Nyassa, the Religious Tract Society is helping in the publication of "The Peep of Day," the request coming through Miss S. B. Bell, a devoted voluntary lady missionary of the Church of Scotland at Blantyre.

MR. PAGET TOYNBEE has made an interesting discovery of a hitherto unnoticed, and in some respects highly curious, biographical account of Dante, which occurs with other interpolated matter in the Venice editions of the "Speculum Majus" of Vincent de Beauvais. Mr. Toynbee has written an account of his discovery for the *English Historical Review*.

THREE sets of memoirs of the future are passing from hand to hand among friends of the writers in Paris: those of Marshal Canrobert, who, alone of the three authors, is alive; those of Marshal de MacMahon; and those of M. Thiers. M. Thiers has left but a short memoir, in which Marshal de MacMahon is bitterly attacked. The MacMahon memoirs are in four volumes, of which the three earlier deal with African, Russian, and Italian campaigns, and with the problems of Algerian government. The fourth volume is full of questionable matter, and the influence of the anti-Republican feeling of Madame de MacMahon (seldom called Duchesse de Magenta) is said to be noticeable in it.

"A JOURN OF PUNCH, with those who Brewed It," is the title selected by Mr. Athol Mayhew for his forthcoming origin and early history of "The London Charivari." The volume is to be illustrated, and will contain anecdotes of Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Henry and Horace Mayhew, Mark Lemon, Albert Smith, and the original *Punch* staff.

UNDER the title of "Illustrated Standard Novels," Messrs. Macmillan & Co. propose to publish a series of reprints of famous works of fiction, which may fairly be considered to have taken an established place in English literature. Each novel will have for introduction a prefatory notice written by a critic of

distinction, and each volume will contain about forty full-page and other illustrations. The first volume of the series, to be published on January 15th, will be Maria Edgeworth's "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentee," illustrated by Miss Chris Hammond, with an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. This will be followed, at intervals of one month, by Captain Marryat's "Japhet in Search of a Father," with an introduction by Mr. David Han- nay, and by Michael Scott's "Tom Cringle's Log," with an introduction by Mr. Mowbray Morris. Among the authors to be represented later are: Jane Austen, Susan Ferrier, Thomas Love Peacock, Thomas Galt, and George Borrow.

THE discontent aroused by the ungrammatical English written by a number of undergraduates at Cambridge seems not unlikely to lead to the introduction of an examination in his native language into the passman's terror the Little Go. At least the General Board of Studies has recommended it, and the same body proposes to demand an English essay from candidates in several of the triposes. It is well known that when the present Regius Professor of Medicine came into office he was much offended by the illiterate style in which the theses for medical degrees were frequently put together, and that by rejecting these exhibitions of a neglected education he has greatly raised the standard of writing among the medical students at Cambridge. It is to be hoped the Board of Studies may be equally successful. But the blame lies largely with the schools, which fail to teach boys English grammar.

A SELECTION from the unpublished MSS. left by Guy de Maupassant will shortly be issued by M. Ollendorff. The volume will comprise fragments of two novels on which the author was engaged when he was attacked by the illness which proved fatal, "L'Ame Étrangère" and "L'Angelus." Of the former only the opening chapter had been completed when he suspended the work, that his undivided attention might be given to carrying out the idea of the latter, which had suddenly fascinated him. In these latter days Maupassant's eyes as well as his mind were giving way, and it is said that he composed everything, down to the last nuance of phrase, in his head, so that he was able to write out his fair copy *currente calamo*. The fragment of "L'Ame Étrangère" is printed in the last number of the *Revue de Paris*.

IN spite of his advanced age, Professor Mommsen is reported to be on the point of repairing again to Rome, where he intends spending part of the winter for the purpose of continuing his researches.

THE General Board of Studies at Cambridge have presented a report on "Literary Training," suggested by a memorial most influentially signed, which began as follows:

"It is the experience of many teachers in the University that a large number of the undergraduates do not possess adequate facility in the use of English, and are wanting in the power of presenting their ideas on paper in an orderly manner."

After consulting the several special boards, the General Board recommend generally that an essay paper might with advantage be introduced into the tripos examinations (excepting mathematics), and that in all cases a formal instruction should be given to the examiners to "have regard to the style and method of the candidates' answers, and to give credit for excellence in these respects." As regards the Previous Examination, they recommend the addition of a paper containing subjects for an English essay, selected from some standard English work.

AN American edition of the *Bookman* will in the future be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

MISS ELIZABETH ANNA S. DAWES, who has just obtained the degree of Doctor of Literature (in Greek), at London University, is understood to be the first lady to win this distinction.

THE programme of the Goldsmiths' Institute Literary Society for the coming quarter includes a revival of the Bacon-Shakespeare discussion, to be opened in favor of the former by Colonel Maude, V.C., C.B., Mr. George R. Humphery defending the other side. Mr. Ernest Aston will read a paper on "The Place of Pope in English Literature," Mr. Arthur Wood on "The Characters of Pickwick and Don Quixote," and Mr. A. T. White on "Milton's Shorter Poems." There will also be a recital and criticism of "She Stoops to Conquer."

PROBABLY the largest price ever asked for a new book is the 120 guineas demanded for a vellum copy of the Chaucer folio, now being printed at the Kelmscott Press, with woodcuts designed by Sir E. Burne Jones, and large ornamental borders by Mr. William Morris.

The copies printed on paper have all been bought already.

We have an announcement to make this week of no ordinary interest. Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie is thinking of bringing out an edition of her father's works with notes of a biographical character.

MISCELLANY.

A DAY AS A HOP-PICKER.—Just two years ago I yielded to an impulse. I had seen in a mean street of my town in the Midlands these words scrawled on the green shutters of a house: "Employment for hop-pickers." After a moment's cogitation, I entered that house, and was confronted by an extremely stout woman in a red-and-black shawl. We conferred together, and, having paid her sixpence, she entered on her list the name of Patrick Jones, who was to be at the W— Railway Station at six o'clock the next morning without fail. Patrick's sixpence—that is to say, mine—would be forfeited if he did not thus appear. And so I duly turned up at the station in the oldest clothes I could find, and with the very uncomfortable feeling that I had not been sufficiently washed that morning. There were thirty or forty more of us, and we were mostly women and girls, with not a few babies. To my momentary terror, I found myself in the train sandwiched between a very loquacious young damsel in tawdry attire and a weary woman with an infant.

I learnt from the girl and the others that we were going to Gaffer Morris's hop farm, and that he wasn't half as bad as some employers, and gave his hands cider for nothing as well as very decent barns to sleep in. "How about grub?" I asked, grumpily, with a scowl. "Reckon he provides that, too?" "Oh, do 'e?" retorted my neighbor the damsel, with a clanging laugh. "Yo'll see aboot that, young feller, when the time comes." I did not like being "young fellered" by this maiden, but I bore it; and I bore the baby's weight, and the smell of eleven unwashed people (including Patrick Jones), and bad tobacco, for three nasty hours. Then we were all spawned upon the platform of a little wayside station, with pretty green hills close by and a sparkling river in the valley. "Now, then, out with you," cried the stationmaster

and the porter to us. "Just like pigs, ain't 'em?" said the latter to the former. "Here, yo!" the tawdry damsel cried to me, when I was preparing to slouch down the lane with the ruck of the party, "theer's a waggin at the gate. We'll ride up like ladies an' gents." And so we did—or something like it. I declare it was all I could do to keep that girl from sitting on my knee. Two other men had girls on their knees, and she seemed to think I was bound to follow their example.

Gaffer Morris proved to be a keen-eyed farmer of about forty. He looked us over as we swarmed in front of him—the women chattering like magpies and clinking their pots and pans. I fancied his gaze rested needlessly on me; but a cruel fit of coughing seized me just then. "Most of you," I heard Mr. Morris say, "know your way about, but for the benefit of the others, let me say I'm going to be down on all apple and mushroom-stealers pretty warmly, and if I catch any lad in my poultry-yard I'll horsewhip him first and then give him into custody." "What's the rate, measter?" cried a woman. "Twopence," was the reply. The hops to be picked were in the field from the other side of the hedge of which Mr. Morris had addressed us. I could not help admiring their looks. It was a good year. The cones were large and well-formed, and their peculiar perfume was in the air. But I was not at all at ease, for I could not get a place at a crib. Either the cribs were all occupied or the vacant places were, they said, engaged. At length it was explained to me. "You'm a new 'un at it, baint you?" inquired a long, lean lady, who was stripping the cones from the bines at a great rate. "Yes," said I, "but I bet I'll make 'em fly when I begin." "Look here," whispered the woman, "if you like to give me a tanner you can come on here; share an' share alike, you know. My master, he's up at the house." I paid the tanner. Then for three hours I plucked hop fruit, getting more and more expert with time. After dinner (a herring and some fried bacon and bread, *plus* Gaffer Morris's cider) it began to get rather a bore. I yearned for a spell of idleness under a shady tree, with a cigar instead of a horrid clay pipe. This, however, was impossible. My long, lean associate kept her eyes on my fingers. She rattled on with talk—as all the women did; and before I had done with her I knew all about her family and the particular dislike she bore her husband's mother.

Seven hours' picking was quite enough for me. The woman gave me one and-threepence as my share of the bushels to our credit. I had told her in confidence that I might clear off that evening. It did not seem extraordinary pay, but probably a net profit of ninepence on the day was as much as I was worth. My companion, on the other hand, reckoned herself at half a crown a day. I didn't "clear off" after supper as I had intended. The temptation to take pot-luck for the night was irresistible. I sat with others round a blazing bonfire of wood in the farmyard, ate more frizzled bacon and bread, drank more cider, called Mr. Morris "gaffer" like the rest when he came my way, and admired the freedom with which the girls and women combed out their hair for the night by the light of the flames. But I *did* shudder a bit when bedtime came. It was eleven o'clock when I turned in with the last batch. Mr. Morris was there with a lantern, and he stayed to see us all stretched in the straw and carry off the lamp. I was, I fancy, unlucky; for I only got a place in a long cowhouse. There were about twenty-five other men and lads with me. We just lay down in the straw and snored. A moon came and peeped at us after awhile, and I relished the romance of the situation. But toward two or three o'clock I could stand no more of it. Insects, the perfume, and the unwonted bed were too much for me. And so I stealthily arose, let myself out, prowled rather nervously through the farm buildings, and finally hit the high road to Worcester. I pursued that high road for four interesting hours, and when I got to the loyal city I made all haste to obtain a bath.—*Charles Edwardes, in the Graphic.*

REMINISCENCES OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

—When Oliver Wendell Holmes was in England in 1886 he found himself on one occasion at a "crush" in London among a great mass of people, including several royal personages. He sat quietly in a corner, but presently, feeling a little faint, and observing refreshments in the distance, he turned to an elderly personage standing near, whom he supposed to be a butler or something of that kind, and asked for a harmless beverage. The supposed servant brought this with great alacrity, and remarked, "I am very glad to meet you, Dr. Holmes." The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table was a little taken aback, and the stranger added, "I am Prince Christian." "Dear me," said Holmes, alive at once to the

joke, "I have not had much acquaintance with princes, and, do you know, I took you for the waiter!" At this Prince Christian went off into a burst of merriment. "Where is my wife?" he said. "I must tell her this. She admires you immensely." Off went Prince Christian to fetch the princess, and the genial American philosopher was soon the centre of a circle of royalty, greatly delighted by the incident.—*London correspondent, Western Mercury.*

A correspondent of the *Christian World* details an interview he had with the "Autocrat" in 1888: "I asked him if the 'Little Gentleman' of the 'Breakfast Table' was drawn from life, or was an ideal creation of his own, and he said the latter, and he always meant him to be a personification of the true old Boston spirit—proud, impetuous, and a bit shy of strangers. I then referred to his poems, and thanked him specially for two that I valued above all others—viz., 'Sun and Shadow,' and his more famous 'Chambered Nautilus.' He seemed much pleased and almost touched by my reference to the former, and said: 'Do you know, I find people expose themselves more by what they admire in my writings than in any other way; some idiots express the greatest admiration for the stupidest things I ever wrote, and of which I am ashamed; now, I don't mind telling you that I consider those two poems are the best things I ever wrote or shall write; and now I will do what I don't generally do to strangers.' He then went to a cabinet and produced the actual nautilus shell which had originally inspired his exquisite poem, and pointed out to us, as it was in section, its beautiful convolutions, and 'crescendo' of cells. He then gave us each his photo, with his autograph on it, and a copy of his adopted crest, the nautilus shell itself, with the eloquent motto, 'Per ampliora ad altiora;' and I value these as a unique record of a delightful visit."

When on his visit to Edinburgh, Dr. Holmes informed an admirer that among his tales "The Guardian Angel" was his own chief favorite, though the public, if he might judge by the sale, preferred that of "Elsie Venner." Dr. Holmes compared Browning to "Ben Jonson come back," but said he did not always "take enough pains to make his meaning clear." Of his personality and of his pleasure in meeting him he spoke with warm appreciation, but he added that "there was a little tinge of resulting disillusion if not disappoint-

ment; there was something of the *bourgeois* in his talk—nothing aristocratic; a grand specimen of a middle-class Englishman, whose inspiration was loftier than his bearing." A correspondent of the *Manchester City News* heard Dr. Holmes talk of "the Baconian theory of Shakespeare." "Of course the very suggestion is enough to make most lovers of Shakespeare mad. Still I don't think this Baconian theory is so altogether absurd as many other things—homœopathy for example—and the study of it cannot fail to be profitable, for it is the study of the productions of two gigantic intellects, and a comparison which cannot fail to be suggestive."

WHAT PEOPLE WILL EAT A CENTURY HENCE.—According to Professor Berthelot, the distinguished French chemist, the time may be approaching when the farmer will go out of business, and bread and beef and milk, or their equivalents, will be produced artificially in the laboratory of the chemist. It is true that we have not yet got beyond the first steps in the process, but, according to Professor Berthelot, who is entitled to speak with authority, these first steps are a guarantee of extended triumphs in the same field.

The professor, as reported by Henry J. W. Dam, in *McClure's Magazine*, said that "new sources of mechanical energy would largely replace the present use of coal, and that a great proportion of our staple foods which we now obtain by natural growth would be manufactured direct, through the advance of synthetic chemistry, from their constituent elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen." He continued: "I not only believe this, but I am unable to doubt it. The tendency of our present progress is along an easily discerned line, and can lead to only one end. I do not say that we shall give you artificial beefsteaks at once, nor do I say that we shall ever give you the beefsteak as we now obtain and cook it. We shall give you the same identical food, however, chemically, digestively, and nutritively speaking. Its form will differ, because it will probably be a tablet. But it will be a tablet of any color and shape that is desired, and will, I think, entirely satisfy the epicurean senses of the future; for you must remember that the beefsteak of to day is not the most perfect of pictures either in color or composition. There is a distinction which I would like to make at this point between the laboratory stage and the commercial stage of any given discovery

in food making. From the scientific point of view, the laboratory result is the important one. As you and all the world know, the commercial result follows inevitably in time. Once science has declared that a desired end is attainable, the genius of invention fastens upon the problem, and the commercial production of the result slowly attains perfection by gradually improved processes at less and less cost. Take aluminium, for instance. Once a very expensive metal, its steadily decreased cost in production is bringing it within the reach of all. The use of sugar is universal. Sugars have recently been made in the laboratory. Commerce has now taken up the question, and I see that an invention has recently been patented by which sugar is to be made upon a commercial scale from two gases, at something like one cent per pound. As to whether or not the gentlemen who own the process can do what the inventor claims, it is neither my province nor my desire to express an opinion."

The professor here cited as an instance of laboratory products, the dye stuff, alizarin, the coloring principle of madder, which was formerly a great agricultural industry, but which is now almost wholly supplanted by the artificial product from coal tar. The chemists, he said, have succeeded also in making indigo direct from its elements, and artificial indigo will soon be a commercial product. "Tea and coffee could now be made artificially, if the necessity should arise, or if the commercial opportunity, through the necessary supplementary mechanical inventions, had been reached. The essential principle of both tea and coffee is the same. The difference of name between thein and caffeine has arisen from the sources from which they were obtained. They are chemically identical in constitution, and their essence has often been made synthetically. The penultimate stage in the synthesis is theo-bromine, the essential principle of cocoa. Thus, you see, synthetic chemistry is getting ready to furnish from its laboratories the three great non-alcoholic beverages in general use. And what is true of food substances is equally applicable to all other organic substances."

As regards tobacco the professor said: "The essential principle of tobacco is nicotine. We have obtained pure nicotine, whose chemical constitution is perfectly understood, by treating salomin, a natural glucosid, with hydrogen. Synthetic chemistry has not made nicotine directly as yet, but it has very nearly

reached it, and the laboratory manufacture of nicotine may be expected at any moment. . . . The tobacco leaf is simply so much dried vegetable matter in which nicotine is naturally stored. . . . Perhaps the greatest importance, and certainly the profoundest charm, in the study of synthetic chemistry is the certain evidence which it offers of the discovery and manufacture of many compounds now entirely unknown, whose effect upon human health, human life, and human happiness no one can possibly conjecture."

As regards the future supply of heat, which is no less important than that of food supply, Professor Berthelot speaks confidently of improved appliances enabling man to make use of the illimitable supply of the earth's central heat. In conclusion, the professor says: "If one chooses to base dreams, prophetic fancies, upon the facts of the present, one may dream of alterations in the present conditions of human life so great as to be beyond our contemporary conception. One can foresee the disappearance of the beasts from our fields, because horses will no longer be used for traction or cattle for food. The countless acres now given over to growing grain and producing vines will be agricultural antiquities, which will have passed out of the memory of men. The equal distribution of natural food materials will have done away with protectionism, with custom-houses, with national frontiers kept wet with human blood. Men will have grown too wise for war, and war's necessity will have ceased to be. The air will be filled with aerial motors flying by forces borrowed from chemistry. Distances will diminish, and the distinction between fertile and non-fertile regions, from the causes named, will largely have passed away. It may even transpire that deserts now uninhabited may be made to blossom, and be sought after as great seats of population in preference to the alluvial plains and rich valleys."

THE PRIMITIVE CHILD.—The fear of strangers exhibited by young children who have experienced nothing but the utmost kindness from every human being with whom they have been brought in contact is a phenomenon which is also only explicable on evolutionary grounds. When we consider that among small clans of barbarians who live by hunting, the words "stranger" and "enemy" are practically synonymous, it is not difficult to understand the development of an instinctive distrust of

a new face. In the incessant intertribal strife which invariably accompanies such a state of society, the raids of hostile war parties against camps and villages must be of frequent occurrence. Travellers in Africa tell us that as a rule native children vanish into the huts or bushes as soon as the white man is seen approaching. When war is waged in the merciless manner common among savages, a child who always flees at once from a stranger, or who turns to its mother so that she can pick it up instantly and dash into hiding, would stand a much better chance of growing up than one of a more confiding disposition. In the course of many generations such an instinct would become more and more confirmed; for of course those who had escaped death by its exercise during their early years would tend to produce offspring who inherited the same peculiarity. We know, from the distribution of the roughest stone implements, that a state of affairs in which most of the conditions prevailed which are now operative among the aborigines in the wilds of Africa and Australia, continued in Europe quite long enough for the habit to have been acquired in this way.

A fear of being left alone in the dark is almost universal among little children, and yet, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is purely instinctive and is not founded on personal experience. In civilized countries there is no greater danger to child-life in the dark than in the daylight. The feeling of fear generally lacks definition as much as it lacks foundation, but accompanied with it is an imagination preternaturally alert, which confers frightful shapes and qualities upon all dimly seen objects. Fear is obviously one of the most effective conservative forces in nature.

It is a suggestive fact that in the oldest known cave deposits, such as the lower *breccia* in Kent's Cavern, in Devonshire, the bones and teeth of the bear are found associated with stone implements of the archaic type, but that the lion, tiger, hyena, and other formidable beasts of prey, which were contemporary with man in Europe, did not appear until a much later period. It would be interesting to ascertain whether children of races inhabiting tropical regions have special instinctive aversions corresponding to the historically prevalent carnivora of their respective countries. But, while all such details must, however interesting, be purely conjectural, there can be no doubt whatever that

most modern children retain a purely instinctive and inherent terror of the animals which, unless our ideas of primeval environment are altogether wide of the mark, must have devoured many thousands of our collateral ancestors in their tender youth.

The jealousy which so many little children display, especially when the possession of some favorite dainty is in question, is another proof that, in the hard times to which allusion has been made, it was necessary for each to acquire as big a share of the spoil as possible. If the morsel chanced to be the last obtainable when a prolonged fast was impending, a selfish and jealous child might, by securing a double portion, hold out while others perished. But it is plain that jealousy and selfishness were not invariably the qualities which were most helpful in the struggle for life during the primitive ages. Most babies, even before they can talk, will ostentatiously offer their nurses or parents a share of their food at the very time when they show the greatest repugnance to giving any to other children. Obviously the primitive child learned by sad experience that, in dealing with adults, a policy of conciliation and reciprocity paid better in the long run than one of brutal acquisitiveness. We see precisely the same motives prevalent to-day in political and commercial affairs.

In like manner one might take in order every trait, whether physical or moral, of early childhood, and show that each is attributable, not to any such conditions of environment as exist in civilized countries, but to circumstances which are only found at present among the very lowest tribes of man. When we consider that man's moral nature has undergone no essential change during the thousands of years of the historic period, it becomes evident that an inconceivably prolonged epoch of savagery must have been requisite for the development of all these distinctively human characteristics in the first place. Moreover, since children are practically alike all the world over as regards their innate instincts and habits, it seems evident that these characteristics must have come into existence before the human species split into various races and spread over the surface of the globe. But when we are asked to measure this vast æon by years, the biologist is even more at sea than the student of geologic chronology.—*Dr. Louis Robinson, in the North American Review.*

WANTED—COOKS.—We are daily becoming tired of the advice and agitation of female demagogues who are clamoring for women's rights, and for privileges, which the average woman neither thinks of nor cares about; and to the clique of ranting females, who, by forcing themselves forward, may appear to be leaders of their sex, no real and substantial good, in the great problem of life, can be traced, exposing, as they do, so much that shocks and disgusts all modest women, without suggesting any feasible remedy. I cannot help thinking that there are a great many women—in fact, I may say, the majority of those who have to earn their living—who intensely dislike work in the real sense of the word, or endeavor to pursue occupations for which they are quite unsuited, ignoring the fields of womanly work which are ready to their hand on every side, and in which there is abundant employment. I am afraid the truth is that, partly on account of the education now given so freely, and partly on account of the not unnatural tendency to rise, the working woman hesitates to accept any employment which she may term “unladylike.” What honest employment, I should like to know, would make a plebeian an aristocrat, or in any way prevent a lady from continuing to be one. All this brings us back to the old threadbare theme of what is a woman to do—a superfluous question, one would think, in view of the thousands of openings for work to which no workers respond. Take, for example, domestic service, woman's natural sphere. Here we find thousands of situations open which it seems impossible to fill. Look at the numbers of girls employed in the various refreshment shops, bars, and elsewhere, receiving such pittance as six to eight shillings a week. How can any girl keep herself respectable on such a sum? And yet, strange as it may seem, most of them prefer it, because to them it is a more “ladylike” employment, and brings them more into contact with that animal man, who, in spite of all the abuse showered upon him, woman seems unable to let alone. Men seem to me to be not such despicable creatures after all, as, in spite of all the ranting and clamoring they are daily treated to by excitable female stump orators, they plod on with their work, however tedious, supporting, as a rule, two or three women in their households, and seldom, if ever, airing their grievances on public platforms or before the County Council.

I am often troubled with ladies who, having taken their diplomas, come to me for work as cooks. They tell me they wish to get into the lines of work that I am in, but say they could not possibly bear to work in a kitchen all day, or to associate with common servants; and as to going out to cook a dinner, the fee for which to a good cook is generally a guinea, "it is impossible." Lecturing on a public platform—like the stage, a field only open to the best—is their ideal; they want to show off, they don't want to work. What help can be given to such applicants? For a girl who can cook, one has only to open any paper any day to see a hundred situations, and a competent cook can demand nowadays any reasonable wage and accommodation. What good reason is there, therefore, for women to remain unemployed, seeing that even an indifferent cook is a most independent person, who never lacks employment, and is seldom without money? How many domestic tragedies and divorce cases, I wonder, could be traced to badly cooked and served meals? I well remember being rather shocked, but not very surprised, when, dining one evening with a young married couple, a fowl was placed on the table neither properly cleaned nor trussed, and half raw; the husband snatched it off the dish and threw it on the fire, while the wife burst into tears. On another occasion I was a guest at a table where a turkey was served stuffed with brown paper.

Why should not women, even though they be ladies, take up cooking as a trade? I know of many people who would gladly pay a good cook £40 or £50 a year and provide her with a kitchenmaid, so that she would have no rough work to do, and would have a good deal of time to herself; and yet they cannot obtain competent persons. A lady who will go in for a fair amount of training at any one of the many training schools would very soon be competent to fill a situation as cook. At any rate, I venture to say, she will be quite as satisfactory as the majority of self-satisfied, befringed, and frequently utterly incompetent individuals who now condescend to destroy our food and property for the same wage; and if her friends are worth having, they will admire her pluck, and will in no way look down on her. If they do, then she is better off without them, and will soon make more solid ones in her working life, not necessarily

in a lower grade of society. The class who in old days became servants are now crowding into situations infinitely more suitable to men, who cannot possibly retaliate by taking up the work they neglect, with the result that a host of men are forced into the great army of unemployed.

It is a pretty generally admitted fact that marriage is on the decrease. Why is marriage on the decrease? Not because, I venture to think, there are no marrying men, but because there are no eligible women for them to marry. Women nowadays are striding ahead much too fast, and are aiming at other things than ability to manage a house and bring up children. Most men when they marry want a wife in the old-fashioned sense of the word, and not a working partner. Reverting again to the keen competition of women with men, such a state of things must have something to do with the want of employment for both. Take, for example, a man and a woman, competing for one situation. If the woman be successful, she only receives a salary upon which she is just able to keep herself. If it were more, she would seldom think of keeping the man, and if she did, where would be the man worthy of the name who would allow her to do so? On the other hand, if the man obtain the situation he is almost sure to receive a much larger salary than an employer would pay to a woman, which enables him to marry the woman and keep her, thus in one stroke employment being found for both. Most men are still as anxious to marry and settle down as men ever were. But they naturally think a long time before they take to themselves a helpmate whose last thought is the home, and who always wants to be gadding about meddling with other people's business. What is the moral of all this? Where are we all going? What are we all going to do? Are we any "forarder," or likely to be, from all the miles of letters, lectures, and general vamping, from all sorts and conditions of men and women, who are perpetually posing before us as quacks, with startling remedies, and with profound convictions that, if humanity would only adopt their solutions of the problems, the world would run smoothly, and everybody would live in a peaceful Eden in which there would be no serpents, most certainly no apples? I don't know.